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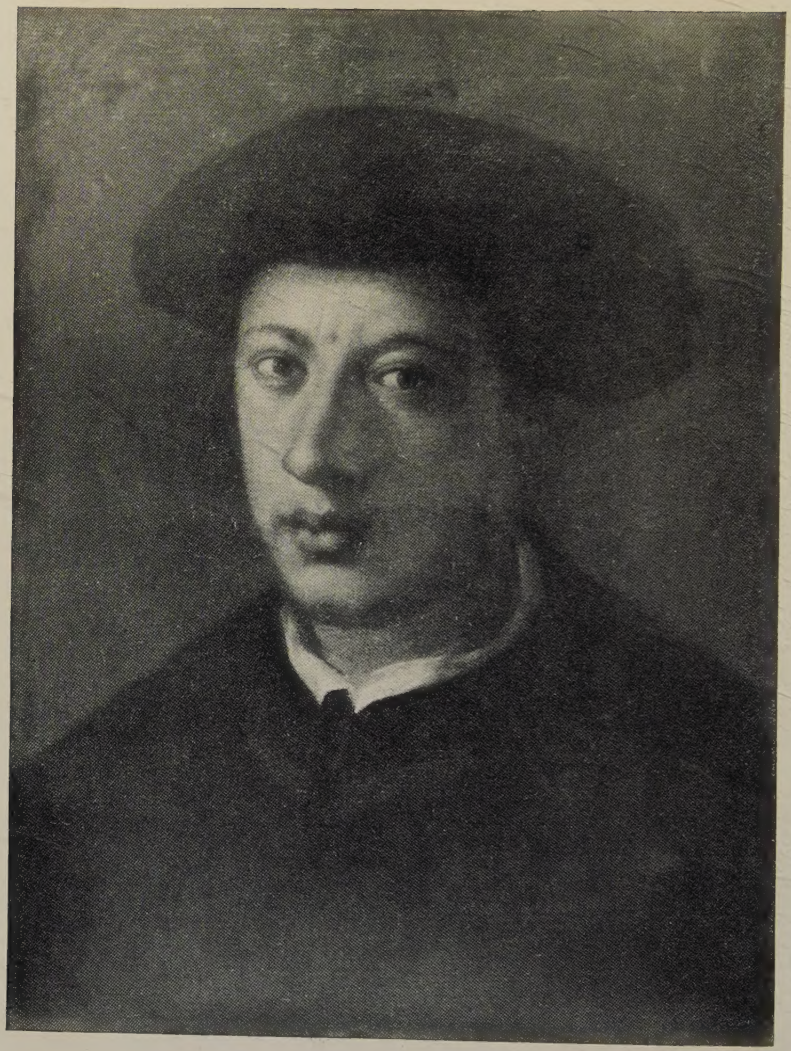

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CLAUDE WILLIAMSON SHAW'S DOUBLE

Portrait of an Unknown Man, by a Sixteenth-Century Italian Painter
In the Ionides Collection, South Kensington Museum

THE EDUCATION OF AN ARTIST

BY

C. LEWIS HIND

AUTHOR OF

"DAYS WITH VELASQUEZ," "ADVENTURES AMONG PICTURES," "REMBRANDT," ETC.

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SETTING FORTH THE ART EDUCATION OF CLAUDE WILLIAMSON SHAW. HOW, AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-THREE, CERTAIN PERSISTENT GLIMMERINGS OF A SUSPICION THAT LIFE IS A LARGER TAPESTRY THAN THE PATTERN WOVEN BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELF-HELP," BROKE INTO FLAME; HOW THAT FLAME WAS FANNED BY AN ARTIST WHO CROSSED HIS PATH; HOW CASTING ABOUT FOR A WAY TO EXPRESS HIS TEMPERAMENT HE DECIDED UPON PAINTING; HOW HE STUDIED ART IN CORNWALL AND IN THE PARIS STUDIOS; HOW HE TRAVELLED THROUGH ITALY, AUSTRIA, GERMANY AND BELGIUM, STUDYING THE PICTURES OF THE WORLD IN PURSUIT OF HIS ART EDUCATION; AND HOW IN THE END THE TRUE AWAKENING OF HIS TEMPERAMENT BEGAN, AND HE DISCOVERED THAT HIS EDUCATION WAS BUT BEGINNING.

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THE EDUCATION OF AN ARTIST

CHAPTER I

AWAKENING

It is not by gazing skyward, or looking backward, that we recover glimpses of the trailing clouds of glory that are our birthright. They flash upon the inward eye at the present instant. Wisps of those trailing clouds of childhood are seen sometimes in middle age, and with a few, a happy few in whom the child never wholly dies, they recur until the surprise of death. For long periods they may hide; then, unheralded, comes the moment—recaptured by a May nightingale, the first sight of Spring leaves sunlit, the scent of violets in the warm air, a sunset after rain, a passage of Shakespeare, a few lines of Keats, a little picture by Cazin, a monochrome by Daumier, the *finale* of Beethoven's seventh symphony, the dawn of love, the words of Christ,—and in that moment we are immortal.

Some spend their lives seeking these moments. To others they come unsought.

Such moments came late to Claude Williamson Shaw, who began his second start in life (his first had been disastrous) on a stool in the counting-house of Messrs. C. and L. Chepstow, publishers and printers. His environment moulded him. In ten years' service he had gradually persuaded himself that he was shrewd, practical, and a capable man of affairs, with plain ambitions, which included a competence, perhaps a fortune, and an alderman's gown. But after he had been promoted to the editorial side of Messrs. Chepstow's, and had acquired the habit of contrasting himself with his friend Evered Humbleton, manager of the Distribution Department, he began to have misgivings. His friend had a hard head and no visions, while he——. Yet Shaw could not bring himself to envy Humbleton. He was assailed by the glimmerings of a suspicion that Life is a larger tapestry than the pattern woven by the author of "Self-Help."

He and Humbleton had often discussed the wisdom of leaving Messrs. Chepstow's, and founding a publishing business on novel lines in partnership. Indeed, they had long ago arrived at a tacit understanding that the attempt should be made. Suddenly Humbleton summarily declined to consider the proposal further.

Shaw's protestations were somewhat faint-hearted. Perhaps he was not altogether displeased with Humbleton's laconic reason: "You're a dreamer. No dreamer ever became a successful publisher."

"Perhaps some men are born into the world to dream," said Shaw, "and to tell their dreams."

"I'll publish your dreams if there's money in them," cried Humbleton, when he had recovered from his laughter; "but I won't be your partner. You're vague and naïve and casual and inclined to sentiment. You bleat about sunsets, and you call cows kine. I'm a man of horse-sense. I want a partner of grit and go, a man who knows his own mind."

When Shaw recalled certain episodes in his life he wondered whether Humbleton's criticisms were not justified.

For years he had spent his fortnight's vacation at Eastbourne, where a boarding-house received him for an inclusive charge of thirty-five shillings a week. He would wander on the downs, stare at the solemn folds of the hills and the great clouds, dimly wondering at the intimacy that Nature seemed ever ready to offer. Always he checked these vagrant feelings. They served no beneficial purpose in the strenuous life that had been, and must remain, his.

He listened to the facile music on the pier; he even attended a symphony concert at the Town Hall, and again he checked the melodies of a larger life that began to pulsate in him; checked what his ear heard, as he had checked the natural sights that his eyes had seen. His was a business career. Such fancies would not serve it.

Sometimes his nature gave him surprises. He upbraided himself for the antagonism that an engraving of Sant's *Soul's Awakening* aroused in him. Daily, during one of his vacations, he forced himself to pass

the shop-window in Eastbourne where it was exposed, but never overcame his dislike. "Why can't people be quiet about real things?" he muttered.

Shelley gave him another surprise, which was even more inexplicable to him than the aversion he felt for Sant's most popular picture. On one of his annual visits to Eastbourne he had vaguely noticed a framed engraving above his washing-basin with verses printed beneath it enclosed in an ornamental scroll. While drying his hands he read a few lines. He started; tremors ran through his body. With the towel clasped in his rigid fingers, his eyes wandered down the thin, copper-plate letters:

> "He has outsoared the shadow of our night . . .
> He is made one with nature . . .
> He is a portion of the loveliness
> Which once he made more lovely . . ."

And into that narrow room in the Eastbourne boarding-house the Infinite, like the flash of a kingfisher's wing in sunlight, entered.

Another day he suddenly realised the hideousness of the cheap ornaments, paper-flowers, lacquer trays and plush frames that encumbered his bedroom mantelshelf. That afternoon he purchased a piece of grey-blue linen marked "Traveller's sample, only 11¾*d.*" He knew why he had bought it. Day after day, in the shop-window where *The Soul's Awakening* dominated the plate-glass front, he had seen in the background, in a corner, a small bronze statue (it was painted to represent bronze, but Shaw was ignorant

of that), headless, armless, with an extraordinary suggestion of flight in the great extended wings and rushing garments. He had spelt out the lines printed beneath. They were "Musée du Louvre. La Victoire de Samothrace." Agitated, he had entered the shop and inquired the price; he had returned to the boarding-house for his cheque-book; like one in a dream he had written a cheque for the little painted replica of *The Winged Victory*. He had wrapped it in a newspaper and carried it up to Beachy Head, and in a secluded spot, by the edge of the cliff, he had installed *The Winged Victory* on a ledge of rock. Sunset found him still playing the part of visionary. He had invented her history, imagined the throes with which the Greek craftsman had released her from the marble, and told himself, as if talking to a child, how wonderful she looked when, white and whole and lovely, the sculptor had placed her, some day of wind, on the prow of the sculptured vessel.

These episodes of his youth would have seemed ridiculous to Humbleton; but now Shaw was beginning to realise that they were more an integral part of his real self than the self that had goaded its natural instincts into believing that the goal of ambition was a fortune and a seat in the Council Chamber of the Guildhall.

Since Humbleton's decision not to accept him as a partner, he had toyed with certain ideas that most men banish before the completion of adolescence. Big words and phrases, such as Emancipation, In-

dividualism, the Burning of Boats, drummed in his head. Why not leap the barrier that he had built round himself? Why not skip out into the open country? He had no ties; he had saved money; and as for the future—pooh! There was no future but the present. What did the future matter to a man who owned six hundred pounds in Consols?

Such visions were but pleasant mental playthings, and might have gone the way of all playthings had not a certain dazzling influence crossed his path and drawn him forward irresistibly in its shadow.

His real awakening dated from the moment that Patrick Lund entered his room on the third floor of Messrs. C. and L. Chepstow's printing and publishing establishment.

Shaw that year was in charge of important work. In his hands had been placed the control of two of Messrs. Chepstow's new serial publications—*The Fifty Best Modern Pictures* reproduced in the colours of the original paintings, and *The Battle Grounds of Great Britain.* Two-thirds of the battle-ground pictures, showing the supreme moments of the conflicts, were called *As They Were.* These *As They Were* illustrations, crowded, sanguinary, were flaming examples of Messrs. Chepstow's chromo-lithographic methods—highly finished, highly coloured, and enormously popular among cottagers. To Patrick Lund had been given the commission for the remaining third, representing the battle-grounds *As They Are.* The result,

Jules Hautecoeur

THE WINGED VICTORY

From the Statue in the Louvre

Plate 3

THE REPOSE IN EGYPT

From the Picture by Rembrandt

as all who know the delicate and sensitive work of Patrick Lund can understand, had been a series of temperamental pictures which, though no cottager framed them, artists and students had torn from the serial parts and preserved.

The directors of Chepstow's had been annoyed to find that Lund was not in the least amenable to suggestions. His letters had been courteous but firm; the personal interviews had been solemn. Lund had listened to their complaints with something like pain in his blue Irish eyes; his nose twitched, a sign that he was agitated, but he had declined to make his drawings "a little more lively." His invariable answer was "I see the places so," and that to him was the end of the matter.

Lund was giving two years to the commission, and he was completing it in his own way. He had bought a van and an elderly grey horse. For two years he had been slowly trundling over the country from battle-field to battle-field, painting where he camped. The commission was nearly finished. Before he left Cornwall on his present visit to London he had sent to Messrs. Chepstow a painting of the battle-field of Stamford Hill near Bude. The picture had not arrived, and after one of the usual futile conversations with the directors he had sought Shaw's room to ask him to write to the postal authorities.

From the moment Lund crossed the threshold, from the moment Shaw saw the tall, lank, slow-moving figure, with the tanned, badly shaven face,

and the deep-set eyes peering into the room, his awakening began.

* * * * *

An hour had passed. They were still engrossed. Shaw was flushed. The perpendicular line on Lund's forehead had deepened. Outspread before them on the table were proofs of *The Fifty Best Modern Pictures.* Lund had turned them over rapidly, frowning, without a word of comment until he came to Frith's *Railway Station.* Then he exclaimed "Lord!" walked to the window, and stared out over the chimney-pots.

The early-autumn sun had touched to glory the attic-windows of the houses in the side-street. On one of them house-painters were at work. The sun shimmered on their white blouses, caught the accents of their hands, and the dabs of paint on the tips of their brushes. "How beautiful a common sight can be!" said Lund. "Bah! nothing's common! Things are only common when we look at them in the common way. Frith saw that railway station in the common way. The camera would have seen it better—and it would have knitted Frith's scattered melodrama. What untrained, unimaginative eyes don't see, the artist sees—the soul behind the face of a human being or a house. That's always beautiful. And the degrees of vision between the explicit and the implicit are so gradual that you cannot say where one begins and the other ends. Hug your ideal, sleep with it, wake with it, and things of sight and experience that

you can't buy in a shop will be revealed to you. Frith saw—with his outer eye—the fact of a railway station, and worked it up into a picture. Monet saw the effect of a busy, lighted, iridescent, steamy, smoky railway station, and painted it breathlessly, feverishly. Of course you know Monet's *Gare St. Lazare* in the Luxembourg ?"

"I have never been outside England," said Shaw, "and I regret to say I've seen very few pictures in England."

"Then, those fifty things are not your choice ?"

"O no ! I have the blocks made, arrange about the copyrights, see that the titles are correct, and make the letterpress fit the page."

Lund regarded Shaw curiously for some seconds. "Make the letterpress fit the page," he repeated. "How odd ! When you do go to Paris you must spend some time looking at Monet's *Gare St. Lazare* in the Luxembourg. Monet saw the loveliness of reflected lights, of dim shapes, of rising smoke, of atmospheric effects. He saw beauty, and incidentally it was a railway station. Do you know Rembrandt's *Repose in Egypt ?* It's in one of the small German galleries."

"I have never been out of England."

"I forgot. I'm sorry. In that picture Rembrandt, like Monet in his railway station, has, with the fire of his imagination, kindled a common incident into a glow of beauty that will live as long as the picture lasts. What gave him the idea for the picture ? I explain

it thus. Suppose him wandering one evening in the outskirts of Amsterdam. He sees a stableman sweeping the yard after the day's work. Rembrandt pauses and looks. The stableman has placed the lantern on the ground within the low wall of the yard. Rembrandt observed the splendour of the great illumined space hemmed in by dark shadows. Any painter would long to tackle so superb a theme. One of our ultra-modern, technically perfect, Paris-trained men would have painted it just as he saw it with the stableman as the central figure, surrounded by the light and the litter. Not so Rembrandt. He painted the light and reflections and the masses of dark encompassing them, painted, in fact, what the Paris-trained man would also see and admire; but in Rembrandt's imagination the figure of the stableman became a *Repose in Egypt.* That's imagination in art, genius touching common things to splendour—eternity blazing time into nothingness. Rembrandt suffered, and he saw deeply, and he had worldwide sympathy. Yes: I think he was the greatest painter the world has known. Some day I must show you his etching of *The Prodigal Son.* There's feeling for you, and pathos, and the large Shakespeare-Goethe way of seeing things! The face of that prodigal son haunts me. Fools say it's too hideous. Bah! Do you know Rembrandt's *Disciples at Emmaus?* It's the finest religious picture that was ever painted. All that there is of human love, and in the sorrow of parting, is there. The very feet of Jesus are eloquent;

THE PRODIGAL SON

From the Etching by Rembrandt

Plate 5

Jules Hautecœur

THE DISCIPLES AT EMMAUS

From the Picture by Rembrandt in the Louvre

the hands of the disciples speak. And what painting! Once I tried to copy it. You've got among your fifty pictures a modern German version of *The Prodigal Son.* It's prettily painted; but it's rank sentimentalism—untrue, unconvincing."

By-and-by he pointed to a photograph pinned against the wall. It was a low-toned landscape representing a sweep of barren moor. Bare hills formed the horizon-line. In the middle distance to the left rose a smaller desolate hill; at the right were two solitary trees, and in the foreground a dim pool of water was suggested.

Lund nodded: "Pointelin touches the imagination. He's sympathetic; but he don't see colour as I do. Even on a grey day there's lots of colour."

"I'm glad you like it," said Shaw. "It's hardly a picture I know; but I like it because it recalls the land of my birth. It makes me think about western Cornwall—the loneliness, the prehistoric monuments, the great empty spaces, and the hills. Of course, we couldn't include the Pointelin landscape in the *Fifty Best Modern Pictures.* It's hardly a picture, is it?"

Again Lund stared curiously at his companion; again the perpendicular line in his forehead deepened. On his face there was wonder.

"Not a picture! not a picture!" he repeated, in the tone of one who politely receives an untruth. "It's art. It's nature selected and seen through a temperament. It's a trained craftsman perfectly

expressing a deep emotion. It's ripeness. It's beauty. Not a picture ? "

Shaw looked distressfully from his companion to the Pointelin, and from the Pointelin again to Lund. He wanted to explain, but words failed him.

Lund, who had been gazing intently at the troubled face of his companion, suddenly exclaimed : " I have it ! The likeness has been bothering me for the past hour. Any Italian blood in you ? Never mind ! There's a portait of an unknown man, by an unknown sixteenth-century Italian painter, in the Ionides collection at South Kensington, who might be your brother. Pop a black biretta sort of cap on your head, and it's your portrait—the full underlip, the small, observant eyes, the anxious look as if you never quite saw the way clear, and——"*

Just then the telephone bell above Shaw's desk rang. " I'm wanted in the Board Room," he said. " I'm a little bewildered now ; but may—may I see you again ? "

" Of course," said Lund. " Come to the British Museum and look at the Elgin marbles. I'll let you know the day and hour."

With an effort Shaw forced himself to concentrate his mind upon his interview with the directors. Lund's figure intervened. He saw again the long, nervous fingers touching the surface of the Pointelin landscape, as if, even in the photograph, he felt the quality of the paint ; again he saw the glow in his

* *See* Frontispiece.

eyes when he spoke of Rembrandt's *Prodigal Son;* he heard again that grating voice, which should have been unpleasant to the ear, but was not.

Their intercourse during the week intensified Lund's influence. The landscape painter was willing to give from his stores, and although quite content to spend months of the year alone, he was a copious talker when in the mood; but his listener must be a disciple, and wakefully sympathetic.

One evening—it was a day that closed with a magnificent brickdust sunset—when the two men sat talking by the fountain in the Temple Gardens, the great idea suddenly came to Shaw. Lund had been describing his life in the van; how he roamed the country free as the birds; how children in blue frocks on village greens posed to him; how with his paint-box hung round his neck he stalked cattle at sunset, studying, and trying to express the whisp of light that made the tail, and the burning colour that scintillated along the line of their backs; how, day by day, and night by night, the beauty and wonder of the world were unrolled before him; how every Saturday evening, wherever he was, he sat quite still with closed eyes and took account of his progress; how sometimes he felt that he was being drawn nearer and nearer to the universal soul.

"Anybody but you would call me a prig," said Lund. "But I mean it all. It's living—living to the hilt! Sometimes in those quiet hours I've had a foretaste of the meaning of life, the goal to which we

press, the mystic's aim—conscious union with God Yes : I was born a Catholic, but I seem to have passed out from a room into the open. My mother and sister—they live in Ireland—are both ardent Romans. I'm afraid my heterodoxy distresses my sister Clare."

As his friend talked Shaw's imagination, now unchecked, soared. As pictures he saw the trances of his friend : almost unconsciously he framed those pictures into realities. And, with a flush of joy, he said to himself, " I, too, will experience great things ! I'll burn my boats, and swim out into the unknown."

So engrossed was he in his own tempestuous thoughts that he forgot his companion. The roar of London was hushed for him, and it was only by imperceptible degrees, as the sounds of the world steal upon the sleeper who is stirring into consciousness, that he realised Lund was muttering verse, while the pigeons pecked at the gravel and the jet of water from the fountain trembled in the still air.

" What is it ? " asked Shaw.

" What's what ? O, you mean the lines I was murdering. They're by Ruckert :

> " In one still moment, when the soul sinks deep
> In thoughts of Life and God . . .
> In such a moment, swift as glance from frighten'd eyes,
> Comes the Love-longing, and all recollection dies ;
> He who a moment such as this but once has known,
> Knoweth Eternity e'en before life is flown . . ."

" May I ask a question ? " said Shaw, as they rose and walked towards the Strand.

"A book of them if you like. You look more like the Italian unknown than ever."

"Why is it that a man who paints as well as you do, and is engrossed in his art, is also so keenly interested in other things, and able to express himself so fluently?"

"A matter of temperament."

"But I always understood that the great artist is inarticulate outside his art."

"Well, in the first place, I'm not a great artist. I paint because I love it, and I should be miserable doing anything else. There's no law. Whistler, you will admit, was a great artist; so was Charles Furse. Both could talk the sun down the sky, and thundering well, on art or on anything else. I fancy Reynolds wasn't a bad talker, nor Gainsborough nor Leighton. I know I talk too much, and I'm dogmatic. It's because what I talk about means so much to me. Selah!"

CHAPTER II

RAPID LESSONS

Once before Shaw had wandered through that vast chamber in the British Museum containing the Elgin marbles, conscious only of an awful feeling of littleness; but he had not then attempted to understand the meaning of those maimed monuments of antiquity. Now all was different. Lund clutched his arm, and conducted him to *The Three Fates*, or according to the late Dr. Murray, *The Dew Maidens* just roused from sleep.

"They are symbols of eternal repose," said Lund, "the race of Gods brought to our comprehension through the exquisite folds and fall of drapery. Their humanity takes the breath away. Study them. I want you to absorb a few fine things that will always be companions to you, and give standards. The Greeks sought God in the perfect human form. We landscape painters, or some of us, seek Him in Nature. The quest for beauty is eternal. Each epoch seeks it in a different way—that's the only difference. Sometimes I think that all sculpture should be battered by Time and Fate, like *The Dew Maidens;* like the *Venus of Milo* at the Louvre, that woman of ripe and calm beauty, so Greek, so sane; like the early

THE DEW MAIDENS

From the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum

HEAD AND BUST OF THE VENUS OF MILO

From the Statue in the Louvre

Renaissance sculptures, those poor, broken figures of evangelists and prophets who lived but to do the will of God; like the maimed relief of a *Victory* in the corridor of casts at South Kensington. The light from the window strikes her perfect imperfect body. She haunts me even in the cast. Some day I shall go straight to Bœotia and seek her in the museum there—white, silent, lovely, and deathless."

The two men sat looking at *The Dew Maidens*, and while Lund talked of Phidias and his pupils Shaw pictured the Parthenon in the full splendour of its beauty as the Greeks saw it—seemingly inviolable. *The Dew Maidens* are just awaking in the grey dawn, roused by the stir that followed the joyful news of the birth of Athené. The figure to the left has become aware first of the great event that has excited the deities who formed the central group of the east pediment of the Parthenon—now destroyed. The second figure, preparing to rise, has tucked in her feet, and is rousing her companion. "Think of living," cried Lund, "when the Parthenon soared up from the Acropolis against the blue sky of Greece."

Shaw thought of it so wholeheartedly when he returned to the office, that, in passing a sheet of *The Fifty Best Modern Pictures* for press, he assigned Phil Morris's *Sons of the Brave* to William Morris.

* * * * *

"Let us now praise famous men and the fathers that begat us," said Lund as they leaned one morning over the parapet of the National Gallery terrace.

"Down there," indicating the ground floor room, "is the seed, aye, and the fruit too, of the modern landscape movement. Turner was the pioneer. His genius saw all the light and colour, and beauty, and wonder of Nature; he caught the flying effects, and imprisoned them on thousands of little pieces of paper. You must spend days looking at the Turner watercolours. You must learn by heart the *Breaking Wave on a Beach*, the *Sunshine on the Sea*, and the frame of Lucerne drawings. Later you must soak yourself in such pictures as *The Fighting Téméraire*, *The Burial of Wilkie*, the *Rain, Steam, and Speed*, the *Approach to Venice*, the *Chichester Canal*, and those wonderful recovered Turners at the Tate Gallery, the imprisoned sunlight of *Norham Castle*, and the tone subtleties of *The Evening Star*. Turner saw it all, stated it all. We drink at the spring of his watercolours. We're baptized in the fountain of his oils."

As they descended to the Turner watercolour rooms, Shaw said, "I thought watercolour was rather a trivial form of art,—a thing aunts do."

Lund stamped on the stone stairs.

"Is a rainbow trivial? Are light, and air, and joy trivial? Is the sun rising through mist trivial? Nothing's trivial, except when a trivial soul looks at it."

Lund did not commit the error of satiating his pupil with an abundance of æsthetic dishes. One day he showed him nothing but the sixteen sketches by Constable on the staircase walls of the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House.

THE BURIAL OF WILKIE

From the Picture by Turner in the National Gallery

A Victory (relief), Erimokastro, Bœotia
From the Cast at the South Kensington Museum

"You'll begin to appreciate Constable's great pictures later. In these sketches you have the essential man, the wind, sky, and field lover, painter of light, dews, breezes, bloom, and freshness, who realised that he lived in the present moment, that he must see the world through his own eyes, and not through the eyes of dead, brown-tree landscapists. He felt the air on his cheek, the rain on his face, his eye saw the sun colour, his ears heard the rush of the wind. He held the vision for an instant, and flashed it upon these sixteen small canvases. . . .

"Look at that sea and curving beach! It's the rightness of the values that makes it beautiful. That's what Whistler understood so well. Rightness of the values is the secret of the charm of his Piano picture. Aren't the two figures just in the right place, in that seascape of Constable's, to give the sense of space and desolation. How that tiny note of red tells. There's the note again in the sail of a boat scurrying through the water. How fresh and impulsive they all are."

Another day Shaw was taken to the Ionides collection at South Kensington and shown the work of the Barbizon men. Also, much to his discomfiture, the portrait of his double, which is badly hung.

"No; you don't find the Barbizon lot at their best here," said Lund. "These are hints, facets, scraps of their genius."

Lund paused before the series of etchings and drawings by Millet. He removed his hat. "They're the real thing. It's the soul of man meeting the

earth-soul. Note the wonderful economy of a giant like Millet, economy of line, economy of sentiment. Yet it's all there—fundamental things seen clearly. We're the children of Turner, Constable, and Millet—those sun, weather, and soil men. Masters ! I salute you ! "

The last day came. Lund was to return to Cornwall on the morrow. Again they sat together by the fountain in the Temple Gardens. Shaw was speaking.

" If only I dared burn my boats ! To live in Cornwall and paint ! The mere idea bewilders me with joy. I've always dreamed of spending the last years of my life in Cornwall. I suppose we never forget our birthplace. You know the old road between St. Ives and Penzance. It climbs up to Cripples Ease, shoots down to Nancledrea, and ascends to the shoulder of Castle-an-Dinas. Suddenly from the brow of the hill, you see far beneath you St. Michael's Mount crouching in the water."

" Turner painted it," said Lund.

" I remember," Shaw continued, " seeing the Mount for the first time. I was perched on my father's shoulder. I was frightened, and caught hold of his beard. He laughed, and said it hurt."

" When did your father leave Cornwall ? "

" When I was ten. He was offered a post as leader writer. We lived in Grey's Inn till he died—just we two. Once, it was before I realised that I must concentrate on my work at Chepstow's, I began a sort of book about father and the Hills of Cornwall. He

knew them all perfectly. He used to make drawings of Brown Willy, and Rough Tor, and Godolphin, and the lesser hills in the Land's End district. Those were the ones he loved best—Trencrom and Trink, and Castle-an-Dinas, and Trendrine, and Carn Galva and Zennor and Sancreed. How often we sat together on their summits just watching. Other days he would talk the whole time—such wonderful talk! I think the book should be called *The Inner Memory.*"

"Why?"

"Because father seemed to have the inner memory. He used to say that being on the hills made God's purposes clear."

"Let me see the book," said Lund.

"No; I couldn't. It doesn't amount to anything. I don't want to write again. I want to paint."

After a pause Lund said, "You're developing very late. Just look at the light on that pigeon. See the blue in the feathers. . . . Why, you're thirty-three and still floundering! But if you decide to come to Cornwall let me know. There's a barn near my studio with a north light. You can stay with me for a time and test yourself. I'll put you in the way."

Shaw muttered a few incoherent words of thanks.

He saw Lund off by the night mail from Paddington. At the last moment the landscape painter said; "You know my address. Trencrom is enough. You get out at St. Erth and it's half an hour's walk. If I'm at home you'll see the van in the stable. If I'm not, the blacksmith will tell you my route."

CHAPTER III

HILLS OF HOME

WITHIN a fortnight of Lund's departure Shaw had said farewell to Messrs. Chepstow and Co. On October 20 he left Paddington by the night train, a free man, beginning life again at thirty-three.

When he reached St. Erth soon after seven o'clock the next morning, he engaged a cart to carry his luggage, and set out on foot for Lund's cottage—one of the farmhouses in the scattered hamlet between Trencrom and Trink. The air was crisp, and as he climbed, the breezes of the new life he was entering upon seemed to unfold and allure him. Nothing mattered but the present moment, yet the past was still with him. Not the dull period of his London life—that was gone. It was his childhood, those brief years of companionship with his father in Cornwall, that rose from oblivion encompassing and pervading him. The tingle of the air, the roll of the land, the solemn head of Trencrom looming above, the dark stacks and engine-houses of the deserted mines, all spoke of his father and his childhood. Suddenly he heard the dull, irregular pounding that a quarter of a century of London life had not effaced from his memory. He

paused on the white strip of road and looked down into the valley. How it all came back to him like the memory of some delight recalled by scent or sound. Below was an ancient water-wheel turned by the stream that flowed through the wooden conduit, straddling on rickety legs, above the valley. He saw the eight stamps rising and falling with heavy crashes upon the tin ore. All the way as he climbed the rough noises of the stamps accompanied him. It was working Cornwall, the Cornwall of the underground men.

When he reached the summit of Trencrom, outstretched before him was the Cornwall of his dreams. He saw that unforgettable sight—the two seas; saw the waters of St. Ives Bay separated only by a narrow stretch of land from the ocean where St. Michael's Mount guards Marazion. Cut a canal, and western Cornwall is an island. He saw before him all the hills, with Buryan Church standing like a sentinel on the skyline. Beyond Castle-an-Dinas were those colossal monuments of the ancient overground men—Zennor Cromlech on her wind-swept height, and Lanyon Cromlech rising solitary from a meadow. He threw himself upon the yielding sward, and looked out into immensity. Time was erased. The inner memory awoke.

* * * * *

Later he climbed to the top of the cairn and surveyed the land of his birth, his home, from which he had been so long separated. The figure of his father

seemed to haunt those hills. He spoke their names aloud ; Trencrom, on which he stood, with her neighbour Trink just across the valley ; great Rosewall, by the western shore ; Trendrine, Zennor Beacon, Mulfra, twin-crested Galva ; and on the Penzance side Castle-an-Dinas, Sancreed Beacon, Caer Bran, Bartine, and Chapel Carn Brea gazing beyond the Land's End to the isles of Scilly. To paint this land of memories ! What a privilege ! To reproduce the folds of these hills, the faint sky-line, the gaunt deserted engine-houses, the grey church towers, and the reflections of clouds, trees, and buildings in the Hayle estuary—those iridescent colours—purple, blue, green, violet—that the receding water leaves on the mud flats. A glow of gratitude to Patrick Lund suffused him.

He descended the cairn, and ran down the hill-side. The turf gave to his feet at every step. He leapt like a boy, and as he ran and jumped he saw Lund's figure standing on the outskirts of Trencrom village, beckoning wildly.

They ate their luncheon in the large kitchen living-room on the ground floor, opening from the porch, where Lund lived when he was not in the studio. It contained two deal tables. Upon one was a drawing board ; at the other he took his meals. The walls were painted a flat grey-blue, and on the floor was a self-coloured matting with blue strands running through it. The pictures on the walls were unfamiliar to Shaw. " Tell me about them," he said when Lund

W. A. Mansell & Co

LADY WITH A FAN

From the Portrait by Velasquez in the Wallace Collection

Jules Hautecoeur

MONA LISA

From the Portrait by Leonardo da Vinci in the Louvre

had lighted his pipe, and he a cigarette, "Why did you choose them?"

"Because I like them. Why else? I don't think that Velasquez ever expressed his genius more directly, and with more complete mastery of his material, than in his *Lady with the Fan*, and the portrait of the sculptor Montanes. His eye saw everything that was essential, and his hand obeyed. That woman is set down as she was. The head of Montanes is searched out and modelled, and built up on the flat in a way that's final. People talk about books being companions. That man and woman are my companions. I never tire of them. They rejuvenate me. I'm a landscape painter, but if once I could get into my work all I see in those portraits—well, I should be satisfied. As for the Princess Margarita, and the head of Æsop, they're final too. It's odd, but I can't talk about Velasquez. He's sort of superhuman. Just look at those four things. Aren't they tremendous?"

For some minutes neither spoke. "Who is the man with the ruff?"

"That's Van Dyck's *Cornelius vander Geest.* He was an amateur of the arts. Perhaps you will discover why he is here. The other is Leonardo's *Mona Lisa.* It's no good my talking about her either. I'll read you what Pater says."

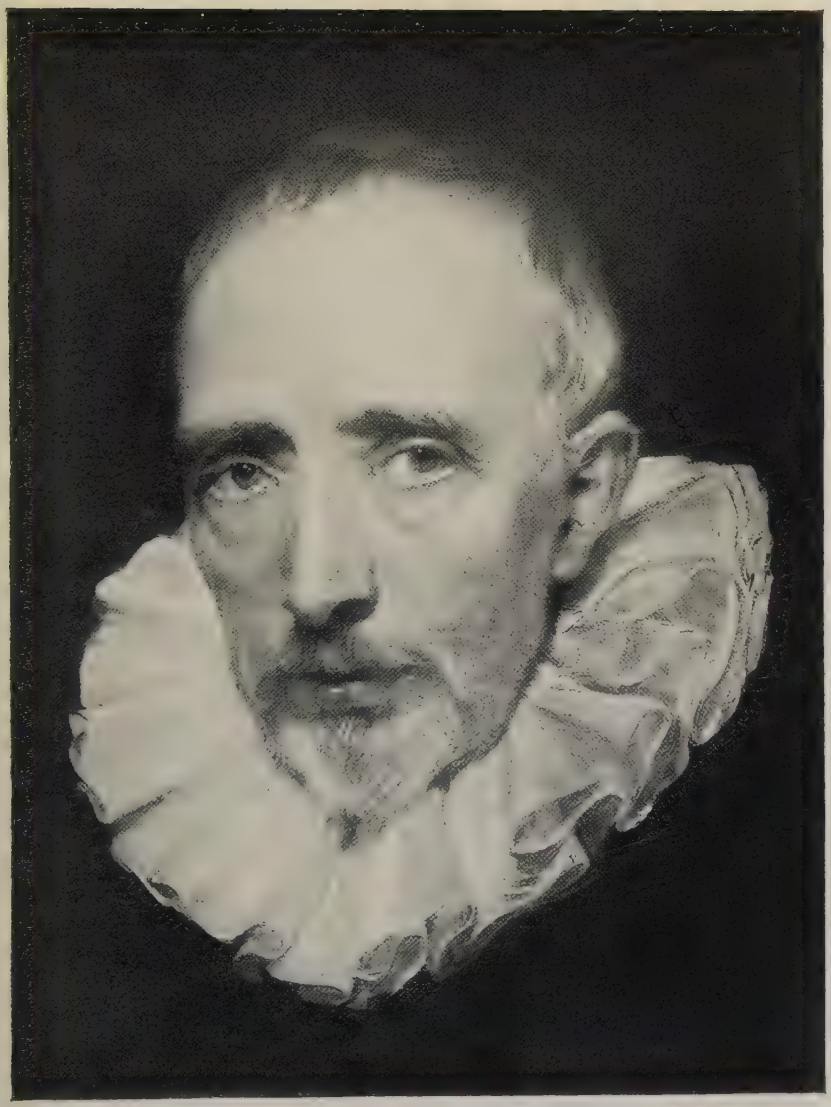
Lund withdrew the Renaissance volume from a shelf. Pater's remote and fastidious thought sounded odd in his grating voice: "The presence that thus rose so strangely beside the waters is expressive of what

in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. . . . The fancy of a perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one; and modern thought has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Certainly Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea."

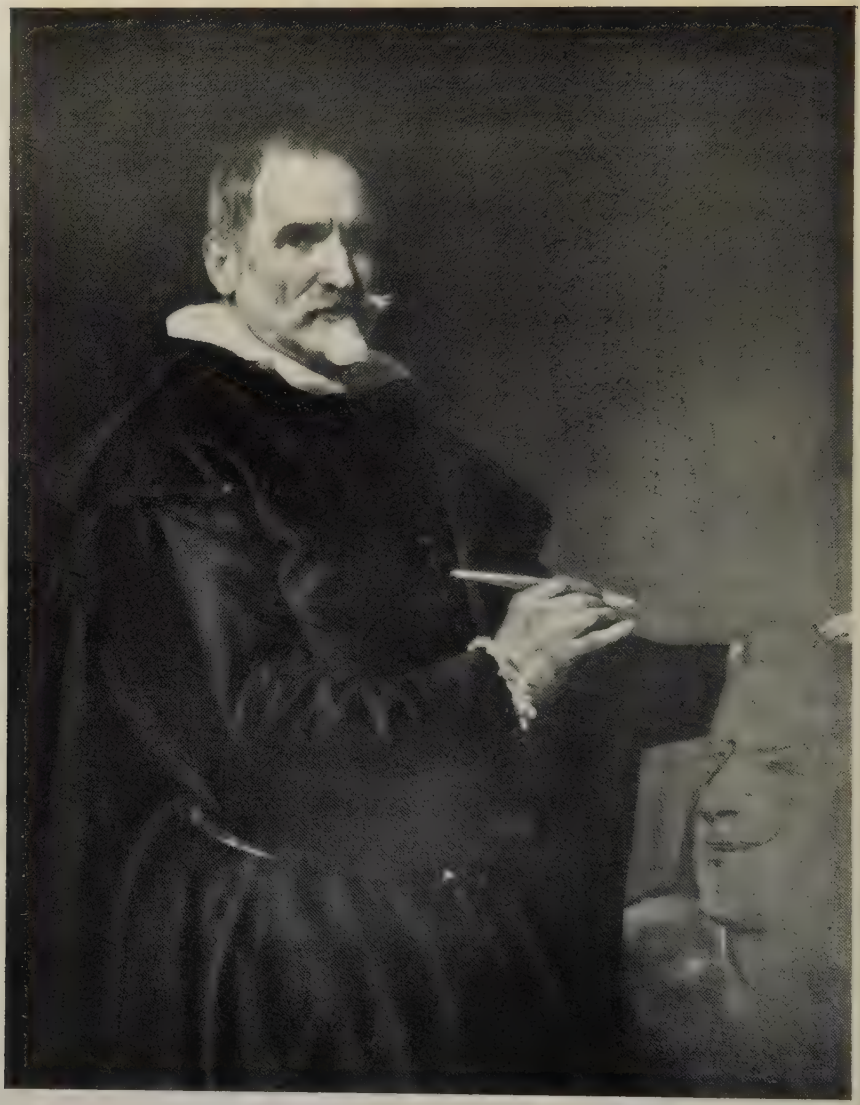
* * * * *

Next morning at nine Lund entered his studio. He did not reappear until the luncheon hour, one o'clock. During the meal Shaw said to him, "How can you paint nature if you lock yourself in your studio all the best hours of the day?"

Lund answered, "I began, as you must begin, by painting out-of-doors—on grey days when the changes of light are so gradual that you can paint straight away for two hours or so at a stretch. But you cannot paint out-of-doors on a sunny day. The changes are too rapid. You can train yourself to remember colour. The ways of light, direct, reflected, or absorbed, become in time a scientific matter; but form you can't remember! You think my goat picture is finished. I shall go over to Carn Brea above Camborne every afternoon this week where there are lots of goats, and make a dozen more studies of them. Colour, as I have told you, can be painted from memory. There's not the slightest or humblest form in tree, boat, or beast but must be observed each time anew from nature. Good achievement depends on this



HEAD OF CORNELIUS VANDER GEEST
From the Portrait by Van Dyck in the National Gallery



THE SCULPTOR MARTINEZ MONTÃNÉS

From the Portrait by Velasquez in the Prado Museum, Madrid

searching out. Such spade work implies character! A time comes in the artist's life when character tells."

Lund superintended at St. Ives the purchase of a large and a small paint-box, canvases, panels, and charcoal. "Of course, you know you're beginning at the wrong end," he said. "You should spend years drawing the figure before you touch colour."

Shaw felt very insignificant.

"Suppose," said Lund, when they were buying the tubes of colour—and he smiled as he said it—"suppose you follow Rembrandt in the way of setting your palette. He placed white in the middle with vermilion on one side and pale chrome on the other—those three stood for his sun, the brightest light! Modern chromes are apt to blacken; but they cost less than cadmiums."

"Buy chromes," said Shaw. "I don't think I shall want my early pictures to last."

"On the vermilion side you will place the reds, the blues, and perhaps burnt sienna; on the other side the yellows and a green."

They carried their purchases back to Trencrom; next day, at a quarter to nine, Lund placed a tumbler half filled with water on a table in the barn studio and ordered Shaw to paint it.

"Study the gamut from your highest light to your deepest dark," were his parting words.

Shaw wrestled throughout the morning with the tumbler, and was hopelessly beaten. The misguided man tried to mix his colours so as to match the hue

of glass. He did not know that the imitation of an object becomes lifelike only in relation to other objects in the scheme.

He produced many pictures that he never showed Lund. Some sight of natural beauty would captivate his eyes, and he would feverishly try to rush it upon canvas. Once Lund surprised him painting a great waterlogged ship rolling into St. Ives Bay, against a huge splash of bright yellow, forcing itself through a rain-storm sky. Shaw was rather proud of this *tour-de-force ;* but Lund frowned when he saw it, and said, " Get your values first. First ! First ! ! —First ! ! ! Then your colour."

" But are not my rain-clouds like rain-clouds ? " Shaw asked.

" No ! You've made them black as coals. There's light even on the darkest day. Look at that awful, discordant yellow cloud ! Your values are all wrong."

Lund set his pupil to paint the closed door of the barn from the inside, with the glimmer of daylight stealing through the small window at the top. Shaw laboured at it for four hours. A few minutes after one o'clock Lund slouched into the studio.

He glanced at Shaw's muddle ; then gazed intently at the door with the grey light filtering through the little window.

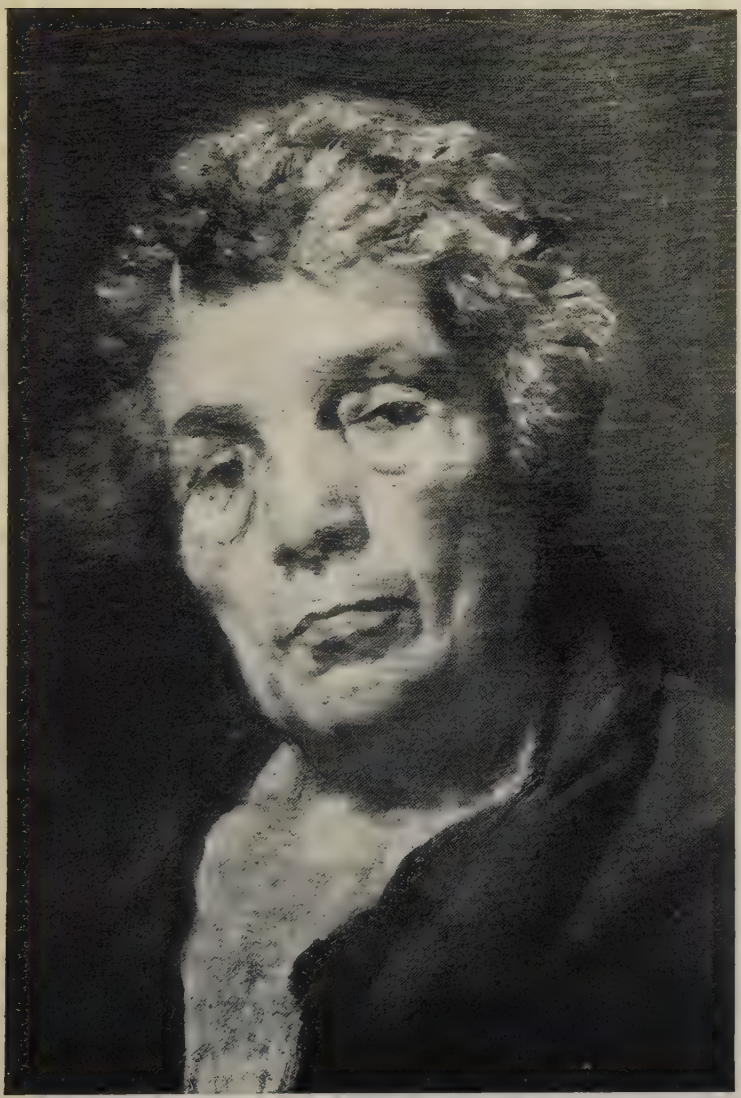
" You haven't searched out the shadows at all," he said. " Look ! That brass door-knob is the highest light. Everything has to work up to it. You've left it out altogether ! See how beautifully the light

plays around lintel and jamb, and creeps over the floor. For every second you paint study your object for sixty."

In this, one Sunday morning, Shaw was given an unexpected object-lesson. Looking by chance through the window of the sitting-room he saw Lund staring at a bed of flowers. Half an hour later he had moved forward a few steps, but he was still studying the flowers.

Shaw had never been happier than during that first month among the hills of Cornwall. He lived every moment of the day: he never went to rest without longing for the morrow; each morning he rose tingling with the desire to be at work. A hundred things in Nature captivated him. He tried to paint everything, and failed ignominiously. Like all beginners, he attempted a country-side—when a bit of broken wall against a field was beyond his powers. He spent two days on the summit of Trencrom endeavouring to paint St. Michael's Mount just visible through the haze: he passed a week of sunsets seeking to capture the reflections of clouds, boats, and trees in the Hayle estuary. Shaw carried some of these attempts into the cottage, and Lund made brief comments upon them: "You can draw from the outside as well as from the inside! Get your values, get character, then begin to search out! Don't try to paint beautiful things! You can't do it! You haven't the knowledge! The student must be a facsimile-monger. Consider *Æsop*, by Velasquez, hanging on the wall

yonder. Who was the model ? Just some old beggar prowling about in the purlieus of Madrid. Velasquez saw him, was content, painted the tatterdemalion loafer, called him Æsop, and made him immortal. It's the eyes of the painter that count, not the inherent beauty or value of the thing seen. Your colour, too, is crude and flat. Break it up more ! I suspect your sight is too good. Half close your eyes ; then objects out of the line of vision will become blurred. Paint 'em blurred ! Lose 'em."



HEAD AND BUST OF "ÆSOP"

From the Portrait Study by Velasquez in the Prado Museum, Madrid

PRINCESS MARGARITA MARIA

Detail from "The Maids of Honour" by Velasquez in the Prado Museum, Madrid

CHAPTER IV

HE TAKES A STUDIO AT ST. IVES

Shaw's mind seemed to work more freely when he was thinking about subjects to paint and talking theoretically to Lund than when he actually had the brushes in his hand. One evening after supper he said: "I want to paint a picture of a bearded king, a sort of Assyrian who has renounced his crown and the world. I want to paint him stalking towards a great mass of dim blue, holding its own light, representing Eternity. And I want to put under it these lines:

> 'Never shall yearnings torture him, nor sins
> Stain him, nor ache of earthly joys and woes
> Invade his safe eternal peace; nor deaths
> And lives recur. He goes
> Unto Nirvana'"

Lund smoked in silence.

"And there's another picture I want to paint," continued Shaw. "You know that passage in the Bible about the stone that the builders rejected becoming the head-stone of the corner. I want to paint an old tumble-down cottage supported by a stone that had been rejected by the builders. A ray

of sunlight would be falling upon it. Don't you think that's a good motive ? "

" It's a literary, not an art, motive," said Lund. Velasquez did not think and chatter about his masterpiece, *The Maids of Honour*, before he painted it. The little princess was brought to a room in the palace with her maids-of-honour and her dogs to amuse her. Velasquez perceived that the motive was good, visualised the picture as a whole, and painted the princess as the central figure. Your way is to catch hold of an idea first, and then invent a picture to suit it. Perhaps you are a writer. There's a man at St. Ives, a thinker and novelist, who says in one of his books that the education of the artist is the search for the means of expression nearest his temperament. That's true, I think ; but my sister, Clare, wouldn't agree. She says that the education of the artist is futile unless it's part of the education of the soul. And she's only nineteen."

After a pause Lund asked suddenly : " Ever write anything now ? "

" I'm working at *The Inner Memory*, and last week I sent up a thing to Chepstow's called *The Fortunate Student*. It's about me—my experiences here. They propose to print it in one of their home journals ; but writing doesn't interest me much now. I know I'm a horrid bad painter ; but it's the only thing that makes me forget my meals."

Lund rose and stretched himself. " Let's climb to the top of Rosewall."

Those tramps up the hills of Cornwall affected Shaw

strangely. He never seemed to escape from the influence of the heights. The memory of all he had seen and felt during those walks became part of him : he went to sleep following bridle-paths across moors, and round the shoulders of hills. The prehistoric monuments—cromlechs, crosses, holed and inscribed stones, the circles, even monoliths rising solitary in fields where cattle graze—were in his dreams. So obsessed was he by Nature that when, one day in early spring, Lund announced that in a week's time he was starting in his van on a painting tour through Cornwall, Shaw was astonished to realise that the loss of his friend's companionship was slight compared with the loss he would have felt had he been called away from the hills.

The evening before Lund's departure a gathering of the painters and students who were working within walking distance was held at Lund's cottage. These assemblies were a yearly event. From four o'clock the painters and students trooped in, men and women, youths and girls. Shaw watched them from his corner in the window-seat, and listened to their talk. He seemed to be born into another world. For the first time in his life he heard ideas and ideals discussed in general conversation. Some steered for a star : they stumbled, of course ; but their falls did not come from vanity. The motive of the talk for an hour was the absolute necessity in art of individual vision, of permitting nothing to come between the artist and Nature, of working as if there were nothing in the world but

the artist and his selection and transfiguration of what he saw.

Shaw listened, and great purposes stirred in him. Lund spoke infrequently, and when he did speak all attended. It was astonishing to Shaw to discover that a man who had never been mentioned for the Royal Academy, whose name was unknown to the daily press, should be regarded by his fellow artists, without dissent, as a master.

Then some one played Schumann; the candles were lighted; the figures seated on the floor, reclining on low chairs, or standing in the doorway, were Rembrandtish groups. Upon that company, gathered in from the hills, the wise, shrewd, kindly face of Cornelius vander Geest looked down. A protecting and compassionate spirit seemed that amateur of the arts whom Van Dyck has immortalised, and Shaw thought he understood why Lund had chosen this grave, wise man to preside over one wall of his room. He seemed to comprehend the inarticulate ambitions, and desires for self-expression that filled the hearts of that little band of artists. He had been through things, and had not been soured or spoilt by the world. And there was something in Cornelius vander Geest's estimating eyes that recalled Shaw's childish recollections of his father.

Next morning Lund started forth in his van. Shaw parted from him at the foot of the hill, then packed his belongings, helped to hoist them into the cart, locked the door of the cottage, and started for St. Ives.

He takes a Studio at St. Ives

The second stage of his studentship had begun.

For three and sixpence a week he engaged a tiny studio overlooking the harbour of St. Ives. One disadvantage it had. At high tide it was inaccessible from the quay. The approach at such times was through a sail-loft in the rear of the premises.

Throughout spring and summer he lived the life of a hermit, determined to test his powers without assistance, without guidance. Every morning he climbed to his studio at half-past eight. At first he set himself to paint on a five by four canvas the panorama that his studio window disclosed. In the foreground, immediately beneath the window-sill, were the irregular, moss and lichen-stained roofs of the harbour houses; below were the quay parapet and the lifeboat slip, submerged at high water. Four black seine boats and several white gigs rocked in the harbour; beyond were the houses huddled on the shore, rising one above the other up the hill-side. High over them gleamed the green turf of the Island, with the ruined chapel dedicated to St. Ia, a note of bright orange. It was a difficult and complicated subject even for an expert. Shaw, being a tyro, threw himself valiantly into the prodigious task of painting it. Three times he reproduced that scene slowly and laboriously, and each time he acknowledged that the finished work contained every possible fault. Nobody but himself saw those panoramas. He made no acquaintances. Although he met dozens of painters every day in the street, and could see from the window

of the studio the students scattered over the beach, no comradeship followed. He did not mind : he was absorbing so much : everything was wonderful : it seemed sacrilege to chatter.

At two o'clock on most afternoons he started for the hills carrying with him a camp-stool and a small paint-box. Some days he made a sketch ; but oftener he sat upon the summit of Rosewall, or Trencrom, or Zennor, and dreamed, possessed by the feeling that he was not alone.

Once, long ago, a friend had confided to him that he spent his Sundays roaming the Essex flats talking to his wife, who had been dead three years. Shaw smiled at the time : he understood now.

In the evenings he read and wrote. Those were white nights. He never opened a newspaper ; but he went reflectively through much of Shakespeare and Milton, and he perused the first volume of Gomperz's *Greek Thinkers*. He read considerably in the literature of art. He sent to London for Messrs. Crow and Cavalcaselle's *History of Painting in Italy*, Richard Muther's two volumes on *Modern Painting*, and Wynford Dewhurst's *Impressionist Painting*, wherein he studied the chapter on Monet. It became a habit with him to write regularly from ten until midnight. Then it was that he composed the ninth and tenth chapters which, in the first edition, were the concluding chapters of *The Inner Memory*. More : he despatched the manuscript to a new literary agent, Mr. A. Angus McGregor, whom he had known as a

clerk with ambitions at Messrs. Chepstow's. Angus McGregor acknowledged the receipt of the manuscript, said that it was rather thin, but that, for old sake's sake, he would do what he could with *The Inner Memory*. He added as a postscript: "Pity it's got no love interest. And what on earth does the title mean?

"No love interest!" mused Shaw. "It had its birth in my love for father."

Then silence fell. Shaw heard no more of the manuscript that year. Indeed, its fate was banished from his mind by the experiences, now oncoming, into which he was about to be hustled. They were heralded by a brief letter from Lund which he received towards the end of October addressed from "The Fir Grove by Sancreed Beacon," the first letter he had received since his friend's departure, saying that he was encamped in the little wood by Sancreed, and asking Shaw to join him.

He started the next morning by the old Penzance road, passed the two mine stacks on Cripples Ease, descended into Nancledrea and then struck boldly up the hill-side to Castle-an-Dinas, where he lunched. Madron church tower was his objective. He walked straight across country, wading streams, plunging through woods, wandering through struggling farms and at last reached Madron.

An hour later he stood upon Sancreed Beacon. It was dusk. Far away to the north-east the Lizard Light flashed at brief intervals, as if the giant of Trencrom was amusing himself with a colossal lantern,

Just below was the little fir wood, and between the trees he saw Lund's van. Smoke was coming from the chimney.

Next morning Lund showed him the sketches he had made during his wanderings, small, vivid, fresh impressions, dozens of them, many completed in two hours. "I don't think they're so awfully bad," said Lund. "Some men would work them up into big pictures. I shall leave them as they are—sort of lyrical notes. Monet does this sort of thing wonderfully. Perhaps a painter can't say more than what he says in the first sketch."

Here was the very atmosphere and feeling of his beloved grey Cornwall caught and sealed. In each was a great sky; in each the solemn line of a hill rose and dipped along the horizon. There was no human interest; no figures had been introduced to help the composition. It was just Cornwall—a mine stack and chimney crowning hills; boulder-strewn land sweeping down to the valleys. Here the foreground was one of Cornwall's little agitated streams; there an intake from the moor. These were details. What enraptured Shaw were the great skies, wind-swept, pure, brimming with light, and reflecting it in infinite gradations upon the land.

"They're wonderful—wonderful!" he said at last. "I've been trying to do this sort of thing. Your work makes me feel how useless it is for me to continue. I must give it up, and become a picture restorer. That's all I'm fit for."

"Nonsense! My things aren't nearly as good as you think, and I've been at the game for thirty years."

The van was two days on the journey back to St. Ives—two fruitful days to Shaw; two days of crawling through lanes, of lingering in valleys, of musings on the heights. They persuaded the old horse to drag the van over rough grass tracks up to Zennor Cromlech. There they stayed for several hours, descending by the cart road to Eagles Nest, and climbing homeward over the shoulder of Rosewall, where they paused. It was dark. Below, far away, beyond the bay, Godrevy lighthouse flashed; near to them gleamed three lamps where the old road to Penzance branches off. They gazed, drank in the air, and descended in silence to St. Ives.

Early in the morning Lund sought Shaw in his studio. His work was artlessly arranged for criticism. On easels were the least distressing of his panoramic views of the harbour, and a scene that he had painted from the window of his lodging, a high-keyed picture showing a lane that inclined upwards when it should have been descending to the sea, with a cottage wall bathed in the direct rays of the sun, and sapphire water beyond.

"I tried to make the lane go downhill," said Shaw, "but it wouldn't."

"It's all in the drawing," answered Lund. "Yours is vile. And your sea is like a cake of Reckitt's Blue. No gull would dream of dipping his head into it. That white cloud is quite out of value, and there

was surely a shadow under the eaves of the cottage. You haven't looked at it enough."

"Tell me the most glaring faults."

"I can't until I have the scene before me. Manifestly, the fault of your harbour thing is the boats. They're too big, and they're all wobbly. The houses in the background are much too strong. There isn't a line of drawing in the waves. You haven't studied them at all. Your colour—except the sea—is rather nice; but avoid blue—it's a devil of a colour to tackle, and gets into everything. You must work at drawing. There's not a bit of difference between the bow and the stern of your schooner. Remember what Charles Keene said: 'If a man can draw, he can draw anything.' An artist who can't draw is like a cook who can't smell, or an architect who can't see. Once learn to draw, and master values, and the rest will come if it's in you. As to modelling, if ever you go to Spain, copy, and recopy, and copy again the head of *Montanes*, by Velasquez. That will show you what subtlety in modelling is. I doubt if Velasquez ever got so near to perfection in modelling a head—except, perhaps, in his *Philip IV.*, as an old man, in the National Gallery. You must draw without ceasing. I was four years in Paris drawing day in and day out. It's infernal drudgery. If I'd given ten years to it I should perhaps be able to do something now."

"Ought I to go to Paris?" Shaw asked.

Lund nodded his head vehemently. "There's something in you after all I was wondering if you'd

ever begin to take art seriously. Yes : go to Paris. Your year of experimenting in Cornwall has done you no harm. What's more : I'll take you over myself and start you. I can stay a day or two in Paris on my way to Moret next week. We'll have an orgy at the Louvre. Then I'll go off to Moret, and you can weigh in with your eight hours a day in the studios. O yes : they'll treat you all right ! You'll find men of all ages there. I should recommend you to start at Dinet Dauphin's. Julian's can wait. You'd better put in some spade work first. Dinet Dauphin is a dear old boy, and won't frighten you."

CHAPTER V

STUDENT LIFE IN PARIS

SURELY never had there been such autumn splendour as the gold and russet tints, tracks of light, that flashed past the travellers on the journey between Calais and Paris. All Lund's nervous and emotional force seemed to be concentrated in his eyes. His friend was wise enough not to interrupt him.

As the train passed through the environs of Paris Lund said: "You'd better live as a student in the Montparnasse quarter. It's cheap, and you get the feel and spirit of student life round about the Boul' Miche. Montparnasse is more easily assimilated by a *nouveau* than Montmartre."

Shaw assented. If Lund had suggested that he had better live at the Elysée, he would have been equally complaisant.

His first impressions of Paris were not invigorating. He was conscious only that the streets were crowded; that they were driving down a steep, muddy hill; that the coachman wore a shiny white hat, and that he shouted continually. Lund was silent, gazing at the lights and reflections; but when they crossed the Seine, and saw a steamer, a blaze of lights, shoot

down the river, Lund stirred in his seat and said: "The Seine is Paris, as the Thames is London. You never get away from rivers. They are the ancient hearts of cities. They antedate them; they survive them, and they're always paintable."

"That's the Beaux Arts," he remarked presently, "and those busts outside the entrance are Puget and Poussin. You needn't trouble about them."

Still ascending, they skirted the Montparnasse railway station and drove rapidly up the broad Boulevard. Intermittently an electric tram raced past. Half a mile above the station they turned into a narrow street, and the cab stopped before one of the many student hotels with rambling embracive names that abound in the Montparnasse quarter.

Lund bargained with the proprietor, and it was agreed that Shaw should have a bedroom near the sky for thirty francs a month. There was a tiny *salle-à-manger* on the ground floor. "You can take your morning coffee there," said Lund. "Get your other meals outside. It's cheaper, and more amusing."

The stairs were uncarpeted, the passages dark; on every landing were tall closed doors. Shaw's bedroom was small, furnished with an armchair and a table. It overlooked a stable, and he, being peculiarly susceptible to odours, felt uncomfortable, and inclined to faint. An ardent desire for Cornwall stole over him. He sat upon the edge of his bed while Lund was unpacking in the next room, and longed to be standing upon Sancreed Beacon, feeling the salt

wind, and seeing the Lizard light flash from the darkness.

When they left the hotel the noise of the streets rasped his nerves. Crossing the Boulevard, they turned down the Rue de la Grande Chaumière.

"Here will be the centre of your interests," said Lund. "On Monday morning you will find this street crowded with models waiting to be hired for the week. That building is the Grande Chaumière studio, and a few doors below is the old Colarossi. Farther on in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs is Dinet Dauphin's, where, I suggest, you should begin. He speaks English, and you have the benefit of his criticism as well as that of the visiting professors. You might join right away for the morning course for six months. It'll cost you 130 francs—that's about £5—for the half-year. In the afternoon you can either join a course at the Grande Chaumière, or Colarossi's; or you can wait till half-past four and have two strenuous hours at the sketching class. The model poses four times in the two hours. Splendid practice! You can't niggle much in twenty-five minutes."

"They'll see that I can't draw," said Shaw ruefully.

"You must flounder along, using your eyes and picking up new knowledge daily. Twice a week big swells in the French painting world visit the studios and criticise. No: they're not brutal, although I did once hear an eminent painter merely grunt before a student's drawing and pass on. You'll learn much from the other students. The strong man in a studio

always influences the rest. Learn to draw: that's what you have to do. Learn to use your eyes. Don't bother about painting. Always carry a note-book in your pocket, and draw everything you see. Now we'll dine. Where shall we go?"

Shaw was indifferent.

"Well, you can dine in Paris for a shilling—or less; or for ten pounds or more. You're not exactly poor; but I think you'd better accustom yourself to students' ways. We'll dine at a *crêmerie*."

They crossed the Boulevard, dived down another narrow radiating street, and entered an unpretentious shop exposing in the window a cabbage and a dish of stewed prunes. A woman, elderly and gracious, sat behind a counter on the left of the entrance. Facing her was a long table. The floor was sanded; table-cloth and napkins were considered superfluous; but the place was clean and wholesome. An inner room was thick with tobacco-smoke. Half a dozen voices were talking and shouting, and one of the company was hammering with the butt of his knife upon the table to attract attention. "Some of the boys," said Lund sadly. "I was one of them—once."

Their dinner consisted of a soup, a succulent "biftek," a dish of prunes, half a bottle of wine apiece, and coffee. The joint bill came to two francs fifty. "We've been extravagant," said Lund: "you can dine excellently in the quarter for a franc."

They strolled to the top of the Boulevard Montparnasse, wandered to the Observatory, retraced their

steps, and had some more excellent coffee under the trees of the Café de la Closerie des Lilas.

"Heine wrote something about this *café*," said Lund; "but I've forgotten what he said, or where he said it."

In front of them, across the road, beyond the trees and the street lamps Shaw noticed a garish building uncompromisingly new. Dimly he discerned in the crescent above the door odd painted stucco figures in relief, garbed fantastically, wildly dancing. Beneath, picked out in multi-coloured electric lights, shone the word BULLIER.

"What's that?" Shaw asked.

"That's where the student balls are held. We'll drop in to-morrow if you like. There's always dancing on Sunday; but the gala night is Thursday."

Having finished their coffee they turned to the left and walked down that long, wide, bustling, variegated street called the Boulevard St. Michel, known to students as the Boul' Miche, where from five o'clock until long after midnight the life of the quarter is in crescendo.

Again they sat at a *café* table and watched the students strolling past, laughing, gesticulating, and talking.

Shaw felt very old, very lonely, acutely detached from the vitality and exuberance of spirits with which all the strangely-attired youths and girls seemed to be endowed. His imagination was sterilised; he had lost the desire to paint or to write. Nothing seemed

to matter ; but he did yearn to recover the emotion of that unforgettable morning of his first day of freedom when he stood upon Trencrom Hill, breathed the sea air, and gazed out upon his father's hills.

It was midnight before they returned to their hotel. Lund showed no inclination to sleep. Paris seemed to have excited him. He lounged on the edge of Shaw's bed and talked.

" Let me see," he began : " to-morrow is Sunday—good luck ! It's the last Sunday in the month. We'll go to Julian's show."

" What is Julian's show ? "

" An exhibition of the drawings and paintings done by the Julian students during the preceding four weeks, with all the prize works staring at you and making you feel like an ant. You'll see how Paris trains a man to draw. Brutally strong those drawings are, fearfully competent. Some of the students have been at it five years. Mind you, it isn't art, it's craftsmanship ! Lots of students can do a splendid drawing in the schools, with a trained model posing for them, and everything going on in orderly progression ; but it's when they get out into the world, with all the world to choose their models from, that the rub comes. Then the student is playing off his own bat, and he's got to show whether he's a painter or an artist. It's personality that makes the fine picture. Art is service ; but it's a service that's perfect freedom. To-morrow we'll go straight from Julian's to the Louvre, straight from the dexterous, knowing,

capable work of big bow-wow students to the real thing."

"What will you show me at the Louvre?"

"What will I show you? Titian's *Man with a Glove* certainly. The man is just there as if he were alive, a living figure looming out of the darkness of the ages. What drawing! That gloved left hand affects me like the passing of the *scherzo* of the C Minor Symphony into the *finale*—all soar, and swoop, and wonder."

"Do you mean that the drawing of a man's gloved hand affects you like a Beethoven symphony?"

"Why not? This is Paris, and Paris always intoxicates me, and cries out, 'Be gay and extravagant, young man.' I think the only time I disagreed with R. A. M. Stevenson was when he said that only Velasquez could have corrected a certain hardness in the modelling of the *Man with a Glove*, and an unwise precision in certain lines of the hand, hair, and so on. He's a man, not a model! The reason why most subject pictures are bad is that the figures are models, not men and women. A portrait should look as if it was painted *premier coup*, even if fifty sittings have been given to it; but how hard it is to recapture the lyric freshness, the directness, of the first sketch. Why does Monet give me such pleasure? Because he is content to paint the mood of the instant, his joy in sunshine and light, and leave it at that. He is the father of the modern sunlight-and-movement school. Turner and Constable were the grandfathers, and you

Jules Hautecoeur

THE MAN WITH A GLOVE

From the Picture by Titian, in the Louvre

Jules Hautecoeur

HEAD OF ST. ANNE

Detail from "The Virgin and Child with St. Anne" by Leonardo da Vinci, in the Louvre

know what I think of those unpremeditated things of Turner and Constable, the water-colours and sketches. Somebody has said that Titian and Giorgione were the fathers of landscape painting. They were the pioneers of the sumptuous, decorative manner in landscape, and if ever you go to Dresden don't forget to look at the *Venus* with that lovely landscape background. Giorgione, the enigmatic Giorgione, began the *Venus*, and Titian finished her. She's sublime; but out of our reach. We look and admire. Titian is a master. Monet and his lot are comrades. I believe I'm outgrowing my Pointelin-Peppercorn dark manner, much as I love it. I'm off to Moret on Monday to paint sunshine; but I'll show you a few great things in the Louvre first.

"What else beside the *Man with a Glove?*"

"Leonardo's *Mona Lisa*, and the head of St. Anne in his picture of the *Virgin and Child*. It's a beautiful head, something unearthly yet curiously Pagan, as if she had the secret of things, and sat apart, aloof, watching mortal affairs, even world-moving mortal affairs, and smiling mysteriously with the thoughts of one who knows. Leonardo is half a god. He had a miraculous power of synthesis. All mystical knowledge is in that head of St. Anne. All the heroic side of war is contained in his drawing of a *Warrior* in the British Museum print room. There's true impressionism, the first vision held intact through all the lovely ornamentation, which bubbles out, always welcome, always unexpected, like the melodies of

Mozart. Every detail of that wonderful decoration of helm and armour leads up to and proclaims his first impression of that head, a type of war, quiescent but vigilant, eternally ready."

Lund ceased suddenly. "What a vile smell of stables! Shut the window—there's a good fellow. By Jove, it's a quarter past one!"

He lighted a candle, and turned towards his own room.

"What else?" asked the voracious Shaw.

"Let me see," said Lund, tugging at the button-hole of his collar, "O, there's that jolly, blowsy, laughing *Gypsy* by Franz Hals. What a piece of painting! What a contrast to Leonardo! What folly it is to lay down laws about art—that a picture should be this or that—when we have these two men at the opposite poles, each doing supreme work! All we have to ask is: 'Has a painter done his best, and is his best worth our attention?' Man is a strange, composite creature. Once I sat in the Temple Gardens and talked about mysticism and reverie and union with God. Now, at this moment, I feel as if——"

They were interrupted by a violent knocking on the wall. It came from the adjoining room. "Bed, bed!" whispered Lund. "Breakfast at nine sharp."

Next morning they descended to the Académie Julian in the Rue de Dragon.

"Julian has lots of studios scattered over Paris," said Lund, as they crossed the little courtyard, and passed through the dark passage leading to the studios;

Braun, Clément et Cie.

HEAD OF A WARRIOR

From the Drawing by Leonardo da Vinci, in the Print Room, British Museum

Jules Hautecoeur

A Gypsy

From the Picture by Franz Hals, in the Louvre

"but these are the chief ones. Laurens, Lefébre, Bouguereau, and Robert Fleury are among the visiting masters."

The three studios were crowded with visitors. In two of them the selected drawings and paintings were arranged on easels, and pinned upon frames placed against the walls. In the third studio stood the sculpture designs. The upper portion of the walls was hung with the prize works of past students.

The vast studios wore an air of gloom. Some of the drawings had a numbing effect upon Shaw, so violent were they, so forcible, so lacking in grace or feeling, in any of those qualities which, since his association with Lund, he had come to regard as being essential in art. He strolled round the heated studios, wondering whether in these dim, dingy rooms which seemed continents and seas away from the air, light, and expanse of Cornwall he was the same man who had read and believed that the best artist is the best translator of the works of God. The prize drawings, nude, accentuated bodies, seemed to him to be libels on God's creation.

The Greeks gave poetry to the human form. It seemed to Shaw that these French students had materialised it with brutal frankness. "Perhaps it's only because I'm ignorant," he thought, and sighed.

"Don't worry," said Lund, as they walked towards the little tavern near the Beaux Arts where Thackeray took his meals. "These students are all right. Give a man a solid foundation of sound craftsmanship.

The soul of the thing seen, plus ideas, ornament and decoration will come later. Brutality in youth isn't a bad beginning. It implies strength, and, by George! a man must have strength when he's young, for, later in life, disappointment and sorrow, pity and sympathy for his kind, and for himself, make him soft as a feather-bed."

In the afternoon they visited the Louvre; but the crowds of people and the endless walls of pictures blurred Shaw's impressions. A few things, however, remained, picked themselves out from the mass, insisting on remembrance. One was *The Winged Victory*. He stood and gazed: that day on the downs at Eastbourne seemed a thousand years ago. Another was the *Venus of Milo*, which he saw from afar, at the end of a vista of crowded rooms. Alone she stands. She is always alone.

He paused for several minutes before the Botticelli fresco on the staircase wall—*Giovanna Tornabuoni and the Three Graces*.

"Keep Giovanna's face and figure always in remembrance," said Lund. "There you have repose and subtlety and grace and refinement. Botticelli, I think, was never happier than when he painted that slim lady advancing to receive into a white linen cloth the flowers offered to her by the Graces. Her delicate face is luminous, as if in sunshine against the bare, cracked wall. I've been in love all my life with her clear brows, rapt and steadfast eyes."

When they had left the Louvre, and were strolling

Jules Manteceur

GIOVANNA TORNABUONI

Detail from the Fresco of "Giovanna Tornabuoni and the Three Graces," by Botticelli, in the Louvre

SOBIESKI, KING OF POLAND (?)

From the Portrait by Rembrandt, in the Hermitage Gallery, St. Petersburg

westward through the radiant streets, talking of pictures and music, Lund said: "Let us be extravagant to-night. We'll dine at a *café* I know in the Boulevard St. Michel, where there is a first-class orchestra."

They did so. When the orchestra had finished the overture to Schumann's Manfred suite, Shaw, surprised out of his shyness, applauded. The musicians rose as one man, looked towards him, and bowed. It was embarrassing.

Late that evening after dinner they climbed the Boulevard St. Michel and paid two francs for admission to the Bullier. The ball was in riotous progress. A whirl of figures capered over the dancing-floor; sometimes the heroic efforts of the band were outdone by the shouts and laughter of the dancers. On a raised platform encircling the floor were small tables and chairs. They seated themselves, and ordered the inevitable glass of German lager. The fun became louder, the tobacco-smoke denser, the shouting and laughter more strident.

At eleven o'clock Lund said, "Don't you want to dance?"

"No."

"Do you want to go home?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I'm too old for this kind of thing. Do you remember that violet night at St. Ives when we stood on the cliff by the Huer's House, and watched the lights of the fishing-boats? Stars in the sea, stars

in the sky . It was just this hour—eleven o'clock. Do you remember the first glimpse of St. Michael's Mount as you climb the old road from Penzance? Do you remember the feel of the wind when we stood upon Rosewall Hill, and saw the sun dipping into the sea beyond Gurnard's Head? And that day when we peered over the edge of the cliff and watched a seal catch an eel? And the light on the rocks for miles and miles—what a glory of light!"

"Look here, young man," said Lund. "You've come to Paris to learn to draw. Stick to it. Live in the present. Don't brood over the past."

CHAPTER VI

PROFESSORS CRITICISE SHAW'S DRAWINGS

Over their coffee next morning Shaw announced that he proposed to see Lund off at the Gare de Lyon, the station of departure for Moret.

"But if you're not at the studio at eight sharp, you'll miss voting for the pose that the model will keep during the week."

"I'd rather see you off—I mean I'd rather drive with you to the station."

Lund smiled. He inferred that Shaw wished to postpone the beginning of his studentship as long as possible.

It was twenty minutes after eleven when he returned to Montparnasse and walked slowly to the Académie Dinet-Dauphin. The identity of the studio was unmistakable. The great windows flanked one side of the road, and if any doubt still remained in Shaw's mind the sight of two shock-headed youths in long, calico, paint-smeared blouses reassured him. They were standing in the street, hatless, engaged in supplying long ears, with smudges of paint, to the chromolithographic portrait of an actor whose modish figure was advertising a new play on a hoarding outside the studio.

"I wonder if I shall ever be high-spirited enough to do that sort of thing?" thought Shaw, as he pushed open the yard door and inquired of the *concierge* whether M. Dinet-Dauphin was within.

Yes: he was in his private studio.

Apprehensive, slightly trembling, Shaw knocked at the professor's door.

He explained his business: that he wished to join the morning course for six months; that he was absolutely ignorant of drawing, but that he had painted a little in Cornwall.

The professor was gracious, and his English was fluent.

"You are quite ignorant of drawing? Yes? That is no matter. It is better so. You have no bad faults to correct. You come here every morning from eight till twelve. Good! You want anything? I am here. I paint here. Two, three, times a week I criticise your work. Have you portfolio and paper? No? Then I lend you some. You come with me, if you please."

As they passed through the corridor that adjoins M. Dinet-Dauphin's studio Shaw glanced curiously at the photographs that lined the walls. "Ah!" said the professor, "here are masterpieces. I show you how to draw. I cannot give you genius. There is the *Venus* of Velasquez. Superb! There is Rembrandt's portrait of Sobieski. Magnificent! Bold! Strong!"

He made the sweeping movement with his thumb

that artists find so useful, indicating the outline of Sobieski's head in the air. "They say he is not Sobieski. It does not matter. And there is Millet's *Sower*. What a gesture! What knowledge, what profundity! Ah! Jean-François Millet understood. He was a great artist."

They crossed the courtyard, descended a few steps, and entered the large studio where Dinet-Dauphin's students prepare to be famous. A score of men were at work, some painting, some drawing the model in charcoal, who was standing upon the throne in what seemed to Shaw rather a complicated attitude. One of her hands was upraised, shooting to the ceiling; the other rested upon her left shoulder.

A few of the students looked up when the professor and Shaw entered: Shaw was relieved to find that their absorption was so intense that they gave only a momentary glance to the newcomer.

"Where will you have your easel," M. Dinet-Dauphin whispered? "Look at the model. Then you choose your view. So!"

"This will do," said Shaw, eager to remain in the dark corner where they were standing.

The professor gave him a piece of chalk. "Draw a little line from one leg of the easel to the other, and write your name across the line. See? That is your position for the week. If in the morning you find the easel gone away, you please restore it to the chalk line. Now you begin."

M. Dinet-Dauphin retired, and Shaw, gazing at

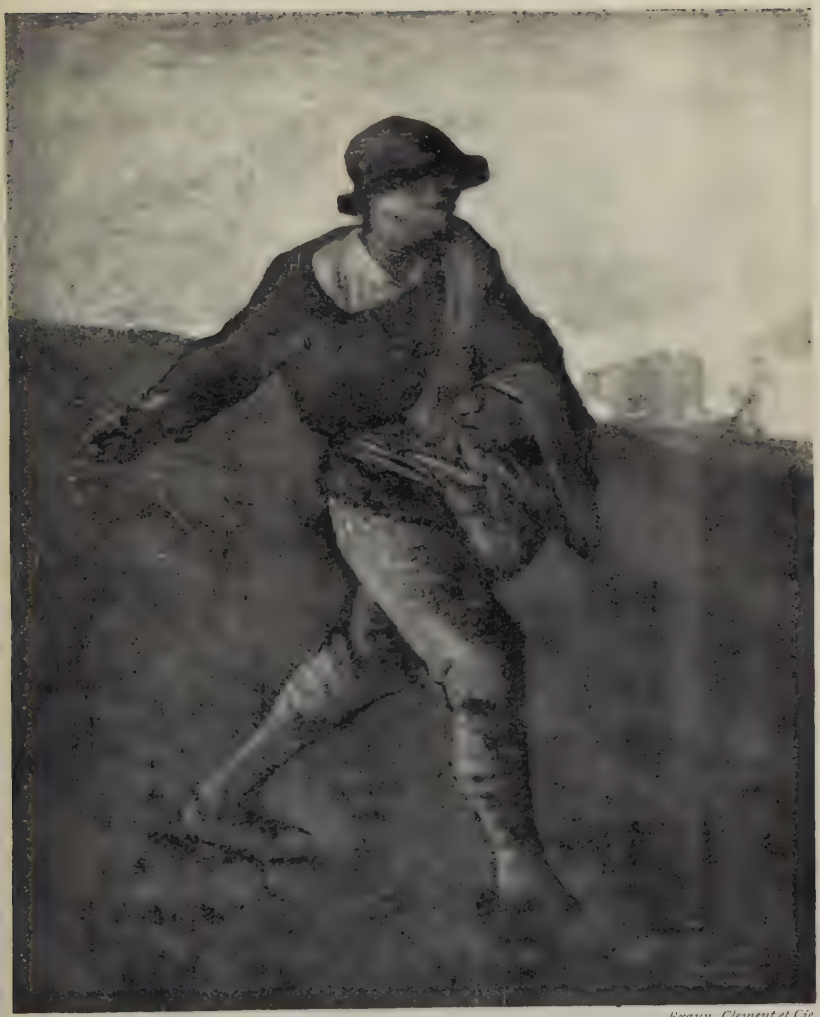
the model, measured the proportions of her figure, the size of the head compared with the body, and the difference in width between the extremities of the hips and the parted feet. Then he began to draw, and in a quarter of an hour a sort of person hovered, faint and blurred, upon his paper. The legs looked abnormally long. Although he made many attempts at rectification, he realised that he had not the skill to correct the disproportion. Suddenly his eye was attracted by the black, coiled masses of the model's hair. He broke his charcoal in trying to represent the requisite blackness of those rich darks. Having renounced the attempt to correct the proportions of the figure, he devoted himself to copying her features.

"I'm too far away," he reflected. "I can't see."

He glanced at his neighbour's drawing, and then at the begetter of it, who was working with what seemed to Shaw superhuman ease. He was an American, clad in a dark blue jersey, who for five minutes had been declaiming in a deep nasal voice :

> "We thought her dying when she slept,
> And sleeping when she died."

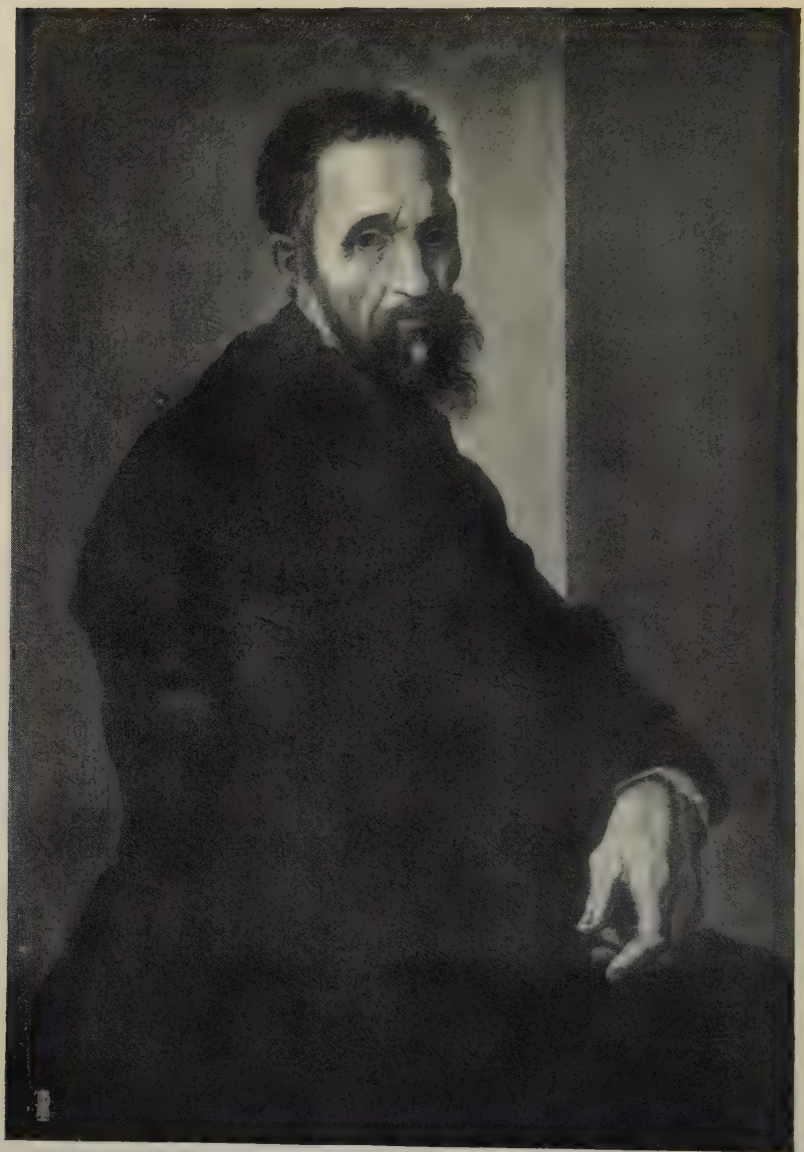
The words rolled round the room. Nobody paid any attention to them or to the singer. Shaw, inferring that the repetition of the words assisted the American, began to repeat Browning's "Lost Leader" quietly to himself. Occasionally the American broke into song ; when he was neither singing nor reciting he would suddenly demand of the *massier*, a rubicund, child-like Frenchman, his opinion of recondite points



Braun, Clement et Cie.

THE SOWER

From the Pastel by Jean-François-Millet



A. Manelli e Comp.

MICHAEL ANGELO

From the Portrait in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

in American politics that he had disinterred that morning from the Paris edition of the *New York Herald.* Shaw was amused. He began to think that he should find student life in Paris interesting. Suddenly the *massier* looked at the clock, and mumbled something. The model stretched herself, descended the throne, retired behind the screen, huddled on some clothes, and, crouching before the stove, prepared to enjoy the quarter of an hour's rest.

The students left their easels, glanced casually at one another's drawings, gathered in groups, and discussed the events of the day. One of them stretched himself full-length upon the throne and closed his eyes; another continued feverishly painting the curtain in the background of his canvas; a third paused before Shaw's easel. He examined the drawing; then, raising his eyes, he looked curiously at the author of it who lit his pipe to conceal his embarrassment.

Presently Shaw moved away and examined, one by one, the works of his fellow students. The drawings varied; but all were masterly compared with his schoolboy effort. He understood what Lund had meant by the strong man in a studio influencing the others. The strong man was he who was now snoring on the throne, with his legs dangling over the side: students—Americans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, a Japanese and a Norwegian—were gathered round his easel. They looked; they did not chatter.

Shaw examined the studio. On the walls hung some prize drawings, and the surface that had once

been white was adorned with many amusing caricatures scrawled in charcoal. In a corner pinned to the wall was a faded photograph of the strong, spiritually-distressed head of Michael Angelo from the Uffizi.

When the hands of the clock pointed to the quarter to twelve the *massier* again mumbled something; the sleeping strong-man student was roused; the model resumed her pose; and each man began to draw or paint as if his life depended upon the action.

Feeling very incompetent, and out of his element, Shaw reconsidered his drawing. He decided that the left leg was an inch too long, and had just borrowed from his neighbour some crumbs of bread with which to erase the lines, when M. Dinet-Dauphin entered the studio and made straight for the corner into the recesses of which Shaw was trying to shrink.

He motioned him away from the easel, and seated himself upon the stool. Concentrating his gaze upon the model, he compared her form with the drawing, sighed, passed his hand over his brow, and said in a low, sympathetic voice:

"I see the back of the head and the heel in a perpendicular line. I see the nose at an angle more acute. I see the right leg shorter. I see the neck rising from the shoulder—thus."

As the professor, with half a century of knowledge behind him, uttered these courteous differences of opinion—not "You are wrong," but "I see differently"—he proceeded to draw in bold, firm lines upon the paper. In three minutes, over Shaw's spidery scrawls

appeared a masterly representation in outline of the model. It was so fine, so swiftly executed, that Shaw could hardly refrain from saying, " Well done ! "

The professor rose and returned the charcoal to Shaw. " Neglect the details," he said. " Construct the form of the face and hands, not the features and the fingers. Seek the masses. Get the indication line right. *Au revoir.*"

As the door closed behind the professor, the American, who had been reciting Tom Hood, asked the Frenchman with the bushy beard and the childlike face, in atrocious French, why a miller wears a white hat. No answer was returned. Just before noon he began to sing " The Old Folks at Home " in falsetto. When the clock struck twelve, and the model was released, he said " Damn."

At half-past four, having purchased a portfolio, some cartridge paper, and charcoal, Shaw entered the new Colarossi building, in the Rue de la Grande Chaumière, and asked to be directed to the sketching-class.

There were over thirty persons—men, women, and girls—in the studio. They sat on three tiers of semi-circular seats that extended from the door to the farther wall. On their knees were portfolios; upon each portfolio was a sheet of paper; each student was waiting for the model, who looked like an ancient Briton, to settle into his pose. The moment came, and for twenty-five minutes each worked with knitted brows and a concentration that was good to behold.

A rest of five minutes followed. Then the model assumed a different pose. At half-past six Shaw was the shamefaced possessor of four studies of the ancient Briton, which he concealed in his portfolio.

"How much have I to pay?" he asked the *concierge*, who stood watchful in the lower passage.

The man extended the fingers of his two hands five times.

"Fifty centimes?"

"Oui, m'sieur!"

He dropped five copper coins into the money-box and passed out into the street. His head ached. "Paris is a wonderful place," he reflected, "but I doubt if I shall like the life of an art student."

As he ascended the dark stairs of the hotel, and groped his way into his cheerless room, he asked himself this question: "Do I want to be a painter?" and answered it from the depths of his fatigue as he strove to light his candle with the French Government matches: "No! I would a thousand times rather be a stopper of foxes' holes in Cornwall, or the coast-guard who sights the ships above Sennen Cove."

In the studio on the following Wednesday the *massier* spoke to him: "M. Bordeaux is coming to criticise to-day. As he objects to smoking, would you mind—er—not smoking while he is here?"

Shaw readily assented. Such unexpected politeness confuted the alarming stories he had heard of the way new students were treated in the Paris studios—tarred, feathered, ordered to imitate the noises that

ostriches make when terrified, and mulcted twenty francs and more to pay for liquor.

He had begun a fresh drawing which he considered a sensible improvement upon his first attempt, and he hoped that M. Bordeaux would not detect his amazing incompetence. But there were many disturbing incidents that morning. In the rest-intervals no fewer than four models visited the studio in the hope that they might be engaged for some succeeding week. They assumed their pet poses, and the students voted for or against their engagement. Shaw caused confusion and amusement by voting for every pose into which one of the models contorted her limbs. He was also troubled by a dark-eyed, shock-headed student from southern France who placed his easel directly in his line of vision; and irritated almost beyond bearing by one of the Americans who periodically slouched past him to spit in the corner adjacent to his elbow.

At half-past eleven Dinet-Dauphin's head suddenly appeared in the doorway, accompanied by the raising of his hands and eyebrows. Pipes were knocked out, cigarettes trampled under heel, and an elderly gentleman, short, silver-haired, wearing spectacles, entered. He was Bordeaux.

The distinguished painter passed from drawing to drawing in a business-like way, pausing a few minutes before each, criticising volubly, shrugging his shoulders, making inimitable gestures with his hands, while the student who was being criticised listened meekly.

Sometimes eyes blazed contradiction. When M. Bordeaux arrived in Shaw's neighbourhood, the *massier* said to him :

" Do you speak French ? "

" A little."

" Shall I translate ? "

" If you please."

M. Bordeaux seated himself before Shaw's easel, looked, then raised his head quickly and examined Shaw as if he were a new variety of chrysalis.

" Will you explain that I am a *nouveau ?* " he whispered to the *massier*.

The professor shrugged his shoulders as if to imply that there was no occasion to communicate the fact. Then he made many remarks in rapid French.

" M. Bordeaux says," translated the *massier*, " that you should go back to the antique ; that you are not sufficiently advanced to draw the living model ; that you have not yet learnt to simplify. He also suggests that the feet in your drawing are the feet of a camel, not the feet of a woman ! "

Shaw bit his lip. Just then the professor looked at him. Once more he shrugged his shoulders. Drawing a faintly-scented cambric handkerchief from his pocket, he gently dusted Shaw's drawing off the paper, sharpened a stick of charcoal, looked intently at the model for a minute, and made a bold, free sketch of her. Then he rose, regarded his handiwork with the gaze that a father bestows on a well-beloved son, and smiled paternally.

CHAPTER VII

PASSEZ LE PRINTEMPS EN ITALIE

Christmas passed. The New Year dawned, and through all mutations Shaw studied in the schools, with grim determination, six hours a day. He improved; but he realised that he had not the slightest gift for draughtsmanship. Many fellow students could accomplish easily in two days what he could not complete in six. Sometimes he hated the work. The studios were always hot and stuffy. He made no friends. He was homesick. He longed for the hills of Cornwall. In the evenings, if it had not been for his literary work, the loneliness of his life would have made him miserable. He took some pleasure in writing a series of little papers, about certain pictures in the Louvre, which the editor of an unsuccessful London paper liked. They were modest essays, quite uncritical, but tingling with gratitude, and rather fresh. He extolled his favourite pictures with the enthusiasm of an Elizabethan for his mistress. Again and again in the studios while his whole mind should have been concentrated upon his work, he found himself unconsciously composing articles.

One of the pictures in the Louvre about which he

wrote was the portrait of *Lucrezia Crivelli* ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci. Here are a few lines : " Love is an adequate word to express my devotion to this dark, frail lady with the estimating, reproachful eyes who held, for a time, the deep heart of Leonardo."

Another was Corot's *Pool.* " Light lingers in the quiet sky behind the feathery trees where one bird flies, and in the reflections of the still water. Corot came as a light-bearer to a world that had lived too long behind blinds."

Another was Troyon's *Early Morning: Going Forth to Plough.* " The very breath and air of dawn move on this infinite plain. I walk with the cowherd and scent the day."

Another was Millet's *Church at Gréville*—" O that I had the wise innocence of this peasant-painter ! So simple the theme, so profound and accomplished the treatment ! Little church that Millet saw, you stir immortal longings ! "

By the month of March, when fourteen of these papers had been printed, Shaw wearied of writing them, as he was wearying of drawing in the schools. Lassitude shadowed him ; he slept indifferently ; the noise in the streets increasingly disturbed his rest ; the odour from the stables nauseated. He wrote a despairing letter to Lund, and Lund answered—

" You're stale ! Take long walks in the morning and paint in the afternoon."

He followed this advice ; wandered early in the Bois, made excursions to St. Cloud and Versailles ;

LUCREZIA CRIVELLI

From the Portrait ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci, in the Louvre

Jules Hautecoeur

EARLY MORNING; GOING FORTH TO PLOUGH

From the Picture by Troyon, in the Louvre

and soon felt so much better that he determined to join an afternoon portrait class.

The following Monday, after a long morning ramble, he entered the Académie Grande Chaumière a few minutes before one o'clock, carrying his paint-box and a canvas, and paid his fees for a week.

He found half a dozen men and girls waiting in the studio on the first floor. Standing by the platform, pretty, demure, dark-eyed, with coils of black hair on her small head, was the model. Her dark dress and her ivory complexion made a tempting study in blacks and greys. The students eyed her critically. More arrived, and more. They numbered over thirty when the clock struck one, and an official stationed at the door requested them to walk out into the passage. As they passed him he handed to each a metal disc inscribed with a number. When all had left the room he called out the numbers in rotation, the object of this procedure being that each should have an equal chance of drawing a good position. Number five fell to Shaw. He entered, and chose, as before, the remotest place in the darkest corner ; which was foolish, as he was so far from the model that he could not search out the drawing of her eyes, or the modelling of her cheeks.

The thirty students were quiet as a congregation when the banns of marriage are being published. Their concentration was inspiriting by its very intensity. At the end of the first sitting of three-quarters of an hour Shaw had nothing to show but a feeble arrange-

ment of charcoal lines that suggested a goblin resemblance to the pretty model. A youth, whose shoulder blades nearly touched Shaw's easel, had laid in the model's head and neck with burnt sienna, black, and turpentine, and Shaw realised that the youth's eye had held his hand closely to the values; the tones of his picture harmonised as those of nature on a grey Cornish day. A plain, heavy-featured girl next to him, whom he almost hated for her swaggering proficiency, had painted straight away, standing back from the easel, yet always in motion, constantly advancing, leaving on the canvas each time a brushfull of paint that sang out as sings the tap of a fork upon a tumbler. These brush marks, seemingly fortuitous, held together wonderfully, and composed into the scheme.

After the interval Shaw threw away his charcoal and seized his brushes. The foolish man used pure black for the hair, and pure vermilion for the lips; and found, of course, that he could not escape from, nor soothe, those strident notes. In despair he smeared the face with that raspberry-and-cream mixture which the tyro in painting always manages to collect upon his palette. He spent the last quarter of an hour partly in endeavouring to make his representation of the pretty model less like an Ojibway Indian, and partly in trying to coax his drawing to look less like a Greek portrait of the second century.

In the interval some of the students strolled about the room casually examining the efforts. They

behaved admirably. Not one of them smiled. The model also crept like a vagrant black cat here and there, stealing glances at the thirty ways in which the thirty students had adjudged her looks. She lingered before Shaw's attempt. Her pretty lips parted; her black eyebrows elevated themselves; and she seemed to be saying to herself—" Mon Dieu! Am I really like that? "

Shaw could bear the ordeal no longer. Hurriedly he left the room and spent the remainder of the interval in the street.

Later in the afternoon an incident caused him needless embarrassment. He caught the model's eye, not once, but three or four times; and on each occasion he thought those dark orbs emitted disapproval. Although he flushed, his mind began to work subconsciously upon an article that was the first of his essays in the humorous vein. The title, " The Model Speaks," may recall it to some readers. But even while his inner consciousness was framing the sentences, he felt that it was discourteous to stare so frequently at a woman, and positively rude to libel, in the medium of Leonardo and Botticelli, so pretty a creature. These questionings of conscience were arrested by a catastrophe. The youth in front of him, whose painting he had been furtively admiring, in stepping suddenly backwards, overturned Shaw's easel. His representation of the model fell upon the floor. The accident distressed him only on account of the unwelcome attention it brought him from the other

students; but it had far-reaching effects. It introduced him to the distressed youth who had caused the accident, and from that introduction, apparently of no importance, arose Shaw's journey to Italy.

The youth who had overturned his easel was an Englishman, twenty years of age, curiously like the portrait by Botticelli in the National Gallery of a young man in a red cap. He lived with two companions in a flat high up in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs—a flat bright with flowers, and white and blue hangings, receiving the morning sun. Although hardly out of their teens, they were all strong enough to be themselves. Paris which draws nearly all her artist brood into the arena of exhibitions, where each tries to out-scream his neighbour, had surged past these three students.

In their large white studio that adjoined the flat, each worked in his corner, morning by morning, on small, highly wrought, jewel-like pictures. They called themselves by no name; but their inclinations were strongly towards the Primitives. They worshipped certain half-forgotten Sienese and Umbrian painters, and they knew Italy as few moderns know her. For three years they had tramped the by-ways of Italy, spending long days in little hill-side towns and villages the tranquillity of which no railway has ever disturbed, lingering in churches and convents, here copying a picture, there making a drawing of some battered early Renaissance evangelist; worshipping Donatello, Mino da Fiesole, and Jacopo della

Jules Hautecœur

THE CHURCH AT GREVILLE

From the Picture by Jean-François-Millet, in the Louvre

A Florentine Youth

From the Portrait by Botticelli, in the National Gallery

Quercia, and filling note-books with their dreams and impressions.

Into this little company Shaw intruded. They were always at home in the evenings, when they discussed art, dreamed, and played Palestrina, the Madrigals as well as the Masses, on a grand piano that the father of one of them, a cotton spinner, had presented to the coterie. They also made dainty little drawings of one another, and talked incessantly of Italy.

The youngest was painting a little picture in tempera, somewhat after the manner of Ghirlandajo, of scenes from the life of St. John the Baptist. In each picture was a frieze upon which he had painted miniatures of the various representations of St. John by painters and sculptors. He was just finishing a tiny copy of Rodin's superb rendering of the figure, which stood alongside Donatello's exquisite representation. The comparison was interesting. It was hard to believe that Donatello was born in 1386.

Those evenings in the white studio solaced Shaw, and the companionship of the Primitives made the atmosphere of the schools less and less congenial. More and more he recoiled from the robust manners and robuster slang of the American students at Dinet-Dauphin's. Although he no longer envied the mechanical facility in painting the model that the two-year students at the Grande Chaumière possessed, he was heart-sick at the wretched progress he himself was making, and pined for light and air and sunshine. He could not return to Cornwall yet : he could not

resume painting there—a Paris student, the dough in him only a little baked, a failure who had funked the ordeal of spade work in the schools. But Italy! That was different. Every evening in the white studio he listened to some new delight about Italy. He began to persuade himself that it would help his art education to study the Italian pictures.

One evening, when he was unreasonably dejected, the three youths seemed suddenly to awaken to the knowledge that his case was acute.

"Why not see Italy?" asked Primitive No. 1, half turning his head, while his fingers still wandered over the keys of the piano. "It will give you new life, new ideas, golden dreams."

"I don't know Italian," said Shaw, "and—and I should never find my way."

"Nonsense!" cried Primitive No. 3, the most businesslike of the trio, who was responsible for the household arrangements. He proceeded to impart certain facts to Shaw. "Cook will map out your route beforehand. Cook will supply you with hotel coupons. English will carry you anywhere on the beaten track, and a little French almost anywhere. It is quite simple. Cook supplies you with the names of all the hotels. The hotel omnibus meets every train. The *portier* takes charge of you, as if you were a bale of merchandise. Of course, that isn't the way to see Italy. It's delightfully and ridiculously the wrong way; but it's the best way for a *nouveau* who wishes to visit the important picture galleries. There are

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

I. From the Statue by Donatello, in Florence

II. From the Statue by Rodin, at the Luxembourg, Paris

Jules Hautecœur

OLD MAN AND CHILD

From the Picture by Ghirlandajo, in the Louvre

lovely places which the tourist altogether misses—places where pictures and frescoes have never been removed from the churches and convents where the artist painted them and saw them in their morning glory; but no doubt you should see the famous pictures first. I advise you to 'do' Italy."

"What route would you advise?" Shaw asked.

Here was a task much to the taste of the brotherhood. To them, as to some others, few leisure-hour occupations were pleasanter than planning foreign tours. They produced maps, pencils, and paper, and Shaw heard the muttered names of foreign towns. "Spoletto?" "No." "Orvieto, Arezzo?" "I think not. Too bewildering. . . . Better keep him on the beaten track. . . ." "And after Venice? Home, I suppose?" "No! Why should he not make a circular tour, and return by Budapest, Vienna, Dresden, Berlin, Antwerp, and Brussels?"

Primitive No. 1, Shaw's particular friend, began to draw a map of the proposed tour.

"Stanford would be proud to sign it," said Primitive No. 3. Then, addressing Shaw: "You enter picture Italy by Genoa; and as the weather is already becoming hot, you had better go straight to Rome, stopping, I suggest, at Pisa. Later you will make for Florence through Assizi and Perugia. The northern towns will follow. You will proceed to Venice, and return home by Budapest, Vienna, and Berlin. You will have a magnificent debauch of pictures!"

Shaw left the studio feeling that he had been at

school again, and that he had humbly accepted the tasks allotted to him by his master. The tour was a chimera; but——

Next morning, a few minutes past eight, as he walked across the road to Dinet-Dauphin's studio, the scent of spring was in the air, and he pined to be away in woods looking for primroses. Nature was reawakening. It was with an effort that he forced himself to enter the hot and gloomy studio. He was the first arrival. The model crouched before the stove. Shaw begged her not to disturb herself; but she insisted, and assumed the pose of a girl carrying a pitcher on her head.

By the time the other students arrived Shaw had roughed in the head and bust (he was making a half-length) and was preparing to paint.

Three hours passed. His drawing looked horrible. The eyes squinted, and nothing that he could do made them appear normal. At half-past twelve Primitive No. 2 entered the studio to discuss a quartette party with one of the Americans who had musical aspirations. Nodding to Shaw, he glanced at his work.

"Why is it so frightfully bad?" Shaw whispered.

Primitive No. 2 pursed his lips. "The proportions are wrong, and so is the line of direction. The black hair is full of beautiful lights, which you have entirely omitted. You must get your drawing right before you begin to paint."

"I couldn't."

"Give it time. Lavish yourself upon it. I've

been drawing all my life. I wish I could draw as capably as you write. That piece of yours called 'The Model Speaks' is delightful."

With his awful failure staring at him, the praise of his article by Primitive No. 2 gave him no pleasure.

He poured half a bottle of turpentine into a saucer and with a rag smeared the lady into nothingness.

Turning the canvas to the wall, he left the studio, and sat for an hour in the Tuileries Gardens, feeling very miserable and useless.

He spent the afternoon in the Louvre, where he stood for a long time before *The Winged Victory*. Later he felt a sudden flash of affection for the picture by Ghirlandajo called *The Old Man and the Child*. "Love," he wrote in his note-book, "looks beyond the defilements with which the ways of nature soil us. This child sees only the kind old man, not his disfigurements."

He withdrew from the Louvre to the Luxembourg Gardens. There he finished the little article on Ghirlandajo's picture, and while he was writing it his mind was sub-consciously working around that statue of a *Bacchante*, a modern work by Macmonnies, on the terrace without the Luxembourg Gallery. This young agile figure stands for spring-time, for joy, and the abundant gifts of life.

"So I see Italy," he wrote, "a figure eternally young, laughing in the sunshine, luring the children of the world to little cities set upon vine-clad hills."

Then he walked about the bright streets. The evening air still held the scent of spring.

Even the weary Parisian life that passed and repassed the café on the Boulevard des Italiens, where he sat sipping his first and last glass of absinthe, did not dissipate his dream. For on the other side of the street, high above a building which catered for the wants of tourists, supplying them with tickets and hotel coupons, was a sky sign. The letters, blue and red, flashed out one by one. Now there was darkness, then a dazzle of light ; whenever Shaw raised his eyes, that invitation greeted him, or flashed out letter by letter.

" *Passez le printemps en Italie*," the sky sign said.

" It's an omen," muttered Shaw, " I accept it."

Next morning he packed his bag, paid his bills, and took a ticket from Paris back to Paris for the tour that Primitive No. 1 had sketched out. He gave no address. Letters could await his return.

CHAPTER VIII

ON THE WAY: THE GATE OF ITALY

Claude Williamson Shaw left Paris for Genoa by the night train. As he lounged upon the platform waiting for the hands of the clock to reach 10.20, he studied his fellow passengers. One was a crisp-haired, dark, English giant with blue eyes gleaming in a sun-burnt face. Clad in a long ancient frieze ulster he paced the platform, unobservant, probably thinking of his work, which, as Shaw learned later, was the construction of docks at Malta. Difficulties had arisen, and he, the most capable of the contractor's young engineers, had been sent out to Malta from the London office. He and Shaw, with a foreigner, and a mild old English gentleman bound for Rome, shared a sleeping-carriage. The mild old Englishman and the foreigner had the upper berths; Shaw and the engineer, the lower. They talked a little before retiring: Shaw had been attracted by the sincerity and simplicity of this blue-eyed giant.

"I'm going to Italy," he had volunteered, "to study pictures."

"It must be a very interesting country," said his companion. "I stayed six hours in Rome once; but

there was too much to see. Before I visit Italy properly I shall spend three months reading about it."

Shaw threw himself upon his bed, envying the engineer's temperament. Between half-closed eyes he peered at the man's square jaw, and realised that he would spend three months not a day more or less, doggedly reading informing books about Italy. How easy life might become, directed by such a strong turbine-engined nature! He studied the engineer, his great limbs dominating the bed, reading with knitted brows, every faculty concentrated upon the page. A desire to know the sort of work this sort of man would carry with him on a journey troubled him. He rose and peered over the engineer's shoulder. The book was Newman's "Apologia."

Was everybody, then, like this? Always everywhere, in the midst of the engrossing and delightful pursuits of life, this strange unrest; this constant curiosity about the unknown; this eternal longing to make the veil of the unseen transparent; this something that forbids us ever to feel at home.

The mild old Englishman was lying on his back, his head and shoulders supported by rugs and pillows, his hands folded over his breast, like the figure of William of Wykeham in the chantry chapel at Winchester. Just then the Frenchman rolled half way out of his berth, and with an angry exclamation pulled the shade over the lamp. Noiselessly Shaw crept between the sheets, after drawing up the blind above his feet, that the dawn might greet him.

He slept fitfully; but there came a moment, after many awakenings in the darkness, when he looked through the square of window above his feet and saw the dawn. Then, O wonder! the sunrise. Lakes, blue hills, white villages—all bathed in the clear light of the southern sun—flashed past him. And beyond were the snow mountains.

The train stopped at a wayside station. His companions were still asleep. Shaw rose, and looking from the window, saw high overhead a hill, and on the peak was a cross. After the train had moved forward it appeared in thin silhouette against the morning sky. For long that symbol remained in his mind, and it still lingered when the frontier was crossed and he could cry, after the darkness of Mont Cenis—"This is Italy."

It was the Italy that he had imagined—the Italy of light and beauty clothed in a mantle of spring green, sun-drenched fields and hills outstretched in the still air; on the heights towers and houses, red and white, peeping through the trees always just in the right place, as if saying: "We are here because it makes for beauty that we should be here."

Later in the day the landscape flushed into an opulence that had no longer the young-eyed charm of the dawn, and he felt the drowsiness and languor of the eternal Italian sunshine. In the stations where the train idled were sun-burned peasants and soldiers, the white dust of the roads on their boots; and unshaven priests. One patted the head of a child.

Another, seated on a barrow, was reading his Office. Upon all was languor.

As the train crawled by blue hills and snow-capped mountains, with oxen dragging their burdens along white roads, cottages in their snug patches of cultivation clinging to the hill-sides, Shaw felt that he was being hypnotised by this lovely lotus land, as seen from a train window. Paris and the studios were a bustling dream. This was Italy. What else mattered?

Suddenly, in the distance, he saw three high hills, bare, sun-bathed, soaring arrogantly into the blue sky; and upon each hill was a fort. Genoa! Genoa the Superb!—the inner white gate of Italy!

CHAPTER IX

GENOA, VAN DYCK, AND THREE ROSES

Driving from the station at Genoa, Shaw remembered fragments of a monologue that Patrick Lund had once delivered on the subject of Van Dyck:

"He distilled something fine and poetic from everything; but he never climbed a mountain to seek the edelweiss. . . . He had sympathy; but was he ever dominated by the artist in him? No: I don't forget the haunting melancholy that he gave to Charles Stuart; but the Charles Stuart that the world knows and sighs before is Van Dyck's sentimental vision, not the real man. . . . Some day you must see the Van Dycks in the palaces of Genoa. They fill the eye: they show you the fine flower of the Genoese nobility—their ardour, their graciousness, their splendid trappings, their patrician air: they are superb, the sons and daughters of Genoa the Superb. . . . And they're essential Van Dyck, that great minor master, equipoised on spacious levels, who rose sometimes, as in the portrait of *Vander Geest*, above himself."

Remembering that monologue, Shaw visualised Genoa as a city with an eternal blue sky, shining above streets of marble palaces, each palace enshrining decorative

portraits by Van Dyck—cavaliers clad in satin, curveting on mettlesome horses, doffing plumed hats, with jewels gleaming from the hilts of magnificent swords.

That night, when he stepped out from the arcade of his hotel into the life of Genoa, asked the way to the Via Garibaldi, and stood in that narrow street of palaces, gazing up at the high marble façades, one line of palaces so close to that on the other side that the luminous night sky looked like a mauve ribbon stretched overhead, he felt that in this city, the inner gate of Italy, he would find confirmation of his dreams.

Next morning having engaged a guide—for he was told that it was not easy for a foreigner unattended to gain admission to the palaces—he went straight to the Palazzo Bianco. There, strange to relate, he found, the moment he ascended the staircase, the treasure that of all the art treasures of Genoa was to make the strongest appeal to him. It was a fresco, uncatalogued, disregarded by his guide, who remarked, when he inquired about it—"O, 'dat is nothing! I show you soon some pictures, some things gran', splendid."

Resentful of reins and blinkers, he solicited information about this fresco from an attendant, from another, and from a third. One said the fresco was School of Giotto (always the last resource of the Italian cicerone); another asserted that it was by Cimabue; a third patriotically gave it to a Genoese painter—Benedetto Castiglione.

"Please seat yourself on that bench for a quarter

of an hour," he said to his guide. "I'm going to make a little sketch of this fresco."

The man gave that sweeping two-handed gesture with which Italian guides dismiss the vagaries of the English, and, choosing a window which admitted no sun, sank to rest.

Age and moisture have given to the colours of the fresco a quality that it probably did not possess when some patient mediæval Italian artist painted this *Crucifixion*, maybe with tears. It has an air of wistful repose, as if the artist had worked upon it long days alone in some calm cloister, undisturbed by the modern command, so cruel to the artist, that his work must compete with other pictures at an exhibition. The fresco has a fresh, child-like air—birthright of all designs painted in tempera. This forgotten artist had the gift of reticence. He shows the crucified figure from the knees downwards only; and, because to him, as to St. Francis, all creation was one, he puts pity into the eyes of the beautifully ill-drawn horse. The kneeling figures by the cross and the group of three—she who is comfortless and those who are offering consolation—state the emotion of the artist as well as his intelligence.

Perhaps it was not wholly Van Dyck's fault that the swaggering painter of the Genoese nobility did not inspire Claude Williamson Shaw. He could not obtain admission to the palace which contained the great equestrian portrait by Van Dyck that, it is said, suggested to Velasquez the composition of his *Olivares*.

"The owner 'ave gone away," said the guide, after an animated conversation with the concierge, "and 'e have tooken the key with him to Rome. No?"

Neither did the Van Dycks in the other palaces communicate the thrill that Shaw had expected. Certainly not his *Crucifixion*. This master of sweeping gestures and scenic effects could not resist giving a false, wind-blown flamboyancy to the white drapery about the loins, and a decorative presentment to the scroll nailed at the head of the cross. No! This *Crucifixion* is the pomp of Genoa, not the humility of Calvary; the magnificence of Van Dyck painting proudly in the palaces, not the meekness of the unknown craftsman of the fresco, daring only to draw the lower limbs of his Saviour.

In the Palazzo Rosso he felt again the emotion that the Charles of the Louvre and the National Gallery had communicated when he saw sweeping across the wall the courtly figure of the Marchese Antonio Giulio Brignole-Sale; but even here something derogatory to Van Dyck's fame intruded. Was not the horse a touch too pantomimic, the silky mane a thought too curly, the high light on the Marchese's brow a little too theatrical?

Still, Van Dyck was a planet compared with the minor stars that Shaw was bidden by his guide to admire—Guido Reni, Carlo Dolci, and Guercino.

"No: I won't," he answered, angrily, at the third request.

A. Noack

MARCHESE ANTONIO GIULIO BRIGNOLE-SALE

From the Portrait by Van Dyck in the Palazzo Rosso, Genoa

Alinari

DOOR-KNOCKER. PALAZZO DORIA, GENOA

Ascribed to Benvenuto Cellini

"No?" echoed the guide. "All these beautiful pictures. They are splendid. Now there!"

It was Carlo Dolci's mawkish *Jesus in the Garden* that finally determined him presently to dismiss his guide, after the man had stood three minutes before the work muttering, "The best! The best!"

They withdrew to the brilliant street, where the citizens chatter without ceasing, moving aside occasionally to allow vehicles to pass; there is no pavement in the street of palaces. Shaw intimated to his cicerone that he wished to be alone; but the guide was a man of character. "I take you up, up," he said. "Lovely—splendid!"

He did take Shaw up—by electric tramway and funicular railway—to that mountain spur, far above the heat and glitter of the city which the Genoese call their Righi. All around the sunny Italian world lay outstretched. Behind was the mountain land, vast and wild; in front shone the white buildings and palaces of Genoa, with the sea shimmering beyond, and a distant steamer slowly making for the harbour. They drank their Chianti in silence: an obvious advantage of a guide as a companion is that you can be silent as long and as often as you desire.

Later this elderly Italian, without permission, whisked Shaw away on a succession of tramcars to that venerable palazzo by the harbour which was presented by a grateful country to Andrea Doria. A knocker on one of the doors, showing a violent man, his hair wind-blown, brandishing a club, may have

deterred timid visitors from approaching the palace in ancient days. This fine work, ascribed to Benvenuto Cellini, has a vigour and a force that recall the old swashbuckling life of Italy. The palace, as it looks to-day, wears something of the air of barracks, as families of less distinction than the Doria Pamphili now rent sections of the building; but the few rooms that are shown have a decayed grandeur imparting distinction to the sea-washed building. One of these chambers contained a portrait of old Andrea Doria, at the age of 92, seated in a chair facing a cat as old as himself. Obviously it was not a Titian; but the guide insisted that it was, and Shaw, too tired to disagree, weakly remarked that he would like a photograph of it. Within a quarter of an hour they were standing in the photographer's shop, and a caressing voice, behind the counter was bewailing, in broken English, that she had no photographs of old Andrea and his cat. The young woman wore a red silk scarf about her neck; her hair was black and coiled, and from it three red roses swayed as she moved. Her long fingers turned the leaves of the photograph album. Shaw bought the Van Dyck because he liked it a little, and the *Jesus in the Garden* because he did not like it at all. The little lady with the red roses tried to persuade him to buy a set of religious subjects by Carlo Dolci and Guido Reni.

"No, no: I don't like them."

"But why don't you like Guido Reni and Carlo Dolci?" she asked.

What an absurd place the world was!—The guide, the pretty Italian vendor of photographs, the English and American tourists who visit Genoa admire Guido' Reni and Carlo Dolci. Why not he? Should he attempt to explain to the lady with the red roses? Impossible! She would never understand. Then an idea occurred to him.

"Suppose," he said, "that you went home and took your trinkets out of the box, and pinned them on your dress, and put rings on your fingers, and stones in your little ears; and suppose you were wearing your bronze slippers, and your best coloured petticoat; and suppose you practised a smile before your glass, and then went up to the Righi and ordered the best dinner the hotel could provide, and sat in a chair where everybody could see you, and made yourself very conspicuous, with some rouge on your cheeks, and a few drops of belladonna in your eyes to make them sparkle; and suppose——"

"But I could not do that. And if I did do it you would not approve. Perhaps——" she paused, thrusting the bobbing roses deeper into her dark hair, "perhaps you would not like me then."

"I should like you just as much and just as little as I like Carlo Dolci and Guido Reni."

"You English are very droll," she said, laughing. "But you will like this—the *Pietà* of Michael Angelo," showing him a photograph of a marble relief, very simple and griefful.

"Why did you not show me the *Pietà* of Michael

Angelo ? " he asked the guide, who had been dozing discreetly in a chair that he had edged out of the draught.

" Michael Angelo ? Bah ! " He shrugged his shoulders.

" But see : it's on the photograph. Here—*Pietà* Sc. Michaelangelo, Albergo dei Poveri," said the little lady.

" No matter," growled the guide. " I show it to you in the morning, if you wish. I find it in the chapel of the poor-house."

Descending to the street next morning, he was relieved to find that the guide was not on his accustomed stand just without the hotel door. He was not sorry, as it thus became necessary to pay an early visit to the photographer's shop. How else could he find the way to the poor-house ?

She wrote the address on an envelope in a schoolboy's caligraphy—" Albergo dei Poveri, Via Brignole Defarrari "—and she tripped to the door of the shop to speed him on the road. Very slim and pretty she looked against the sunlight, pointing to the hill. She wore a yellow handkerchief round her neck, and there were no roses in her hair.

" You climb, and climb, and climb," she said, " and there you are ! Far ? O no ! Six—seven minutes."

The Albergo dei Poveri seemed more like a palace than a poor-house. Wide and fair it stood out in the morning sun, boldly surmounting its little hill, com-

A. Noack

PIETA

From the Relief ascribed to Michael Angelo in the Albergo dei Poveri, Genoa

Alinari

THE BAPTISTERY, CATHEDRAL, AND CAMPANILE OF PISA

manding the harbour and sea. Vast flights of steps led up to it. Inside the cool and fragrant entrance hall Shaw addressed a little old gentleman in a corduroy suit, one of the 1300 poor inmates, and asked the way to the *Pietà* of Michael Angelo. Quick understanding gleamed in the little old gentleman's eyes. He ran with him—his squirrel-like movements could not be called a walk—up a flight of marble stairs, and passed him on to another little old gentleman, to whom he repeated the name of Michael Angelo several times in quick succession. Other little old gentlemen gathered round, running out from corners of the great sunny building. They were all very excited. It seemed quite an event in their lives that a stranger should call to see their *Pietà* by Michael Angelo.

Finally one of them unlocked the door of the chapel, and with a wave of his hand, accompanied by quite a courtly little bow, signed to Shaw to enter. The chapel was white, spacious, and sunny with red blinds drawn over the windows. There were pictures in the choir and beneath one of them was the white marble *Pietà*.

"Let it be by Michael Angelo," Shaw muttered. "All these dear old gentlemen think so, as well as the pretty photographer."

So he looked at it a long time, and was touched; and he felt that if he had been one of those fortunate folk who can kneel down and pray in churches, he would have knelt down there by the side of the little old gentleman and breathed some simple prayer

that those who sorrow for their dead may be comforted.

It was a fine morning, and his heart was light; so light that as he skipped down the hill he stopped to buy three yellow roses.

When he reached the photographer's shop, he found the place full of loud-talking Americans. One of them, gaunt and sallow, met him in the doorway, and said, "Can you tell me where I can find anybody who talks English?"

"I do, Madame."

"My! but I'm glad. My boy here wants to go to the Campo Santo, and I want to buy things; be good enough to show me where the shops are?"

He directed the youth to a tramcar for the Campo Santo, and he escorted the American dame to the Oxford Street of Genoa.

It was then near noon: time to be packing his bag for Pisa. Moreover, the mood that had prompted him to buy the flowers had passed.

So the little lady who liked Carlo Dolci and Guido Reni did not wear the yellow roses.

CHAPTER X

THE WHITE BUILDINGS OF PISA

Tunnels made a nightmare of the railway journey between Genoa and Pisa; but all discomfort was forgotten in the first glimpse of the white buildings of Pisa—the Baptistery, the Cathedral, the Campanile, and the Campo Santo. They stand together, immortally fair, dissociated from the world in a green place on the northern outskirts. Some minutes before Pisa is reached by train they flash out against the blue sky, unbelievably beautiful, one of the few groups of buildings in the world that realise all the imagination conceives.

The buildings dozed in the sunshine—alone, white merging to buff, on their green carpet. Nothing that Shaw saw in Pisa gave him the joy that he experienced when their silent beauty first flashed before him. From the glitter of Paris and from the magnificence of Genoa, he had passed to this white haven, where the dun Arno flowed lazily, and where every visitor was either going through the empty, sunny streets to that meadow, or returning from it.

Dreamily he gazed at the façade of the Cathedral, following the open galleries upward until they lost

themselves in the azure of the sky ; dreamily he entered the Cathedral and looked cursorily at the pictures. There were dozens of them, the work of unimportant painters, of whom Andrea del Sarto is the chief. But this was no place for paintings. The tutelary genius of Pisa is form. Here linger undisturbed in a meadow august records of the Great Before when architecture sat enthroned, and painting was her servitor.

He climbed the Leaning Tower ; the sunny, fertile plain of Italy lay outstretched before him, with Arno flowing, and the white roads winding through Tuscany. O this Italy ! There are no words to express her intimacies.

Awaking at last from his reverie, he descended and walked the few yards to the Baptistery. He pushed aside the leathern curtain and entered. It was empty. Alone with Niccolo Pisano's hexagonal pulpit, he gazed without interest at the seven columns, at the supporting lions, and at the reliefs—scriptural subjects. No ! He was no archæologist. He was a seeker after beauty, and for him there was little or no beauty in Niccolo's ornate pulpit. He desired simple line and urbane form, the unity of a single artistic impression, not this elaborate decoration—not over-burdened reliefs, each one needing a separate act of attention. He turned gladly to the solemn lines of the circular marble building, and was still peering roofwards when a footfall sounded on the flags, and a voice entreated him to hear the echo.

Having signified his willingness, the voice, which

belonged to an unshaven Italian, proceeded to produce certain notes in a shaky baritone.

The effect was astonishingly beautiful. Shaw jumped up from the steps of Guido Bigarelli's marble font, upon which he had been reclining, hearing, so he could have believed, the choir invisible in the sweet long drawn-out wailing that echoed round the walls. Then the human voice ceased. The unshaven begetter of the unearthly music shuffled out into the sunlight.

Shaw followed, watched the echo-maker curling himself in a shady corner, like a cat, then walked through the long grass, red with poppies, to the Campo Santo.

This ancient burial-ground, whither an archbishop of the thirteenth century brought fifty-three shiploads of earth from Jerusalem, that the dead might rest in holy ground, was lonely and peaceful. The yards and yards of frescoes with which the walls of the cloisters are covered do not seem out of place. The colours are faded like an autumn landscape, and the grim subjects of many of them, such as the *Triumph of Death* (which the latest criticism has taken from Orcagna, and given, so safely, to an unknown Pisan master of the fourteenth century), had no message, minatory, consolatory or æsthetic, for Shaw. The frescoes before him were merely curious or amusing. When he wandered round to the north cloister, on the other side of the grass-grown quadrangle open to the blue sky, he paused, gazed, and saluted Benozzo Gozzoli of Florence.

The Education of an Artist

Painters in the days of Benozzo Gozzoli were men with vast powers of endurance. An English painter of our time who has a commission to supply a fresco for the walls of the Royal Exchange, London, congratulates himself if he finishes the work in a year. Benozzo Gozzoli painted twenty-three enormous frescoes, representing scenes from the Old Testament, on these quiet cloister walls of the Campo Santo ; gave to them all the gay invention of his Florentine mind ; shirked nothing, fumbled nothing ; set there in lovely colours the faces and dresses of living men and women among whom he moved ; set them play-acting the history of Abraham, the fall of the Walls of Jericho, and so forth. There they are to-day, faded, peeled, sometimes obliterated, but still fresh and distinguishable, and in the places where Benozzo set them, the light falling where he desired it to fall.

Perhaps Shaw liked these frescoes more than passing well because he saw them in the open air, not in a dark incensed church, accompanied by the droning interpretation of desiccated vergers ; not in a close and crowded picture gallery to the distraction of scuffling feet and silly comments : but where the artist stood to paint them, beneath the bright sky of Italy. The little group of sun-burnt Carthusian brothers, with the faces of children, awe-struck, wide-eyed, who crept silently round the cloisters, ministered to the genius of the place.

He was already developing that attribute of the true critic-traveller—the power to choose quickly,

by instinct, a few good things in an exhibition, to look long and seriously at them—and at little else.

It was Gozzoli's first fresco that he studied and absorbed. Joy radiates from it as if the beauty of Italy, her flowers, fruits, and harvest abundance had been a stronger incentive to Gozzoli than the tears and sad thoughts that had been his companions when he worked in the studio of his master, Fra Angelico. Sunshine lights all this picture of *Noah's Vintage;* the sky and mountains are grey-green; the faces of the grape gatherers are reposefully happy, and there is animation in their movements. How vigorous is the grape-treader! How sweetly Florentine is the girl who pours the grapes into the bin! And there is life and humour in the dog in the foreground barking at the babies.

Something of the naïve joy in life implied in this four-hundred-year-old fresco lingered with him after he had left the Campo Santo. Throwing himself down among the poppies he abandoned himself to reflection. This was Italy; he was quite happy. The sun was setting, and against the glow of the sky, something between a pink and the hue of grass seen under a tent, those great white buildings uprose. Again their form dominated him; again architecture was enthroned; again he felt that Pisa was a place to see from afar, a place of magnificent shapes, not of details.

Presently he returned to the Campo Santo, not to

look at the paintings, but to peer at the tracery of the Tuscan-Gothic windows that divide the cloisters from the holy earth where the dead rest—Giovanni Pisano's work. Once more he walked round the cloisters, gazing at the tombs and sarcophagi; he saw the statues of the father and son, Niccolo and Giovanni Pisano, stern men, one holding compasses, the other a mallet. They gaze down upon the green burial-ground, one from the west the other from the east—waiting.

At dinner that evening his neighbour, an aged gentlewoman, told him that she had spent fifteen winters at Pisa.

"I have many friends here," she added.

"Do you find that you are still very much impressed by the Campo Santo?" Shaw asked.

Her head shook nervously. "I have not been to the Campo Santo. I am a little timid. The camels make me frightened. They startle the horses!"

"What camels?" Shaw asked.

"There is a farm of camels and wild swine three miles from here. When my coachman says to me, 'The camels are coming' I always make him turn back."

Shaw looked earnestly into her benevolent eyes. They were not the eyes that construct a joke.

As he strolled by the Arno late in the evening, "The Campbells are coming," an air that he had not heard since he was a schoolboy, drummed in his head.

That night he dreamed that Niccolo and Giovanni Pisano, tremulous with excitement, were playing the march on trombones, and that pretty Pisan girls were waving handkerchiefs from the summit of the Leaning Tower.

CHAPTER XI

ROME AND AN UNDISCOVERED MADONNA

In Rome, on the night of his arrival, he was not a little chagrined to find that he trod the cobble-stones of a modern city with tramways and shops, and that in the hotel a notice confronted him indicating the way to the American bar.

At the close of the third day he found it hard to memorise any particular painting or sculpture. The big set pieces seldom affected him. St. Peter's left him cold ; but chance encounters in churches and by-ways tingled his emotions. He found (what we all find) that sight-seeing in itself is negligible : the uncatalogued sights are often the tonics our natures require.

He remembered, and would not soon forget the green door in front of the Catacomb of St. Priscilla, the drop in the voice of the monk who showed him over the Calixtus Catacomb whenever he mentioned the name of Jesus, and the dark crypt beneath the Church of San Sebastian where St. Paul and St. Peter are said to have been buried " Was St. Paul then a handsome man ? " he asked the custodian, as they looked at the magnificent bust of the Apostle that stands above

the tomb. The custodian tolerantly shrugged his shoulders: "It is the licence of the artist," he said, and flicked a feather from his sleeve.

He remembered also the bright and abundant flowers in the Piazza di Spagna; and the Pantheon, battered, old as Augustus, overtaken and clutched by modern Rome.

After a time he realised the contrasts, learnt that Rome contains the extremes of art—the infantile pictures on the walls of the catacombs and Michael Angelo's stupendous frescoes on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

Seeing the pictures scrawled on the walls of the catacombs of St. Calixtus was a memorable experience. He drove out to the Appian Way, and near the entrance to the descent mingled with the Trappist monks, who have been commissioned by the Pope to take charge of the catacombs, and absolved by him from the rule of silence. A gentle soft-voiced man conducted him into the earth. The monk walked ahead with a lighted taper, stopping now and then in the dark passages to indicate the pictures that the faithful souls had scrawled or painted on the walls. If not the beginnings of western art, they are so close to the beginnings that they may be called the first steps. He saw the Christian artist's pictorial idea of how Jonah was thrown into the sea, and his notion of the way that the miracle of the loaves and fishes was performed. It was all so simple, so understandable, so appealing. He was conscious of a strange feeling of

being in touch with the things that matter. He could hardly believe that he was the person who had been so miserable that Sunday morning at Julian's. Those prize drawings, so competent, made him hate art. These scrawls, so childish, made him love man. Temporarily they inspired universal sympathy. The idea that art is useless unless it helps one to live came to him. He sat by the side of the Appian Way and wrote.

One day he read in a guide-book that in the catacomb of St. Priscilla is the first Madonna that was ever painted. He wished to see it; but, although he made diligent inquiries, he could find nobody who had ever seen the catacomb of St. Priscilla. Finally he discovered an ancient guide, who, for a consideration, promised to conduct him to the spot. It was far away to the north of the city, beyond the Porta del Popolo, where, before the days of railways, travellers entered the city, and, passing through the gates, saw before their longing eyes the outpost churches of the streets that lead to the heart of Rome.

He drove with his guide along the sun-flecked road. On one side were the towering walls of old Rome, those high, historic walls; on the other, villas, their gardens gay with flowers. Two or three miles farther on the walls gave place to a stone rampart, and suddenly as they drove, he saw, lurking in the parapet, half-hidden, an old green door, and on the door were carved the words, "Cœmetarium Priscillæ."

The carriage stopped. They were quite alone.

The guide hammered upon the door. There was no answer. It seemed as if no pilgrim for eighteen hundred years had visited the tomb of Priscilla. The air was cheerful with the song of birds, and all that radiant corner of old Rome was bathed in burning sunshine. It was difficult to realise that behind this mildewed green door the body of a Christian martyr had been laid; that on the walls of the catacomb some artist had scrawled the first picture of the Madonna that had ever been painted. Shaw pretended that she was beautiful; he knew that the illusion would be destroyed when he entered the catacomb and discerned the usual gaunt Madonna, for neither the joy of life nor the beauty of women inspired the pencils of the primitive Christian artists. Still, after all, he had journeyed to the catacomb of Priscilla to see this Madonna: so he directed the guide to find the custodian. The guide was absent for a quarter of an hour, and returned shaking his locks, overflowing with that sympathetic regret which Italians assume when those they serve are disappointed. He had found the custodian; but the custodian protested that admittance to the catacomb was against the law.

"It's only a question of money," said Shaw. "Return and offer him twenty francs—forty francs! I must see the first Madonna that was ever painted."

The guide returned again, still more doleful, his head wagging faster than ever. "He would not admit you for a hundred francs. We must go back to Rome. We find the office which controls the catacomb; we

apply in form for admission; and in three days we are granted a permission."

Fate seemed to be working for him, ordaining that his illusion as to the beauty of the earliest Madonna should be unimpaired. He climbed the hill, dark with cypresses, facing the catacomb, and gazed over the green door at the field that covers the tomb. It was a mass of red poppies waving and rustling in the breeze. The picture was complete. He was content to leave that unseen Madonna standing by Priscilla's ashes. "She is the most beautiful young mother that ever was painted," he said to himself. "I leave her down there in the dark, unseen, beneath those fields of poppies—symbols of eternal sleep."

Next morning he entered a tram and begged the conductor to stop at the point nearest to the Doria Pamphili Gallery. His first experience of that palace picture gallery was not encouraging.

The works gave him little pleasure. It was quite by chance that he had strolled into a little room leading from the quadrangle, and, lo! here was the thing it is worth journeying to Rome to find. The portrait of Pope Innocent X., by Velasquez, a blaze of graduated reds, hangs alone. There is nothing else in the room. Looking at the strong, crafty face, at the keen eyes, at the cruel mouth, at the pontifical robes in which the colours are as vibrant as on the day they were painted, Shaw knew that all else he had seen that day was second-rate; here was the masterpiece.

What Innocent X. did, or what he said, or how he

Anderson

POPE INNOCENT X.

From the Portrait by Velasquez in the Palazzo Doria, Rome

I. The Creation of Man
II. The Eternal separating Light from Darkness

lived, matters little in face of this searching record of what he was. The great impersonal Spaniard, as usual, painted just what he saw, and that rare right hand obeyed his supreme eye. In Rome Velasquez painted this portrait: in Rome it has remained. All Shaw had heard from Lund about Velasquez, all the praise and devotion that modern painters give to him, seemed justified by this one portrait. He looked at no more pictures that day.

On the morrow it was with some excitement that he approached the Vatican by the steps to the right of St. Peter's, and, passing the Swiss Guards, lolling brilliantly in the corridor, ascended the stairs and drew near to the Sistine Chapel. As he passed through the low doorway he imagined that he was about to meet the great æsthetic adventure of his life. But he found, an experience repeated often throughout his travels, that the great spectacle one has anticipated is rarely the spectacle that touches and stirs the imagination. True, he had chosen an unfortunate day. Not only was it Saturday, when the chapel is overrun with sight-seers, but also restoration was in progress. A third of the chapel was boarded off, and Michael Angelo's *Last Judgment* was hidden by an enormous scaffold that towered from floor to ceiling. Dust was everywhere: he could have written his name in Sistine Chapel dust upon the floor. He stared up at the roof until his neck ached, trying to distinguish the frescoes. No one could have devised a more impossible place for the display of pictures. An

attendant, touched to pity, and willing to earn a little, offered him the loan of a mirror for a franc. He seated himself, held the mirror aloft and, into his vision, as by a miracle, swept the works that have placed Michael Angelo among the gods. It was a great moment.

In the fusing of idealism and realism the fresco of the *Creation of Man* is the most consummate work of art that man has produced. Here is perfect knowledge of the human figure, touched with glamour, beauty of line directed by imagination, the grand style made human. The finger of the Eternal touches the finger of the lithe, reclining Adam, while, from her nest within the Eternal's arms, the startled Eve gazes at her destiny in wonder and womanly fear which is three parts longing.

And that august figure of the Eternal with a motion of his arms separating light from darkness. What a conception! To have seen these two frescoes, to have gazed at the figures of the Prophets and Sibyls, was to carry away from the Vatican as much as he could absorb. Nevertheless, he walked through the rooms sacred to Raphael, trying to be generous if not enthusiastic. He could not bring himself to admire Raphael, or even to admit him that day into his æsthetic life. Those sweeping, majestic, virile figures of Michael Angelo—the Eternal, languorous Adam, timid Eve, the brooding Prophets—swept away, as by gale of wind, the suavities of Raphael.

Afterwards when he recalled the sculptures that he

had seen in the Vatican Museum, it was curious and, in a way, comforting to remember how little he had been impressed by the so-called treasures enshrined there. The *Apollo Belvedere* he examined without emotion and without interest; he never wanted to see it again. The *Laocoön* was ugly. The distorted limbs, the agony of the figures, merely worried him; and he wondered if the tourists who stood silent before the group ever whispered to one another their true thoughts. He looked, with indifference, on the *Capitoline Venus*, and shuddered when a woman cheerily chirped: "Perfectly gorgeous."

This Venus was too flawless, too finished, too sure of herself. She has no mystery; but, fortunately, the authorities have placed her upon a revolving pedestal, and when he moved the white body until she crouched away from him, half in shadow, she became a beautiful thing, hiding yet revealing her human loveliness. If he had been asked which of all the sculptures in the Vatican most impressed him, he would have indicated the tall, stern *Demosthenes*, a noble, brooding figure, severe yet simple, sign-marked with the intensity of the nameless Greek craftsman; also the torso of *Hercules* by a Greek of the 1st. century, which Michael Angelo reverenced.

One day he drove out to the Borghese Gallery, where Titian's *Sacred and Profane Love* hangs. In the Borghese he was drawn to Correggio's *Danae;* to a *Madonna* of Lorenzo Credi, for the sake of the

lake, trees, and hills; and to a *Pietà*, by Sodoma, time-darkened.

Almost against his will he was interested by a German youth who was stubbornly studying the starred pictures. The German seated himself for spaces of a quarter of an hour at a time before certain works and gazed at them with frowning brows. His pale face showed no appreciation—no sign of the communication of emotions which should be the reason of a work of art's existence. He studied Raphael's *Entombment*, one of the starred pictures of the gallery. To Shaw it seemed hard, cold, without feeling: he passed on. When he returned the German was still gazing upon the *Entombment*. They fell into conversation, discussing the sights they had seen in Rome. The German accepted authority; he never allowed his own judgment to over-ride authority.

"Why do you like this *Entombment* of Raphael's?" asked Shaw.

The German explained that a deceased professor of his university had written an essay in honour of it.

"But," Shaw protested, "why don't you trust your own judgment? What is there to like in it? If you want to know how an *Entombment* can be painted, look at Titian's picture in the Louvre. This *Entombment* of Raphael's is journeyman's work. He didn't feel it in the least. Looking at it I am sure that he had never lost anybody; and he hadn't the imaginative insight to think how other people feel under

Anderson

DEMOSTHENES

From the Statue in the Vatican Museum, Rome

Anderson

MOSES

From the Statue by Michael Angelo in the Church of
San Pietro in Vincoli, Rome

those conditions. Mantegna had that imaginative insight."

"You seem to have a wide knowledge of pictures," said the German.

"Oh no! I have a friend, a painter, who holds strong views. I owe everything to him."

The German nodded gravely.

"I suppose you admire the *Laocoön?*" said Shaw.

"I have read Winckelmann on the *Laocoön*," answered the German, "and consequently I have studied the *Laocoön* minutely. Naturally I accept the opinion of so eminent an authority as Winckelmann."

"I dislike it extremely," said Shaw.

"But Michael Angelo called it a marvel of art," protested the German.

"Then I don't admire Michael Angelo as a critic."

"Were you always so opinionative?" asked the German.

"No: I think it's Italy, and being free, and the influence of my friend, and perhaps not knowing very much, that makes me bold."

They began to discuss the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, and, conversing thus, withdrew into the gardens. In time they found one subject upon which they thoroughly agreed—the facile inferiority of a picture, reproductions of which one constantly sees in the shop windows—the *Aurora* of Guido Reni.

On the last day of Shaw's sojourn in Rome he met the German again by chance. They drove out

together to the Appian Way, and, while returning, amused themselves considering whither they should turn for a last impression of the Eternal City. Their choice fell upon Michael Angelo's statue of Moses in the church of San Pietro in Vincoli.

The singing of school-children greeted their ears as they entered the old church. At the end of the right transept they found the imposing figure of Moses. Massive he sits, horned, wrathful, impervious to change, clutching the tablets, catching at his flowing beard.

It was a memorable final impression to carry away from Rome—Michael Angelo's colossal *Moses*, in imperishable marble, springing from his seat in anger at the idolatry of the Jews, surrounded by singing, fidgeting school-children, in white pinafores.

CHAPTER XII

ASSISI : SOME FRESCOES BY GIOTTO AND AN UNEXPECTED PERUGINO

The heat and discomfort of the journey from Rome ; the drive from the station at Assisi along the white sunny lanes ; the winding ascent through the powder of dust which cased the roadside olive trees—all was forgotten when, the heights of Assisi reached, Shaw was shown into his cool cell. It was a cell, although styled a bedroom, in the hotel adjoining the monastery—a cell on a rampart, painted white, with an iron bed, and a window, half the size of the west wall, overlooking the vast slumbering Umbrian plain. Far away on yonder hill-slope he could discern the saffron walls and spires of Perugia. This was the place to tarry in—this eyrie overlooking the sunlit valley, where birds, descendants of the creatures to whom St. Francis preached, wheeled and circled, sometimes almost swooping through the window of the white cell.

He leaned from the casement and thought of Giotto, the shepherd boy, who, six hundred years ago, had vitalised the thin ancient art blood of Italy with the freshness of youth and springtime ; he watched the

sun setting behind the hills, saw one cypress tree standing up dark and lonely against the after-glow; and something of the spirit of St. Francis, that haunts the lovely Umbrian valley, passed into him. He greeted St. Francis and Giotto as brothers; for both those simple-hearted, joyous, young-eyed souls loved the beauty of the world, its birds, its flowers, its wild creatures, the blue of the hills, and the great arch of tender Italian sky.

To Giotto had been given the power and the will to touch the earth again, Antæus-like; to look upon the faces and into the hearts of men as if he and they had just tripped into the world; once again to make men and women (perhaps a little stiff in the joints at first) living creatures with joys, and sorrows, and hopes, walking the fields they loved, playing their parts in the doings of the day.

Behind Giotto, behind that day when, according to the legend, Cimabue found the shepherd boy upon the hill-side drawing the outlines of sheep and goats on pieces of rocks, and tracing the forms of cloud in the sand—behind Giotto stretched the thousand years when the convention of Byzantine art held Italy in bondage. The face and form of the Madonna, the composition of scriptural subjects, had become stereotyped into a hard and lifeless generalisation. Art was authority, not life. Painters, instead of interpreting the men and women about them, the houses, the trees, and the flocks that they saw, studied what their predecessors had painted, and followed their formulæ.

Assisi : Some Frescoes by Giotto

Some of those early Byzantine pictures Shaw had seen. In the catacombs beneath the Appian Way his lighted taper had disclosed specimens of this Byzantine art—sad, angular pictures redeemed by the deep sincerity of those early Christians in whom the gift of art dimly shone—who yet, being timid, used the ancient forms to portray the symbols of the new religion. They painted what their souls intuitively saw, never what should have delighted their eyes; never the joyous world of meadow and stream, tilth and village, and the meeting of sky and sea in a shimmer of haze and lurking lights. Not till the thirteenth century did art begin to move in its sleep, to throw off the wrappings of convention, to raise itself on its elbow, to pull back the window-curtain and peep into the open air. With the foundation of the cathedral at Pisa began the new-birth of Italian art, with Niccolo and Giovanni Pisano helping. Soon the light became a little clearer. With Giotto of Florence it began to flood the eastern sky.

Shaw was at Assisi, within a few steps of the upper and lower churches of San Francesco, where are walls of frescoes by Giotto and his pupils, by Cimabue and others—by Simone Martini, one of the masters of Siena, who was called in to cover the spaces that the masters of Tuscany had left bare.

He recalled a delightful saying of Ruskin: that, whereas all the painters before Giotto had been content to represent St. Joseph, the Madonna, and Child, Giotto painted Papa, Mama, and the Baby.

"That explains Giotto's service to the world better than a hundred learned tomes," he soliloquised, as he passed from the brilliant sunshine into the lower church of Assisi.

It was dim and beautifully cool. The art feast spread in this dark church, deep beneath the sunlit road, was certainly lavish. Nave, transept, and side chapels are covered with frescoes. Many are vanishing; some have altogether disappeared; and Shaw wearied himself trying to puzzle out the meaning of those which he could examine without absolute discomfort. He felt, as in the Sistine Chapel at Rome, that the vaulted roof of a dark building is an unsuitable surface upon which to paint detailed representations of historical incidents. Soon he abandoned the attempt to examine them minutely, and surrendered himself to the pleasure of the faded colours and the straight sweet lines of the untroubled figures.

There were no chairs. He knelt, so that he might have a firm foundation from which to incline the back of his head towards his backbone, that being the only position in which he could study Giotto's four triangular scenes from the life of St. Francis—*Poverty*, *Chastity*, *&c.* He was disturbed by a beggar, a miserable old man, who, thinking he was praying, knelt by his side, and after muttering a few words of prayer, jogged Shaw's sleeve and intruded the inverted crown of a battered hat. Shaw came back to earth; but he had seen enough to be conscious of a delicate pleasure in Giotto's colour—the iridescent wings of the angels to

the left of the *Poverty*, the fair, faint colouring of robes and faces, and the painting of the thorns against the garment of the central figure. He realised what Ruskin meant by " Papa, Mama, and the Baby." With all its imperfections and shortcomings ; its naive perspective and grouping ; its animals that look like figures from a Noah's Ark ; its stodgy angels and its children smaller than dolls, this art of Giotto is still fresh as the dawn. How virginal it must have seemed when it flashed over Italy after the thousand years of marionette formalism ! His men and women, his saints and sinners, are moving and doing ; his supers are playing their parts equally with the principals, not gauntly gazing at nothing, or standing stiff and staring like Ducio's Madonnas. Giotto had watched the ways of his friends. He had tried to draw and paint them as if they were flesh and blood and sinew, and, although he was hampered by the Scriptural subjects he was commanded to paint, he looked at life.

When Shaw's eyes became accustomed to the gloom of the lower church at Assisi, the fresco by Giotto that gave him the most pleasure was *The Birth of Jesus*—the deep blue of the sky, the suave blue of the mother's dress, the human smile on her young plain face, the crowing child, so comfortable in its Florentine swathings, the quaint animals, and the oxen beyond the manger too much interested to munch their food.

He ascended the stairs to the upper church. It was spacious and brilliantly alight. Extending round the

lower section of the walls are twenty-eight frescoes of *Scenes from the Life of St. Francis* by Giotto and his contemporaries. Here at last he found mural paintings that could be examined without discomfort; but it is the restorer, alas! who has given such freshness to their colour. One of the unrestored frescoes he lingered before—a pale, fading picture of *St. Francis Preaching to the Birds*—above the saint a grey-blue sky, and, bending over him, the pretty olive-green branches of that preposterous tree beneath which the docile birds are gathered.

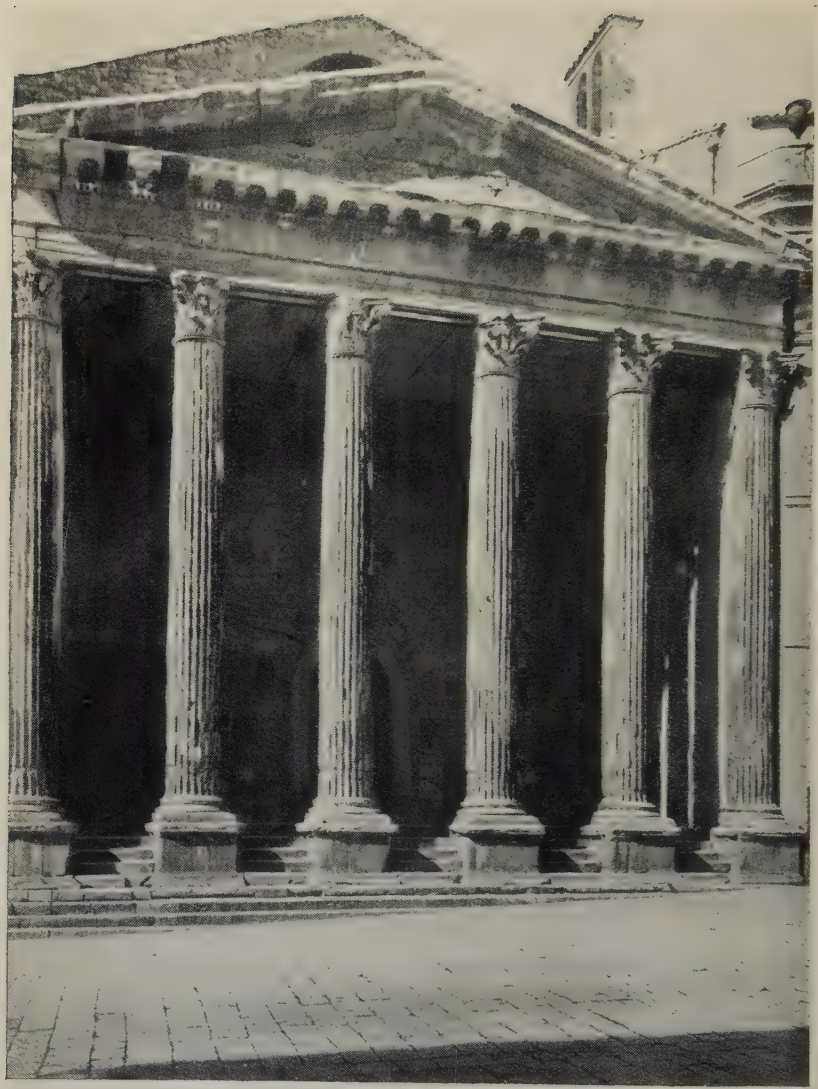
"I'll look at no more frescoes," he muttered. "Every yard of earth, every stone of every building, is fragrant with the memory of Francis of Assisi, the friend of man, as of all walking and winged things. Giotto's picture of him preaching to the birds shall be my last memory of the church."

He returned to the sunny town and climbed the winding street, pausing before that noble temple of Minerva, eloquent testimony to the art instincts of those ancient Roman craftsmen who builded better than they knew, which so much impressed Goethe on his journey through Italy that he refused to look at anything else in Assisi; along the grass-grown streets, and out through the Porta Nuova; for he was moved, before driving to Perugia at sunset, to visit the Convent of San Damiano, where St. Clare, the spiritual lover of St. Francis, if such a term be permissible, and founder of the order of Poor Clares, lived from the age of eighteen until her death.

P. Lutechi, Assisi

ST. FRANCIS PREACHING TO THE BIRDS

From the Fresco by Giotto in the Upper Church, Assisi



Anderson

TEMPLE OF MINERVA, ASSISI

Assisi: Some Frescoes By Giotto

In the courtyard of the convent, where he waited for a Franciscan brother to conduct him over the building, stood a miniature chapel, secluded by wooden bars. The sun shone through the barrier, illuminating a fresco on the facing wall. He saw a blue-robed Madonna, her expression most sweet, enthroned in an Umbrian landscape, with low lines of hills fading away into the distance. The moment and the place were auspicious. Here was a picture by itself, in the place where the artist painted it, within sight of the sky and the feel of the warm air; and upon it fell the light reflected from warm conventual buildings. It was a beautiful picture. He gazed through the bars—happy. A Franciscan brother stood by his side, gazing with him, sharing his pleasure.

"By whom?" asked Shaw.

"Perugino!"

"Perugino?"

"School of Perugino."

"Ah!"

What mattered the name of the painter? The picture was beautiful. That was enough.

The brother moved towards the convent door; but Shaw still lingered, gazing through the bars; not until the brother hissed the word "Mister" peremptorily did he follow him through the low door that led to the convent of St. Clare.

When he emerged half an hour later he observed a figure, rather an uncommon figure, peering through the bars at the Perugino. He wore peg-top black

corduroy trousers, and round his slight figure was thrown a Spanish cloak. He carried his sombrero hat in his hand ; his flaxen hair was long and curled prettily; his face was delicate but strong, and his complexion fresh as a girl's.

The gloom of the convent still imprisoned in his eye Shaw did not at first recognise Primitive No. 1.

" Yes : it is I," he said with a smile. " I left Paris two days after your departure. Planning your tour gave me the Italian travel fever. I couldn't rest, so I fled to Spello."

" Beautiful, isn't it ? " said Shaw, indicating the Perugino.

" Yes : the sky recalls the sky of Pinturicchio's frescoes in Santa Maria del Popolo at Rome."

" Pinturicchio's frescoes ! " cried Shaw. " How annoying ! I missed them, as I missed the Pinturicchio frescoes in the Vatican. Some Cardinal lives in the rooms now, and he will allow them to be seen only when he's out of town."

" Cardinals should not be allowed to deter us from seeing beautiful things,"* said Primitive No. 1 ; " but there is so much to be enjoyed in the world that really it doesn't signify very much missing a treasure occasionally. There's a Pinturicchio and a lovely Perugino at Spello, that town on the hill across the

* Pius X. agrees with Primitive No. 1, as, since Shaw's visit to Italy, he has announced that he will find another suite for the Cardinal Secretary and reopen the Appartmento Borgia, containing the Pinturicchio frescoes, to the public.

valley ; and of course you have seen the Fra Angelico's at Orvieto, where Turner painted a sunset."

" Not yet."

" One of the delights of Italy," murmured Primitive No. 1, as they ascended the hill by olive gardens, " is recognising in Nature the colour and the charming landscapes that the Italians painted. Yesterday evening, looking from the cloisters of the monastery at the river winding through the plain, I saw a Leonardo background, and at sunset beyond the hills was the landscape of a Pinturicchio fresco. I've seen the Holbein blue, too. These Umbrian sunsets make me realise the greatness of Turner. His sunsets are always more beautiful than Nature. He rejected the heavy bar of sombre gold that the moderns are so delighted to introduce."

" I suppose you have come to Assisi to absorb Giotto," said Shaw.

" No ; I absorbed Giotto years ago," answered Primitive No. 1, a little wearily. " The object of my present visit to Italy was to make some drawings of those beautiful fragments in the Museo Nazionale delle Terme at Rome ; but the little towns of Umbria have beguiled me. Those fragments in the Museo Nazionale are incredibly more beautiful than the traditionally famous statues of the Vatican Museum."

" I'm delighted to hear you say so," said Shaw. " The statues I liked best in Rome were the grave *Demosthenes*, and a rough-hewn torso of *Hercules* in the Vatican Museum. The Capitoline *Venus*

only became interesting to me when I moved the revolving pedestal so that I could no longer see her full-blown charms, but only the modelling of her back and the line of her figure."

When they reached the Temple of Minerva, Shaw suggested that they should descend and examine the Roman forum; but his companion excused himself. He wished to return to the hotel and rest.

An hour later the carriage that was to convey Shaw to Perugia was announced. As he drove down the hill to the pilgrimage church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, where the thornless roses of St. Francis bloom, he dozed. In his dreams he heard the droning of the Franciscans in the chapel of St. Clare's convent, and fancied he saw those early stars of the Renaissance, Giotto and Simone Martini, their hands linked within the arms of Primitive No. 1, peering through the bars at the fresco by Perugino.

The carriage swept through the Umbrian valley, the fireflies began to glimmer. He felt very far removed from Messrs. Chepstow's. Dreamily he wondered if Humbleton had begun to sell popular classics at ninepence.

CHAPTER XIII

PERUGIA AND A CHUBBY OLD GENTLEMAN CALLED PERUGINO

To the historian of Italy Perugia stands for treachery and slaughter—the hill town, where the bloody feuds of the Baglioni raged often in darkness, always to the death.

To the student of art she is the fair city on a hill from which Perugino derived his name—Perugino the accomplished, soft and sweet as an Umbrian landscape, who never said a stern or a dramatic thing in art; who loved money; whose soldiers are as pretty as his saints; who, while the Perugian nobles were butchering one another, was quietly and composedly producing Madonnas, Saints, Ascensions, Transfigurations, anything for which there was a demand, chattering in a way to make Vasari assert that Perugino was an open disbeliever in the immortality of the soul.

Shaw, who had seen but few Peruginos, was intimate with him through his large delightful fresco in the National Gallery, which Lund had shown him, saying, "Here you have the ancestral stock of Puvis de Chavannes."

Blood and Perugino! What a contrast! As the carriage slowly ascended the winding road, and the towers of the city drew near, he wondered vaguely which would be his stronger impression of Perugia—her crimson past? or suave Perugino, who softened the face of man until it looked no rougher than the distant blue-grey fields around Assisi?

His first impressions of Perugia were amazingly unlike his anticipatory dreams. Monte Carlo might have been the name of the terrace upon which his hotel stood. The buildings, white, ornate, modern, might have served for a Paris exhibition. Perugia, he observed, had a tramway system.

A notice in the hotel said, "This way to the English Church;" and at dinner his chair adjoined the English chaplain's.

Later, he strolled out, and gazed at the venerable, grimy, crime-dyed buildings of old Perugia; saw the bronze griffin and the lion above the portal of the Municipal Palace, and the chains and bars commemorating the victory of the Perugians over the Sienese in 1358. He stood in the crowded Corso and gazed with awe and admiration at this building, august and mysterious. Then he recalled with longing, for Perugia has a busy, practical air, the simplicity of Assisi, and that magic hour of yester-night when he had watched the sun setting behind the Apennines and the new moon riding high.

Religion, at any rate the outward forms of it, worked in the Perugians of Perugino's day, spite of the

Anderson

THE MUNICIPAL PALACE, PERUGIA

Alinari

PERUGINO

From the Portrait by himself in the Chamber of Commerce, Perugia

periodical orgies of bloodshed. When bankers and merchants of the Chamber of Commerce wished to decorate the walls of the ground-floor hall, they commissioned wood-carvers, workers in inlay and—Perugino. He, of course, was ready for anything, although considerably past his prime. That was in 1499; and by the end of 1504 Perugino had finished the bankers' order with, it is said, the help of young Raphael. One of the frescoes is a *Transfiguration;* another is an *Adoration of the Magi.* Neither is a good Perugino; but both are dutifully approximate to his level. What most interested and amused Shaw were Perugino's frescoes representing certain heroes of antiquity symbolising the cardinal virtues. He beheld Lucius Sicinius, Leonidas, Horatius Coccles, Scipio, Pericles, and Cincinnatus, as Perugino imagined them. Horatius Coccles in his pretty blue armour is like a girl. Not one of them, except Pericles with his beard, but might don petticoats and pass undetected at a carnival ball. Yet how charming they are, posing prettily against the blue Umbrian landscape! How much Burne-Jones learned from Perugino! No wonder Perugino was a popular painter in the Italy of his day. No wonder he spread the fame of the Umbrian school beyond her valleys. No wonder the nobles, pressing commissions upon him, insisted that the article should be "as before." No wonder so dainty and obedient a painter prospered.

A chubby, rosy-cheeked man he looks in the portrait which hangs on the wall of this Chamber of Commerce.

The world has gone well with him. He has added flesh, and his chin shows a tendency to duplication; but there is determination and temper in the mouth, and the eyes have the clear shrewd look of one who has no doubts how the game of life should be played—so that Pietro Vanucci of Città della Pieve, surnamed Perugino, might paddle safely, in those raging times, on the waters of his snug lagoon.

It is hard upon Perugino that the Picture Gallery of the Municipal Palace should contain so many pictures from his brush. If there had been only two or three of his sentimental, lackadaisical sacred pictures on the walls, Shaw would have left Perugia in a glow of appreciation for the master of Raphael; but there is a plethora of Peruginos at Perugia—indeed, of religious pictures generally; for the collection consists almost entirely of works gathered from suppressed churches and monasteries. These are useful, no doubt, to the student of Umbrian art; but Shaw was in search of beauty, and beauty does not often occur in works of didactic teaching. After walls of Madonnas, and Saints, and Nativities, and Crucifixions, it was with all the delight of a discoverer that he found a room with pictures by Fiorenzo di Lorenzo. Now, Fiorenzo was a contemporary of Perugino; but he was a bolder spirit, probably something of a buck in his day, who, while realising that there were such things as chapels and saints, realised also that he was living among amusing people, vivid and comely, who were much interested in their own affairs. One day some

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THE MIRACLE OF SAN BERNARDINO

From the Picture by Fiorenzo di Lorenzo at Perugia

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THE HYMN OF PRAISE

From the Picture by Giovanni Boccati at Perugia

solemn church dignitaries asked Fiorenzo to make them eight pictures of the miracles of San Bernardino of Siena. No doubt, they gave him the subjects, and no doubt Fiorenzo has painted the details correctly. It does not in the least matter what the miracles were. What does matter is that Fiorenzo was an artist first and a miracle-painter afterwards ; also a man with an eye for bright colours and a sense of the pageant of life, having in his work that touch of caricature common to men who see through the follies and affectations of their time. He painted the miracles decently, but he also painted, as a sort of chorus, a delightfully fantastic, casual, and indifferent chorus, a bevy of the Perugian well-born youths, who stand about the scenes of the miracles clad in their bright clothes, a little bored, but accepting it all as part of the variegated gay world in which they lived. They are Italy of the fifteenth century, notes of reality with their frizzed hair peeping from their scarlet caps, their blue doublets, red pantaloons, and their indifference, half patronage, half fatigue, to San Bernardino and his miracles. Perhaps these very youths, or their friends, were among the crowd who listened to St. Bernardino pleading passionately for peace from the open-air pulpit of the cathedral of Siena. The audience wept, made bonfires of their pretty clothes and gewgaws, and fell upon one another's necks. A few days later they were once more hacking at one another with swords. All these things Perugino, Pinturicchio, Fiorenzo, and the young Raphael, saw ; and one wonders what they

thought of it all. One also wonders why sometimes they did not turn their backs on the whirling life of Perugia, run down into the valley, and paint the lovely Umbrian landscapes—just the landscapes and nothing else—with their vines festooned from tree to tree, and the reflections of clouds and fairy buildings in the still waters of Lake Trasimene.

Perugino, that wise and capable old gentleman, could have painted such landscapes beautifully. In some of his frescoes where he seats his saints upon the grass, or leaves the manger breeze-fanned upon the Umbrian plain, he is a very welcome and alluring landscape painter.

In Giovanni Boccati's *Hymn of Praise* Shaw found a most companionable picture. He did not look at the funny little monks kneeling in the foreground, or at the wooden mother; but he could have wrung Boccati's hand for painting that absurd little dog making friends with the child, those two fat babies playing instruments, and the two other fat babies leaning over the back of the throne, wondering what all the fuss is about. The little girls who are singing out there in the shade under that cool canopy of trees and flowers are a delight to the eye. All these little girls have yellow hair. Their dresses are purple, blue, and orange, and they are just such children as might have been playing with their dolls any day in the gardens of Perugia, when they were not locked in the palace nurseries because brothers and fathers were killing one another.

Giovanni Boccati soothed Shaw into such a good temper that at luncheon he did not open the book that he always carried in his pocket; instead, he made himself agreeable to his neighbour, a little maiden lady, not very young, not very old, plump, with that coaxing, I-am-not-at-all-clever manner that, for ten minutes, is pleasant to the egotistical male. She was alone in the world; she had been travelling on the Continent for five years, but she never went sight-seeing until after an early cup of afternoon tea; she was a devoted Anglican, chose her towns not for their picture-galleries, but because their attractions included an English chaplain, and wondered how anybody who travelled through Roman Catholic countries could ever become a Roman.

"I am sure," she purred, "that I can never settle down in an English village and look after the poor, after being abroad so long, and seeing so many beautiful things, and meeting so many interesting people. There was an Irish Member of Parliament staying here last week. He was a fine man; but he did not talk very much. I am sure he had a great deal to think about."

Her great fear was that she might be taken ill in some foreign city, and prematurely buried. "Do you think there is any danger?" she asked anxiously. Shaw reassured her, and turned the conversation to Giovanni Boccati.

She had not seen that picture; but she was sure it must be a lovely one, with those dear little yellow-haired girls. Raphael she liked very much. He was

such a genius. There were some wonderful pictures at Florence. Would Florence be too hot? Or should she try Venice? Perhaps it would be better to go to Pontresina, where it was always nice and cool, with such a lovely walk under the trees to St. Moritz. "I saw our Princess of Wales when she was Duchess of York at St. Moritz," she cooed, and patted Shaw's arm with her fan.

In the afternoon he made an expedition to the College of San Severo, which was formerly a convent of the order of Camaldoli, and contains the first independent fresco Raphael painted. It had been restored, and was interesting because underneath it his master Perugino, then an old man, painted six figures of saints, as if saying, "Yes! the lad has done well; but I'll let him know that although an old fellow I have still plenty of fire and go, and can still show the youngster the way."

In that little bare chapel, hanging against the wall, was a wreath of immortelles, festooned with coloured ribbons, inscribed thus: "The students of the Academy of Fine Arts, Perugia, offer homage to the divine Raphael."

Leaving the chapel, an open window at the end of a flagged passage belonging to the convent invited him. It is built on the verge of the city wall, and sheer below, at a frightful depth, rolls the Umbrian plain. Far away, outstretched upon the slopes of Mount Subasio, a jewel flashing in the rays of the setting sun, was Assisi.

For a long time he lingered by that window above the city wall, and left it regretfully. At Florence he would find more splendid and more various stores of art ; but the pure air of those hill towns of Umbria, the sun-saturated valley, the feeling of being upon a height, above even the soaring flights of the birds, was an emotion never to be forgotten. He promised himself that if ever he revisited Italy he would spend his whole time dawdling in the little hill-towns above the Umbrian valley. Hills of Cornwall ! Hills of Home ! Hills of Italy !

CHAPTER XIV

FLORENCE : NIGHT MISGIVINGS AND MORNING JOY

The train from Perugia to Florence ran through beauty. He saw in the waters of Lake Trasimene the reflections of trees, and white buildings perched upon the little islands ; the festooned vines stretching for miles on either side of the rails, and the fire-flies glimmering all the way. That journey was pure poetry. Then came Florence and prose.

There was no doubt about it. The fetid, narrow streets of Florence at nine o'clock on that hot May evening were æsthetically about as invigorating as Fulham Road on an August night. Everything was out of gear. The windows of the bedroom to which he was shown faced a tenement house. At every casement was a family, so near that with a walking stick he could have patted the heads of babies. No : there was not a room vacant overlooking the Arno. In the smoking-room, whither he wandered, a noisy Englishman was proclaiming to a curate the merits of the motor-car that he had driven from Havre.

With the help of a map that he studied under street-lamps he found his way to the Piazza della Signoria.

Florence: Night Misgivings

There, if anywhere, the majesty of Florence would enfold and grip. A gust of emotion swept over him at the sight of the gaunt tower of the Palazzo Vecchio commanding the city, and—yes!—there, in the Loggia dei Lanzi, was Cellini's *Perseus with the Head of Medusa*, which had given the old rascal so much trouble in the casting. This was Florence!

The rough flags of the Piazza were littered with orange peel, and they were very dirty. Vagrants, only such vagrants as Italy can produce, slouched and dozed in and around the Loggia dei Lanzi. At the base of Giovanni da Bologna's *Hercules slaying the Centaur Nessus* a rabble of children were sucking oranges and playing a game with the peel. In front of the Loggia were two ice-cream stands, and a hoarse-voiced man selling glasses of iced water. Chairs and marble-topped tables intruded over a third of the Piazza. Waiters bustled about with trays. Every seat was occupied. Above the chatter and laughter, Donizetti, ground out from a piano and two mandolines, was intermittently audible.

"This is Florence," Shaw soliloquised, as he squeezed his body into a seat and ordered a cup of coffee. He could not drink it. He called for picture post-cards, chose the dreariest in the collection, a view of Savonarola's cell, addressed it to Lund, and wrote: "Florence is horrid."

When he returned to the hotel he exhumed a copy of Ruskin's "Mornings in Florence" from the salon bookcase, and read that delightful, invigorating, irritat-

ing, most human, and unique little book right through from title-page to colophon before retiring; read himself into a state of enthusiasm and happiness, and went to sleep (not easily, owing to the bells of a campanile that seemed to be just above his head), longing for the morning.

The morning came on wings. The sun shone; spring tingled in the air; and, exploring from the Ponte Vecchio, he came unexpectedly upon Giotto's Tower, shooting up, the embodiment of massive grace, into the iridescent air. What colour was it? He could hardly say. Apparently lemon white; but there was blue, and yellow, and buff, and pink in it—all sorts of lovely hues. Oh, the beauty of that tower! It looked like a new birth of architecture, something created in the stillness of the night, perfect, gay as the month of May, fresh as childhood, never a building that had been begun by Giotto five hundred and seventy years ago. He remembered that Ruskin had said that Power and Beauty in their highest possible relative degrees existed only in one building in the world—the Campanile of Giotto. He remembered, too, how Ruskin yesternight had dispelled his gloom. It was only loyal to hasten to Santa Maria Novella, to descend to the cloisters, and offer the first fruits of his appreciation, on this his first morning in Florence, to those two little frescoes by Giotto that the pen of Ruskin has made famous, irritating those who maintain that they are not by Giotto.

These sweet and simple frescoes in the quiet cloister

of Santa Maria Novella did not detain him long. It was Ruskin's rich, impulsive nature, the stores of his mind and his coloured prose flowing over Giotto, that had fascinated Shaw, not the craftsmanship of the frescoes.

Ascending to the church, he sought the Rucellai Chapel which contains the *Madonna* of Cimabue, which was carried in procession about 1280 by the delighted population from the painter's studio to the church. The new edition of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "History" maintains that this incident is apocryphal; that Vasari stole the idea from Siena, where Duccio's Madonna was carried in procession: that, indeed, there was no such person as Cimabue. But a still more modern scientific critic has proclaimed himself on the side of Cimabue, so the wayfarer may choose between his instructors.

Anyhow, there is the Madonna in the Rucellai Chapel as witness for those who care to believe the story. Leighton believed it and painted a picture of the procession.

Shaw was in no mood that first morning to begin the serious study of the amazing wealth in pictures of the City of Florence. He wanted to explore her gradually, strolling through a road here, a lane there, ere marching boldly into the citadel and challenging Sandro Botticelli to do his worthiest or his worst with him.

Before he left Santa Maria Novella he turned aside into the choir, and dazed himself with Ghirlandajo's

fading frescoes that ascend to the roof, a colossal work, illustrating the lives of Mary and St. John the Baptist, scene upon scene minutely wrought—some defaced almost beyond recognition. He respected the industry of Ghirlandajo the goldsmith, whom Ruskin found wanting in all the qualities that he lauded in Giotto. Shaw was inclined to agree. Moreover, how can pictures give pleasure when the nearest is above the head, and the farthest as distant as the roof of your villa ? Stay ! There was one figure that caught his eye and held him—the little lady with the plaited hair and the flowered dress who advances into the room where the baby is being tended by slim nurses. She advances—her small sweet indifferent face turning to the spectator—quite unconcerned. This lady with the fair smooth hair and the flowing curls is that Giovanna Tornabuoni who was painted so often by the early Florentine painters, the same sweet, untroubled little lady who appears in the fresco by Botticelli that stands on the staircase wall in the Louvre. Here she is as seen by Ghirlandajo, that eager worker in gold, whose long fingers loved to play with bright stones, jewels, coloured stuffs, and all the beautiful decorative details he introduced into his pictures.

" What shall I see next ? " Shaw asked himself as he stood upon the steps of Santa Maria Novella. " Why not go straight to Michael Angelo ? "

He started forth for the New Sacristy of San Lorenzo, which contains Michael Angelo's mighty work—the

Anmari

GIOVANNA TORNABUONI

Detail from the Fresco "The Birth of St. John," by Ghirlandajo, in Santa Maria Novella, Florence

Alinari

AN ANDREA DELLA ROBBIA BABY

One of the series on the Façade of the Foundling Hospital, Florence

symbolical effigies of Giuliano and Lorenzo de Medici, and those four recumbent figures, *Day*, *Night*, *Dawn*, and *Evening*.

Thinking of Ghirlandajo and Michael Angelo, the wonders of Florence and of himself, he lost his way. His feet and his dreams wandered idly together; but he was brought back to the present by the delight of seeing on the walls of the Foundling Hospital, Andrea della Robbia's babies, one following another along the façade, small, white, swaddled bodies, each in a different baby pose against its blue blackground. What a delightful notion for the outside wall decoration of a Foundling Hospital! and how prettily and simply Andrea has carried out the idea! These babies cheered him so much that he allowed himself the luxury of a cab to San Lorenzo.

He gazed at the "Chapel of the Princes" but refrained from exclaiming that it was the finest building in the world, because he was continually saying that about his newest discovery. Thus he had extolled the Pantheon at Rome, the white buildings of Pisa, and Giotto's Tower.

He entered the New Sacristy built by Michael Angelo, and looked quietly for half an hour at the two seated Medici, and at *Day*, *Night*, *Dawn*, and *Evening*.

What could he say? How could he synthesise the profound feelings that these great works evoked? He must select, focus his attention. He fixed his eyes upon that brooding figure of Lorenzo de Medici,

the archetype of mighty meditation, and the great figure of *Day*, lazily moving his huge limbs, the rough hewn face just dawning into recognition.

When at last he withdrew from that august chamber he was in the mood to follow the deep trail of Michael Angelo. He drove to the Academia di Belle Arti, in the noble vestibule of which, beneath the cupola, stands the *David*, shaped by Michael Angelo when a youth from a gigantic block of marble that had been abandoned as spoiled, together with casts of all his other creations. He was not prepared for the homage that modern Florence has offered the master. The Michael Angelo hall is a church with aisle, transepts, and apse. In the place of an altar stands the *David ;* at the extremity of the right transept is a cast of the *Moses ;* facing it the *Pietà ;* to the right is the *Christ.* On either side of the nave are ranged casts of his works, and on the walls of the transepts hang photographs of the Sistine Chapel frescoes and of his dashing drawings. It is a worthy monument to the Overman among artists.

Fra Angelico sought to bring the divine to earth. Botticelli spiritualised the human, while divine beauty smiled upon him. Michael Angelo wrestled with the Eternal.

Shaw tore himself from Michael Angelo, and tried to compose and prepare himself for Fra Angelico. He knew that somewhere in the Academia di Belle Arti there was a gallery called the " Room of the Beato Angelico " ; somewhere, too, not far from the

Fra Angelicos, not far from the Michael Angelos, hung Botticelli's *Spring*, the picture that the three Primitives in Paris honoured above all others. He would not look at the *Spring* to-day: that demanded a clear brain and a fresh eye.

Fra Angelico, as a painter, had many gifts, and not the least of them was his knowledge of the colours that fade not. Colour glows against the gold background upon which, with tears, he wrought his saints, madonnas, and young angels sounding hosannahs through twisty brass instruments; but this very freshness of colour is inimical to the æsthetic emotion that he may have desired his didactic pictures to convey. Giotto's peeling frescoes, Ghirlandajo's fading figures, that piteous and nameless fresco at Genoa, appealed to Shaw and touched him in a way that was denied to Fra Angelico's confident theology. Moreover, there are so many Fra Angelicos.

The English clergyman, with the ragged iron-grey hair, who was always in his line of vision, and examined a dozen Fra Angelicos with splendid concentration, won Shaw's heart when, the task not half completed, he closed his Baedeker with a weary sigh, and said to his daughter, "If we had nothing else to do, my dear, we could spend hours looking at each of them; but your mother will be wanting her tea."

It so fell out that Fra Angelico was to stir Shaw that day to a degree that was as unsought as it was unexpected. Late in the afternoon he strolled through the heated streets to the monastery of San Marco,

where Fra Angelico and Savonarola lived—where Duke Cosimo possessed a cell in which, periodically, he sought relief from the harassing dignity of being Father of his Country. In that place of quiet cloisters encircling still gardens—that place of so many little cells—all repose and contemplation—each cell with a tiny window peeping on trees and flowers—each with its fresco painted upon the whitewashed wall, he found that Fra Angelico that he could love: no gold backgrounds, no gaudy colours: just the monk with the pure heart, who painted a thing because he loved the theme better than his life.

The corridor of the monastery was empty; the cell where he found the fresco was deserted. There was nothing in the room but one chair and this simple representation of *The Last Supper*. It stretched from wall to window, and as there was not room to place all the disciples behind the table, Fra Angelico painted four of them kneeling. We can imagine that they have just vacated their low stools in a fervour of love and abnegation. There is human sorrow in this picture. No angels, no trumpets—just the grief of parting, that poignant grief that fills the human heart when the moment for the poor last act has come. Henceforth, to Shaw, that fresco in the cell at San Marco was Fra Angelico—just that and nothing else.

Brooding, but happy, like one who has found something that he thought was lost, he climbed the hill to San Miniato, and, as he ascended, Florence unmasked her beauty to his eyes—a sun city of russet roofs and

THE LAST SUPPER

From the Fresco by Fra Angelico in his cell at San Marco, Florence

Alinari

ONE OF THE MAGI

Detail from "The Adoration of the Magi" by Albert Durer, at Florence

white buildings enshrined in enfolding hills. Between trees he saw the grey tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, the flashing Campanile of Giotto, the red roof of the Duomo, and the long line of white buildings that, far as eye can see, border the Arno—Florence in her loveliest attire, shimmering in the month of May, offering to all the gathered harvest of her beauty.

CHAPTER XV

A REVERIE IN A FLORENTINE PASSAGE

Between the Uffizi Gallery and the Pitti Palace is a long, spacious corridor built by Vasari, at the command of one of the Medici, for communication or escape. From the Uffizi the passage dips into the earth, runs unseen across the Ponte Vecchio, then ascends to the Pitti Palace. A good walker can perform the journey in ten minutes. Near the Uffizi end the barred windows of the corridor overlook the Arno, from which one sees the river winding away from Florence as from a prison opening. Breezes blow from the hills; sunshine greets the tired eyes of the patroller of picture galleries as he leans from the passage window rejuvenating his jaded senses.

There Shaw lingered towards the end of his first week in Florence, trying to classify his impressions of the hurly-burly of pictures he had seen. He began by discarding. Into limbo went Guido Reni, Sassoferrato, Carlo Dolci, Salvator Rosa, Fra Bartolomeo, and others. Yes: Andrea del Sarto also, although once he had felt friendly towards Andrea.

It was at the Academia. He was looking indifferently at a range of commonplace Scripture pictures

Alinari

HEAD OF VENUS

Detail from Botticelli's "Birth of Venus" in the Uffizi, Florence

Anderson

HEAD OF FLORA

Detail from Botticelli's "Allegory of Spring" in the Academy, Florence

when the custodian advanced mysteriously, finger on lip, and, swinging back a huge *Assumption of the Madonna* on its hinges, disclosed a dim, ancient fresco painted upon the wall. "By Andrea del Sarto," he whispered.

It was an everyday incident, and Andrea had painted it naturally—just a scene in a ward of the Hospital, which was the original use of a portion of the building now transformed into the Academia. This refreshing peep at reality was like stepping out at night into a London street from a theatre, to meet actuality after three hours of scenic unrealities. Then the custodian swung back the *Assumption of the Madonna*, and the wall became once more a series of ecclesiastical pictures painted according to instructions.

Shaw was beginning to formulate a strong opinion about Raphael. One of his pictures in the Pitti Palace gave him pleasure—the *Madonna del Granduca*, painted in his Florentine period before success and the consciousness of his amazing facility had crystallised the intuitions of his brilliant youth into the Raphael formula that has brought the world to his feet;—but in the *Madonna della Sedia* his glissade into the Raphaelesque convention of painting and piety had already begun.

He recalled a remark made by Primitive No. 1 after he had been fulminating against Raphael. "Wait till you see his Sistine Madonna at Dresden. Then judge him."

Leaning from the window of the corridor overlooking

Arno, he remembered what a tonic it had been to encounter, among the Florentine femininities, the vigour of Albert Durer, whose *Adoration of the Magi* was like an eagle among Florentine doves. There was virility in this picture by the man from the north—nothing mawkish, nothing stolen from another. It was boldly decorative, too. Uprose before his eyes the central figure, a magnificently attired king, with his long hair falling to his shoulders, and his lavish gift grasped in the palm of his broad hand. He does not face the Child ; he turns round to scrutinise, not very amiably, the gift of the third king. The circular protuberance beneath his left hand is the bald head of the first king, who is kneeling in adoration.

Albert Durer dominated his reverie until Titian flashed before him—Titian, with his sumptuous nudes, his regal portraits, and his conquering air. Of all Titian's portraits Shaw remembered with the most pleasure his *Young Englishman*, dark but not dull, with the glint of a chain about his neck, the faint parchment glow on face and hands, and the piercing grey-green eyes, contemplative but keen. Two Italian painters were copying it—a forlorn hope ; for the Titian grip of character, the Titian colour and technique, passed when the great Venetian died.

What of Botticelli ? Like some subtle scent, the fragrant and elusive loveliness of his pictures was present throughout Shaw's reverie. True, his first glance at the *Spring* had been almost disappointing. The trees were so dark, and the picture was peppered with

Alinari

A Young Englishman (? Duke of Norfolk)

From the Portrait by Titian, in the Pitti Palace, Florence

Alinari

HEAD OF THE VIRGIN

Detail from the Picture by Filippo Lippi, in the Pitti Palace, Florence

worm holes: but soon the grace of those long, lithe figures, their slender limbs and feet, and their young fair faces captivated him. With which of these Florentine ladies was he most in love—the pensive Venus, or that flowered figure of Flora tripping so lightly over the sward? Or was it the Venus rising inviolate from the sea, in the companion picture of *The Birth of Venus*, wistful, unconcerned, even at the threat of the heavy cloak with which the nymph of the wood proposes to hide her beauty? The waves are somewhat primitive, and he could have dispensed with the forcible Winds; but Venus herself, the timorous sky and sea, and those little formal promontories—how beautiful they are! Or did he love the most the little head of an angel high up in the corner of the *Coronation of the Virgin*, a few inches of paint only, but a perfect little Botticelli head?

Of all the Botticellis he lingered before in Florence there was not one that did not charm by its beauty in part, if not in whole, by its rhythm, and by its air that seemed to say, "The eyes that inspired the hand to paint me have seen the beauty of the world in the faces of women, in the tender flesh of their bodies, in the movement of their slender limbs, and the garments that reveal while they hide." Botticelli, like Fra Fillippo Lippi, knew that the way to make a beautiful portrait of the Virgin, a Venus, a Flora, or an Angel, was to study the woman he loved. So Fillippo Lippi painted his pretty, fragile, discontented mistress as the Virgin. You would never think that she cradles

the child Jesus in her lap, so unconcerned is she, so wrapped in the attractive egoism of her mood. Botticelli and Fra Fillippo Lippi stand for the fair, fragile beauty of the women of Florence who flowered beneath her wars, butcheries, and tumults, bloomed behind the barred windows of her palaces, always ready for the grave eyes of her painters when they sought beauty.

Yet, when it was demanded of him, Botticelli could paint swarthy strength. There is a quaint mixture of savagery and sentiment in his handling of the portrait of Piero de Medici, set in bold silhouette against the tender landscape.

So engrossed was Shaw with these pictures of his choice, passing in magnificent procession between his eyes and the flowing Arno, that for some minutes he was unaware of a custodian standing capless a few yards away, desiring to hint that it was closing time, but refraining, with characteristic Italian politeness, from intruding upon a stranger's reverie.

* * * * *

Still folded in his dream, he sauntered towards the Piazza della Signoria. It wore a more cheerful aspect than on the night of his arrival, although the ice-cream men still solicited custom in the shade of Cellini's *Perseus*.

The sun shone ; the evening air was light and cool ; Botticelli's delicate visions of the loveliness of the world still flickered before his eyes. But Botticelli even could not blind him to the material fact that a crowd

Giacomo Brogi

PIERO DE MEDICI

From the Portrait by Botticelli, at Florence

Galileo Lombardi

THE DEATH OF ABSALOM

From one of the Pavement Portraits of Siena Cathedral

of Florentines were collected round the bronze slab, inlaid in the pavement, marking the spot where Savonarola was burned. He walked toward it. Flowers, wreaths, crosses, and immortelles were heaped around the slab in commemoration of a day in May over four hundred years ago, when Savonarola, foe to beauty, great and grim, bearing the terrible name of saint, suffered martyrdom.

On his grave the Florentines were throwing flowers —Botticelli's spring flowers.

CHAPTER XVI

SIENA AND SOME BATTERED EVANGELISTS

It seemed as if eternal summer had settled upon the world. For days the sky had been cloudless and the atmosphere tropical. The journey by afternoon train from Florence to Siena passed in a dream of haze and heat. Stretched upon the seat of the carriage, confronted by the baking, basking landscape, he dozed in that half-comatose state when the faculties, although awake, are lulled almost to stupor. It was difficult to believe in the reality of his past life in London, Cornwall, and Paris. As for the future he seemed to have lost all interest in or control over it, so dominating, so satisfying, was the present. "Do I still want to paint? Have I any desire to write?" he lazily asked himself. There was no answer: but he had an intuition that this tour was his period of probation, that when a month hence he re-entered Paris the answer would be forthcoming. He was still dreaming when the train stopped. The fact that he was in Siena, and the necessity of protecting his luggage from ardent hotel porters, effectually roused him.

On the highest hill of Siena stands her crown-

Galileo Lombardi

Plate 51

GUIDO RICCIO RIDING FORTH TO BATTLE

From the Picture by Simone Martini, in the Palazzo Publico, Siena

Lombardi

PORTRAIT OF SODOMA

Detail from the Fresco in the Convent of Monte Oliveto Maggiore, near Siena

jewel—the Cathedral. An artist bird-of-passage Shaw met at Florence told him that once on his way to Rome he had managed to steal one hour for Siena, in order that he might have a hasty glimpse of the pavement pictures on the floor of the cathedral. He had seen none. They were all covered over with boards. Shaw was more fortunate. In honour of some recent festival, the pavements of the aisles and choir had been uncovered. Very strange, eerie, very remote from life, looked these mythological and biblical pictures in outline, sprawling over the floor of that vast cathedral. Battered, cracked, discoloured, they were of historical rather than artistic interest. Beneath his feet was Absalom, his long hair symmetrically entwined round a branch, his picturesque body pierced by symmetrical lances.

The cathedral was empty. Shaw was quite alone in it, save for an imprisoned bird, if it be imprisonment to be confined in that majestic space. Gradually those weird designs on the pavement arrested him, fired his imagination, until he fancied himself one of yonder low-lying company of armed knights prancing forth from the citadel to conquest or revenge.

The façade of the cathedral, which was completed in 1360, and restored in 1869, with its red, black, and white marbles and multitudinous statues, might have been built during the present century, so fresh does the stone keep in that clear air. Ah! those statues! The hand of the restorer was written over them. Shaw sought the Cathedral Museum, where the original

weather-beaten statues are preserved. The custodian, he was informed by a small child, who seemed to treat his annoyance as a great joke, was at dinner, and would not rise from his table till half-past three—no ! not for the King of Italy.

Protests were useless. Well, he would see the sculptures later. Meanwhile there were the early Sienese pictures awaiting him. They are always multitudinous in Siena ; on the occasion of his visit the number had swollen, as an exhibition of Sienese art was being held in the Palazzo Publico.

Duccio of Buoninsegna is the lion of Siena ; but Shaw was neither for Duccio of Siena nor for Cimabue of Florence. He was not making a study of early Sienese art ; he was not particularly interested in the history of the childhood of art ; he was well content with the passing glance he gave to Duccio's gaunt Madonna in the Cathedral Museum, a mute witness of Siena's past ; but Simone Martini, who is famous through a sonnet of Petrarch, became a potent and desirable acquaintance when he saw, on the walls of the Palazzo Publico, his fresco of Guido Riccio riding forth to battle magnificently arrayed. Martini, at any rate, had an eye for decoration, and the courage to state his vision in paint.

The ten frescoes by Pinturicchio in the library of the cathedral were interesting, although these clean, clear designs have not the charm of Ghirlandajo's frescoes at Santa Maria Novella in Florence. They are straightforward work, wonderfully preserved

(probably by re-painting), and they perpetuate the memory of a certain Archbishop of Siena, afterwards Pope Pius II. One of them made a particular appeal, not because the horseman on the left is stated by Vasari to be Raphael, but because here Pinturicchio has tried to paint a rainbow in a threatening sky. The attempt is not strikingly successful; but Pinturicchio really tried to snatch this wild thing from nature and place it upon his canvas.

Then there was Antonio Bazzi, known as Sodoma. For days weary custodians had led him through dark churches, had pulled aside curtains, had removed candlesticks to secure an uninterrupted view, and, with finger on lip, had uttered the word "Sodoma." Shaw had looked and yawned, looked again; and never a spark of individuality had flashed out from the past to cry through these pictures, "I am Sodoma!" But wandering through the narrow streets of Siena, dipping down her hill-sides, ascending through flagged causeways, he had noticed in shop windows photographs of a full-lipped, shrewd-eyed youth, with long dark hair falling to his shoulders. This portrait haunted him. Finally, he entered a photographer's shop, asked the name of the painter, and where the portrait could be seen. Behold! it was Sodoma painted by himself, a detail, a single figure in one of his frescoes at the convent of Monte Oliveto Maggiore, some miles from Siena. He was disposed to make a journey to the convent to spend a night there, and give Sodoma a fair field and all the favour that might

accrue to him from a long day alone with his frescoes. But the monastery was twenty miles away; time was limited; he decided against the journey.

It was well. Had he given the day to Monte Oliveto Maggiore he would have missed the delight that awaited him at the Siena Cathedral Museum, a delight so unexpected, so stimulating to his emotions, that it coloured the remainder of his stay in Siena, giving him for ever afterwards the sensation of something pathetically old and beautiful, calling from the buried centuries. Among the effigies and casts on the ground floor of the Museum he had seen three, four, five figures of saints or evangelists; time-worn, weather-beaten, most expressive, half-length figures, that had stood for centuries in niches of the façade of the cathedral, but had been removed in 1869, when the brand-new sculptor had set his brand-new copies in these places.

O those scarred lineaments and broken figures, buffeted by centuries of wind, rain, and storm! Their ancient faces still held the yearning, the pity, the mystical peering forward to the something unattainable, that in all times has distracted the heart of the few. Seared and sorrowful they are, not because the world is an unworthy place, but because they could never free themselves from the idea that this life is a wandering to find home. These old men—rugged, ragged, but unbeaten—are the parents of Rodin's *Burgesses of Calais.*

Is it, then, thought Shaw, to the sculptors of the

Alinari

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

From a Terra-Cotta by an unknown Sculptor, Cathedral Museum, Siena

Alinari

MOTHER AND CHILD

From the Statue by Andrea Pisano, in the Cathedral, Lucca

early Italian Renaissance that I must look for companionship, the call of emotion to emotion, that I sought in vain among the late Greek and Roman sculptures of the Vatican Museum ?

Later in the day he visited the chief photograph shop in Siena, and asked for prints of these evangelists. The proprietress was disconsolate ; she expressed a thousand regrets ; the old statues that had been removed from the façade of the old cathedral had not been photographed.

" But they are beautiful, wonderful ! "

She smiled the smile of one who knows the world that buys photographs.

" They would not sell ! " she said, and there was finality in her tone. " But I have photographs of Jacopo della Quercia's *Fonte Gaia*."

He had seen the restored and renovated *Fonte Gaia* in the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele ; he had turned away and fed some birds with crumbs from his luncheon ; but he bought a photograph of a singularly beautiful terra-cotta St. John the Evangelist, bold, yet instinct with feeling—author unknown.

His last thoughts in Siena were of the battered, old evangelists who had not been photographed because the photographs would not sell.

CHAPTER XVII

LUCCA : FIVE SAILS AND THE ETERNAL QUEST OF BEAUTY

Matteo Civitali, one of the early Renaissance sculptors, lived at Lucca, and Lucca, in spite of her silk factories, woollen goods, and oil, is still for many the place of strange and beautiful carven things.

Ruskin for long periods made Lucca his home, wandering and peering, finding treasure in half-forgotten shrines.

Shaw was informed that the picture gallery of Lucca is situated in an archway leading to the second court of the Palazzo Provinciale. Thither he went in the early afternoon. The door was closed. Obviously it is not a place to which the citizens throng. A mendicant offered to fetch the custodian.

He waited a quarter of an hour. The custodian appeared, withdrew a heavy key from his girdle unlocked the door, and waved him up the staircase to the picture gallery.

The adventure did not promise well. Without a doubt the custodian proposed dozing in the gallery as long as his guest remained. Who can look at pictures amid such conditions ? It is impossible to engender emotion while a yawning man stands a few

yards away longing for you to finish so that he may return to garden or café.

Lucca owns two large works by Fra Bartolomeo. One is called *God the Father, with Mary Magdalene and St. Catherine of Siena;* the other *Madonna della Misericordia, with portraits of the Moncalieri Family.* They are splendidly hung, and the custodian withdrew the holland window blinds, so that they might be seen to advantage. Shaw quickly decided that it was not worth travelling to Lucca for the sake of Fra Bartolomeo. The drawing was scientifically accurate, the colour not unpleasant; but of any hint of impulse, feeling, sensibility, any sign that Fra Bartolomeo had felt his subject, had looked at life and fused what he had seen into these pictures, there was nothing.

In truth, the picture gallery at Lucca was dull. Not until he reached the last room did he find anything arresting.

It was quite an unimportant picture according to guide-books and catalogues. The painter's name was not even known. It was styled simply *Scuola di Sandro Botticelli;* but this picture had not been unnoticed by some former visitor, for against the title on the catalogue-card somebody had scrawled the words *Scuola di Fra Filippo Lippi.* It was a scriptural subject, and beautiful. There was beauty in the sensitive pale face of the mother and the curly haired baby; and there was a certain quiet beauty in her white headdress and blue cloak; but the great charm of this Madonna and Child picture was that the painter,

remembering some joyous vision of the open air, had placed her against a background of sea, and on the sea are five sails. Those five sails on the still sea were more eloquent of the beauty of the world, and the place of art in life, than the two huge Fra Bartolomeo's—indeed, than all the other pictures in the Lucca Gallery. There is beauty in the little seascape : there is beauty in the little face of the Madonna. It is the elusive beauty that Botticelli and Fra Filippo Lippi wrested from the faces of girls they had known at Florence—certain lines in the face, a certain delicacy of lips or brows, a certain way of wearing the hair, a certain expression, wistful, inward-looking, or joyous, which the painters saw, which became part of their artistic equipment, which they set in their pictures, thus recording the most beautiful thing they had found in the world. Beauty does not change : it is the link that binds generation to generation, though separated by centuries.

This nameless painter had not only hinted on his canvas his sense of the beauty of some loved face ; he had added to it that other beauty—sails upon the sea. He, in his way, was a pioneer, expressing all those years ago, a spectacle in nature which is recognised to-day as one of the most beautiful subjects of appeal to the artist.

Shaw left the gallery and walked about the sunny streets of prosperous Lucca, thinking of the vagaries of the artistic temperament which does not desire to possess, to take to itself, the beauty that it pursues in

the faces of women, any more than it desires to commandeer the beauty that it sees in a few sails against the sunset. It is there to be enjoyed : that suffices. These Florentine girls whom Botticelli, Fra Filippo Lippi, Ghirlandajo, and the nameless artist had painted were transitory receptacles of that beauty of which Shaw himself had had prismatic glimpses in his life. Once he had treated them as manifestations of evil. Now they were indices of the eternal quest of beauty. This passion for human beauty in the faces of women and children, beauty in harmonious colours, beauty in skies, sunsets, and seas, the beauty of light, the grey light of Dutch days, the brilliant light of the Ligurian littoral, might in the end merge into a beauty which is the holy of holies. Material beauty might be the path which conducts through secret ways to spiritual beauty.

Alas, this love of beauty flies away as quickly as it advances. Physical discomfort, the disregard of physiological laws, banishes it. As Shaw walked the hot streets of Lucca, paced the sandy Piazza Grande, wandered into the churches, fatigued, jaded, the delightful emotion that he had experienced before that picture of the Madonna against the five sails passed. " Why, I feel just as I felt at the end of a long Monday at Chepstow's ! " he groaned.

Yet at that moment his joy was returning. Once more it entered into him when he wandered into the cathedral of San Martino and saw, in the left transept, the sarcophagus of Ilaria del Carretto by Jacopo della

Quercia. She reclines on her tomb, still and silent, her eyes closed, dressed as in life, her head resting upon a pillow in the recumbent attitude that monuments to the dead should always assume. The repose, dignity, and chiselled calm of this dead lady moved him profoundly.

Another of the early sculptures also appealed to him, but differently. This was a *Madonna and Child* by Andrea Pisano. Andrea had indeed looked at life. There is no pretence of beauty of lineament, line, or form in this almost grotesque middle-aged mother and the solemn child that has nothing of childhood in it; but there is a beauty of another kind, the beauty of austerity and sincerity; and there is imagination in placing a rose in the ugly mother's hand—a rose that the heavy-faced, heavily crowned baby ignores.

He returned to the hotel, and sat on his bedroom balcony until the dinner-bell sounded. There was accommodation for fifty in the *salle à manger;* but he was the only visitor until the second course had been served, when he heard the rustle of approaching skirts.

Three ladies entered. They were English, and he could not avoid hearing their enthusiastic comments on the day's sights and incidents. They had been staying at Lucca a month, and the end of the fourth week found them as eager and delighted as on the day of their arrival.

He contrasted his own breathless rush through Italy,

his contempt for things that did not instantly appeal to him, his impatience with works that did not reach the standard that he had arbitrarily set for himself, with their intelligent appreciation and humble gratitude for the beautiful things that the sculptors of the early Renaissance had left in and around Lucca for our delight.

These ladies with the level brows and clear eyes remained one of his memories of Lucca—they and an unrecorded church in a distant valley which one of them described to him. In his mind's eye he saw that church long afterwards ; perhaps sometimes he sees it still : sees, too, her who spoke of it, young and fair, standing by that lonely, eleventh-century church, yellow with age, shadowed by cypress-trees.

CHAPTER XVIII

BOLOGNA, AND A FADED FRESCO BY FRANCIA

ENTERING Bologna, the city of arcades and leaning towers, he thought of Francesco Francia, painter and master of the mint at Bologna, who retired to his bed and died (so the story goes) because he realised that he could never paint a picture equal to Raphael's *St. Cecilia*.

Shaw knew not why; but he looked forward with more than ordinary pleasure to his first encounter with Francia. This goldsmith of Bologna rose before his pictorial eye as an ingenious, versatile, sensitive creature akin to Ghirlandajo, goldsmith of Florence.

"A faded fresco by Francesco Francia in the Palazzo Communale." This phrase, which he had culled from a guide-book, ran through his head; but when he ascended to the first floor of the Palazzo Communale he discovered that he had not chosen an auspicious day to seek a faded fresco by Francia. Yesternight a civic banquet had been held in this venerable building; not only was the hall dismantled of furniture, it was also strewn with broken flowers, leaves, and pieces of paper. Little hot men in blouses were sweeping the litter into heaps. They knocked against Shaw, and

clouds of dust pursued him. When he asked to be directed to Francia's faded fresco, one of them escorted him to a noble hall which contained nothing but a gigantic figure of Hercules, seated, a most depressing work of art.

"No, no!" said Shaw petulantly. "Francia Francesco Francia, Madonna in Clouds (he waved his arms to signify clouds) above the city of Bologna."

The little man nodded his head, smiled, and pointed his broom at a vast cloth that had been stretched over one wall of the room hiding the faded fresco of Francia.

"But can't you remove it?"

The little man with the broom shook his head.

So Shaw departed for the Accademia di Belle Arti, where Bologna has enshrined nine of Francia's paintings.

It is rather a terrible gallery; but the visit had its uses. It showed him the depths of his dislike for the Eclectics of the late sixteenth and the seventeenth century—Ludovici Carracci, who founded the school and opened an academy to teach its doctrine; his cousins Agostino and Annibale, who succeeded him; Guido Reni, Domenichino, and Guercino, that middling painter who was plucked from oblivion by Browning and given immortality in a poem.

Fronting him was a scriptural picture by Guido Reni, many, many feet high, painted in 1616 for the Town Council, who gave Guido a gold chain and a medal in addition to his remuneration. Adjacent

to it were a *Sampson, Victorious over the Philistines, drinking out of the Jaw-bone of an Ass*, and an enormous *Massacre of the Innocents.*

Heavy hands had those Eclectics of Bologna. All the pictures are huge—heavy figures in heavy gilt frames heavily performing scriptural scenes quite devoid of spiritual significance.

He began to understand why the rooms devoted to the Eclectics were deserted—why the tourists who frequent the picture galleries of Italy avoid the Accademia of Bologna.

But in one room near the end of the series he found four visitors, seated on plush seats, gazing at Raphael's *St. Cecilia.* Cecilia has dropped her instrument; the heavenly choir have caught up the melody. She, with her companions, should be listening entranced, oblivious to all save the celestial music; but these self-conscious figures of Raphael's are in no wise rapt in mystical ecstasy. Mary Magdalene is one of the listening group. This decorous young woman has a certain fresh and ingenuous prettiness; but she would stand for St. Cecilia quite as well as for the Magdalene. Characterisation was not one of Raphael's gifts. Near to the Raphael hangs a Magdalene painted by Timoteo Viti, a pretty minx in studied pose, with a long becoming Red-Riding-Hood cloak just short enough to expose her well-shaped feet.

But what of Francia? At last Shaw found him, found the whole nine mediocrities by Francia grouped

together. He sighed and passed out into the corridors, the walls of which are hung with a splendid series of engravings. It was kind of the curator to display a noble series of proofs of Albert Durer's woodcuts—that is, kind to tourists; but cruel to Guido Reni, to the Carracci, and to Francesco Francia.

"I won't give up Francia yet," said Shaw, as he stepped out into the sunlight and engaged a cab by the hour. "San Giacomo Maggiore, Santa Cecilia, and San Martino," he cried briskly, ascending the vehicle.

Each of these churches has frescoes or pictures by Francia.

If the *Madonna with Angelic Musicians and four Saints*, over the altar of the sixth choir chapel of San Giacomo Maggiore, is, as the guide-book stated, "the finest work of Francia," Shaw had no place in his hierarchy for Francia. It was but another of the lifeless ecclesiastical pictures that are common as tramcars in Italy. He was a little more interested in an honest piece of work by Francia in the adjoining oratory of Santa Cecilia, a fresco representing the marriage of St. Cecilia with the pagan nobleman Valerian; but it was no better and no worse than the other frescoes in the oratory by Lorenzo Costa of Ferrara, and pupils.

One hope remained—the Carmelite church of San Martino. It was closed. He was conscious of a feeling of relief, for he had begun to despair of Francesco Francia of Bologna, and was quite willing that

the ordeal should end. But Italian cabmen who are engaged by the hour regard the long waits beneath shady trees as a solatium for the reduced fare.

The driver pointed energetically to a small doorway under the eaves of an adjoining house. Entering, Shaw found himself in the cloisters of the old Carmelite convent. Hoary monuments and tablets, on which the mason-bees had been at work for ages, covered the walls; in the garden trees waved, and the white convent buildings stood out against the blue sky. A small boy with a broom and a cloth went whistling down the corridor, and passed through a side door into the church. But Shaw was in no hurry to leave the convent garden, where life stood still, where there was no sound but the rustling of the trees, and the bustle of Bologna was hushed.

At the end of half an hour he entered the church, and sought the first chapel on the left, where the Francia hangs. What a title for a picture! *Enthroned Madonna, with SS. Rochus, Bernardine, Anthony, and Sebastian.*

He seated himself upon a bench and for one quarter of an hour, no more no less, studied the *Enthroned Madonna, with SS. Rochus, Bernardine, Anthony, and Sebastian*, and strove to assimilate the spirit of Francia, to understand his intention, to plumb the depth of his sincerity, to feel the quality of the painting, and how far he had expressed his pictorial vision in line, form, colour, and arrangement.

He was awakened by the small boy beginning to

polish the steps of the altar with a cloth, making, as he polished, the sibilant sound that ostlers utter.

Shaw closed the book of Francia. Better by far the earnest angularities of Duccio, gleams of dawn, than these noonday painters of Bologna, so self-satisfied, and so empty.

But it was a pleasant hotel at Bologna ; and the head waiter gave him buttered rolls, cold chicken, and a basket of strawberries with powdered sugar—for his luncheon in the train on his way to Ravenna.

Ravenna ! Mighty word. Ravenna, where rest mosaics a thousand years old ; Ravenna, where Dante died and Byron lived, in whose pine forests cantos of the Purgatory were composed.

A travelling circus was the first sight that welcomed him at Ravenna ; the second was a street called Via Dante Alighieri, and at the end of it stood Dante's tomb.

CHAPTER XIX

RAVENNA IN THE FIFTH AND TWENTIETH CENTURIES

The sea at Ravenna has forsaken the town; but modern Ravenna recks not. Modern she is in parts; also very, very old. Above the door of the hotel (once the Palazzo Rasponi where Byron lived) was the symbol of the Cyclists' Touring Club; a street or two away are mosaics of the sixth century. He stopped at the telephone exchange, on his way to the Mausoleum of Theodoric the Goth (520 A.D.), to ask the proprietor of the hotel at Bologna to forward a garment, which he had mislaid. In the Via Dante Alighieri, where Dante was entertained by Guido da Polenta, a motor-car had stopped without warning, and a voice was saying, "Well, I guess she's stuck! Say, what's the name of this town?"

Old Ravenna is pathetic with her mosaics of the fifth and sixth centuries. We are drawn to the designers and makers of them by the simplicity of their hearts, by the dull glory of their handiwork, by the faces, so fixed and set, of their saints and virgins that have glittered for over a thousand years. Those early craftsmen did nothing for effect. Into these

mosaics passed from their hearts something of the abiding and triumphant hope of early Christianity.

He entered the church of Sant' Apollinare Nuova, and gazed at the long-drawn-out walls. On the left are twenty-two virgins emerging in procession from the town of Classis and sweeping angularly towards the Magi, who are offering homage to the enthroned Virgin. On the right twenty-six saints, carrying wreaths, are emerging from the city of Ravenna to pay homage to the enthroned Christ. Of course, these mosaics have been restored; but the craftsmen who designed them lived in the sixth century. Compared with them Giotto and Duccio are moderns.

Always Shaw was conscious of a sensation of surprise that was half awe whenever he entered one of these ancient churches. The rough bricks of the exterior, untutored, unadorned, gave no hint of the appearance of the interior: the outside a crumbling husk, the inside a wonder of dull blue and gold, mosaics representing the Evangelists, each with his symbol; a mosaic of a primitive altar with bread and wine upon it; the blood-sacrifice of Abel; the bloodless sacrifice of Melchizedek; or such a scene as that wrought on the cupola of the Baptistery of the Orthodox (fifth century), a bearded Christ in the act of being baptized with the Pagan river-god wading and wondering in Jordan.

In one of the large waste churches he evaded the sacristan, and, penetrating into a tumbling lady-chapel, found a sarcophagus with a carving represent-

ing the Magi offering their gifts. It is as original as Albert Durer's picture at Florence. The Mother has crossed one knee over the other, balancing the Child with some ingenuity. The kings advance eagerly, their cloaks flying in the wind, each with its offering of half a pomegranate, while the child advances a large capable hand to receive the fruit. It is the eagerness of the donors, not the value of their gifts that this early Christian sculptor has carved in stone.

Modern Ravenna does not distinguish between the gold and the dross of her possessions. A blear-eyed, shambling old man showed him a fifth-century fresco of *Christ as a Young Shepherd* at the Mausoleum of Galla Placida : a bright-eyed, shambling old woman showed him Guido Reni's *Elijah in the Desert fed by an Angel* at the Cathedral. Her praise of Guido was quite as fervent as the old man's praise of the fifth-century mosaic. Guido Reni at Ravenna ! !

Ravenna modern ! Ravenna ancient ! The twain are locked in each other's arms. The driver of the carriage he hired by the hour represented the twentieth century. He was a dark-haired youth, with bright eyes and bird-like movements. They had driven from church to museum, from Baptistery to Mausoleum. At each halting-place he would leap from his seat, fling open the door and announce, hat in hand, with a triumphant air, the name of the church or monument. After this pantomime had been repeated several times, and Shaw was growing fatigued with mosaics and monuments, he invited the driver

to rest by his side in the shade. They smoked a bad cigar in company, and his companion expatiated on United Italy and the Socialistic programme; he explained how now at last he and his friends were investing their savings in Italian industrial companies. O, they were safe, quite safe! As for the Pope: It was only priests and old men and women who cared about him. Italy was prosperous. Look at the waggons of hay toiling over the white road, and the men returning home from their work, each riding his own bicycle!

Shaw acquiesced, and after a decent interval rose. The driver threw away the end of his cigar, lighted a cigarette, opened the carriage door, popped his hat upon his head, and drove countrywards to Sant' Apollinare in Classe Fuori, built by Archbishop Ursicinus between 535 and 538.

This barn-like brick building in the reclaimed marsh-land between Ravenna and the sea, half way between the ancient city and Dante's pine woods, stands outside what was once the gate of the Roman city of Classis. The church is all that is left now of the city which Augustus built.

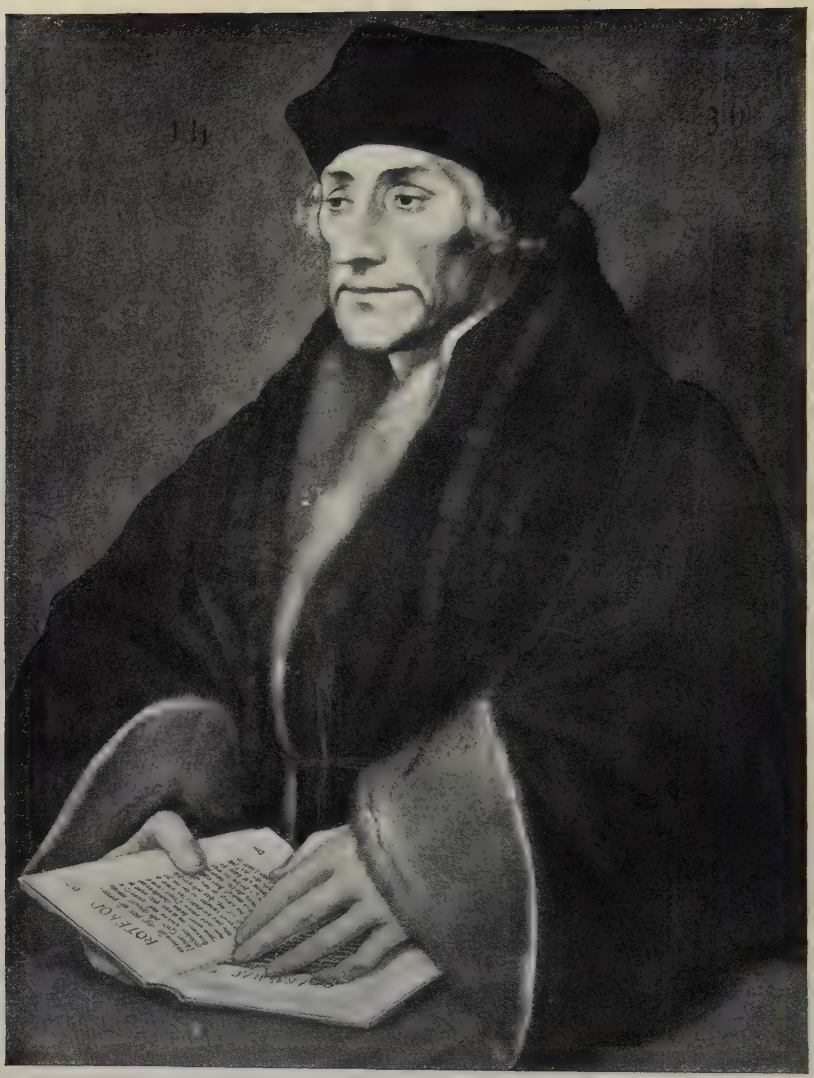
Modern Ravenna has forsaken Sant' Apollinare in Classe, frightened of the malaria which rises at sundown from the plain in which the church stands. One old man is the sole guardian of this bare, denuded building. Its twenty-four columns, its worn uneven floor, its solitary centre altar speak eloquently of its antiquity. Around the arch above the tribunal

glitter mosaics more than a thousand years old. In the middle is a great cross on a blue ground with gilded stars. Above are the twelve apostles symbolised as sheep hastening to Christ from Jerusalem and Bethlehem. The sheep know and love the shepherd. The shepherd knows and loves his flock. Very simple, very appealing.

These mosaics affected Shaw like the Gospel stories his mother had told him when he was a boy. He left that desolate church companioned in spirit by that mosaic worker of the childhood of religion who had the wisdom of a child.

A Mosaic of the Fifth Century

From the Cupola of the Baptistery of the Orthodox, Ravenna



Anderson

ERASMUS

From the Portrait by Holbein in the Parma Gallery

CHAPTER XX

PARMA : DETHRONED CORREGGIO AND AN ACADEMIC CRITIC

In Parma, Correggio lived and died ; in the octagonal, dizzy, damp, incense-fumed dome of the cathedral lingers all that time has spared of his *Assumption*. The sacristan, a candle lantern swinging in his hand, conducted Shaw up the dark spiral steps, very narrow, very worn, that lead to the dome. In that vast loneliness, whither the sounds of footfalls on the pavement of the aisle came faintly and ghost-like the sacristan unbolted, in succession, four iron doors, looking like the partition of the lion's cage at the Zoological Gardens, and bade Shaw stoop and peep through. A whirl of pretty boys, comely nymphs, and flamboyant saints met his eyes. Immediately in front of him was a St. John caressing a Noah's Ark lamb, surrounded by boy angels sporting on clouds as opaque as bundles of cotton wool. Just what these figures were doing it was hard to say, for he could see only the portions of the fresco that faced the peep-holes through which he peered in turn. What he did see was so faded and discoloured that it would have taken an hour to dovetail those theatrical sections into an Assumption.

Correggio's *Assumption* did not intrigue him. Manifestly he who likes Fra Angelico's *Last Supper* in the cell of San Marco's cannot like Correggio's *Assumption.* True, it is pretty and sensuous and graceful; true, Correggio had learnt his craft according to his lights, and could adumbrate any kind of figure in any kind of pose, with facility. Worthy to sit with the Masters? No! Had he dignity, reticence, sincerity, quality of paint, the things that make art vital? No!

At any rate, Shaw now understood what is meant by the "correggiosity" of Correggio. Was he disappointed? No! The world contained so much that was great and inspiriting: it was right that he should learn to turn a deaf ear to cymbals and drums, and to avert his eyes from languors and sentimental raptures.

In the picture gallery of Parma he was conscious of a slight conscience-trouble *à propos* of Francesco Francia. At Bologna he had found nothing good in him; but at Parma there was a *Pietà* by Francia that made him uneasy just because it pleased. Not the self-conscious, stilted figures—they were as inanimate as the figures in Francia's Bolognese pictures; —but this *Pietà*—ah! the colour was lovely. The golden glow in the sky behind the cross suffused the picture with beauty; beautiful, too, was the light on the little tower, and the colour of the garment that clothes the saint on the left of the group.

He could at least affirm that he liked Correggio's

easel-works better than his frescoes; but nothing in Parma stirred him until he found one of Holbein's many portraits of *Erasmus*, which hangs, through some chance of acquisition, among the medley of fair and indifferent pictures in the Parma gallery. It was tonic to encounter Holbein's austere portrait of *Erasmus:* it was like the feel of the wind on Trencrom after a winter spent in a back room in a Fleet Street office.

While he was sitting in the winter garden of the hotel after luncheon, a man, a young Englishman, spoke to him. They drank their coffee together, and were soon talking with a freedom that would have been impossible to Shaw a year before. The Englishman, he discovered, was an art critic. Much of his youth had been spent in Italy, with a tutor, and, like the German in Rome, he had never weaned himself from the traditional respect for all the Old Masters with which his tutor had assiduously impregnated him.

"Can a man," Shaw asked, "who loves Fra Angelico's fresco of *The Last Supper*, in the monastery of San Marco at Florence, tolerate Correggio?"

"Certainly," said the critic. "One's appreciation should be catholic."

"But a man can't get away from himself. If I am moved and impressed by sincerity, reserve, simplicity, gravity, and truth, how can I possibly find satisfaction in a riot of sentiment, in pictures where every limb is rounded, every lock curly, and upon every face a self-satisfied smirk?"

"Criticism should be objective, not subjective," said the critic.

"Ah, there we part company!"

"Besides," continued the critic, "you must remember that Correggio was a pioneer. In his days the flamboyant grouping of figures in the Correggio manner was a new expression in art."

"New! There was no need for that kind of newness. What's the good of a pioneer if he makes a path that I don't like to tread, if he opens up vistas that offend?"

"You are incorrigible," said the critic. "It's heresy to talk in that way about so accomplished an artist as Correggio."

"I hate accomplished artists. Michael Angelo, Velasquez, and Titian weren't accomplished. Mantegna wasn't accomplished."

"I should certainly call Mantegna accomplished,' said the critic.

"Come to the Horse Show," said Shaw; "I'm told it's rather good. It's useless talking to anybody about art. You must wander round by yourself and enjoy your own emotions as if nobody in the universe had enjoyed or suffered, or written, or spoken a single word about art before you came into the world."

After the Horse Show, the critic retired to his room to rest before dinner, and Shaw wandered into the cathedral, where it was cool and quiet.

Presently a sacristan advanced towards him with

a lantern. He pointed upwards to the dome, and imitated a person ascending stairs. "Splendid, lovely!" he cried, waving towards Correggio's *Assumption*. "I take you up quick."

"No! No!! No!!!" said Shaw.

CHAPTER XXI

MILAN : THE CITY OF LEONARDO

MILAN is the city of Leonardo da Vinci, that Superman who peered into the secrets of nature, anticipating modern discoveries ; man of science as well as painter, sculptor, writer, and architect ; author of the most haunting portrait in the world, and of innumerable drawings that reveal the intricacies, profundities, and eagle glances of his mind. To him painting and sculpture were but episodes of self-expression, for art is but a part of life, and only the whole of life could satisfy Leonardo da Vinci.

His statue stands in the Piazza della Scala, towering above hustling, modern Milan, an old brooding man carved in stone. His long cloak falls to his feet ; the deep eyes are fixed upon the ground as if he still ponders the unloosing of earth-chained forces. Beneath his figure are statues of his four pupils. In the Brera picture gallery you may see how his personality influenced his contemporaries—how Sodoma strove to give the Leonardo smile, half knowledge, half disillusionment, to the face of his Madonna ; but Leonardo would never have painted the Landseer lamb that Sodoma has put within the cuddling arms of the Child.

Giacomo Brogi

HEAD OF CHRIST

From the Study for "The Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci at Milan

Giacomo Brogi

BIANCA MARIA SFORZA

From the Portrait ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci at Milan

It is said that when Leonardo was painting his *Last Supper* on the wall of the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie, he would work only when the inspiration was on him ; that when he felt the uncoming of the mood he would walk the length of Milan (can you not see the tall, striding, absorbed figure ?) to give a few brushmarks to the fresco.

Shaw went by electric tram to the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, entered a door marked " Cenacolo Vinciano," tendered a franc at the turnstile, walked up the wide, bare refectory, and seated himself upon one of the chairs placed for the convenience of pilgrims to Leonardo's *Last Supper.*

He was contemplating this pathetic ruin, when a guttural voice at his ear began to recapitulate the names of the Apostles, indicating them with a grimy thumb as he spoke their names. Impatiently Shaw waved him away.

Leonardo's fresco is faded and peeling. On easels, and hanging upon the walls, are copies of *The Last Supper,* the majority of them garishly finished, all Leonardo's subtlety gone. How *The Last Supper* looked when Leonardo wrought it upon that wall, we may in part judge from the study of the head of the central figure, although that, too, has suffered from Time and the restorer. It hangs in the Brera Gallery. On the face there is a faint flush of colour ; the head is bent as if the weight of grief bears it down ; the eyelids are heavy with sorrow.

Lonely is Leonardo on his pedestal towering above

Milan, and alone he stands in the hierarchy of the art world. Separate, apart, always about some secret business, as Pater said, appears this unapproachable figure. Shaw traced his few scattered works through the galleries of Milan ; found a collection of drawings and MSS. by him in the picture gallery of the Biblioteca Ambrosiana ; found the influence of Leonardo in the intent smooth profile of Bianca Maria Sforza, afterwards wife of Maximilian I., here resting for a moment from the adventures of life. Once the portrait of this lady with the straight dark hair, the necklace of pearls, and the strange head-dress, was thought to be by Leonardo.

In the Brera Gallery he received a shock, a sudden attack upon his emotions that stirred him like a page of " Lear." He will never forget his first glimpse of the *Christ Dead* of Mantegna. The painter knew death and grief at first hand, and he was a master of draughtsmanship. In that awful foreshortened figure of Christ, and those two unhappy women, he has stated the profundity of his terrible knowledge. Shaw would see much of Mantegna at Verona and Padua, and wonder at his sculpturesque power ; but never again was he to come so close to Mantegna as he did when his eyes first met that foreshortened Christ and those grief-stricken faces intruding into the domain of death.

In a small room at the Brera were two Titians. Either would give a painter enduring fame. One was the dark, brilliant portrait of *Antonio Porcia ;* the other, a *Saint Jerome.*

CHRIST DEAD

From the Picture by Mantegna at Milan

Giacomo Brogi

A YOUNG BRIDE

From the Picture by Piero Della Francesca in the Poldi-Pezzoli Museum, Milan

"You are as fine a piece of glowing paint as I've seen for many a day," said Shaw, apostrophising the Saint. "I don't want you ; but if ever I open an art school I would like to hang you upon the big wall of the studio as an example of supreme workmanship, and of subject subservient to treatment."

Sitting alone in the little room where these Titians hang, and considering the pictures he had seen that day at the Brera, he recalled that astonishing work, *Finding the Dead Body of St. Mark*, by Tintoretto. How mighty the conception is ! How that towering figure of the saint dominates the scene ! The explanation of the miracle was of small account : what he revelled in was the bigness of the motive, and Tintoretto's dashing design and execution.

Either Shaw was in an appreciative mood that day, or the pictures of the Brera were of exceptional interest. Two days before, he would have scorned the idea that Raphael could rouse him to enthusiasm ; but, after sitting for ten minutes in the cabinet where his *Marriage of the Virgin* stands on an easel in solitary magnificence, he caught himself muttering, and with emphasis, "By Jove ! the colour *is* lovely." His eye assimilated with delight the azure sky surrounding the temple, the peep of blue through the open door, the warm yellow of the bricks, and the radiant robes. The set, simpering gracefulness of some of the figures did not please him, and he would fain have covered over the rejected suitor who breaks his wand on his knee ; but he liked the head of St. Joseph, downcast,

modest, as if he felt himself undeserving of the honour. Raphael knew that man Joseph, and painted him surely and swiftly—the tumbled hair of him, the hidden eyes, and the weak mouth.

But *The Marriage of the Virgin*, in spite of its charm of colour, remained an unresponsive creation : it did not provoke that ache of sympathy which some of the faint frescoes in the long entrance corridor by unknown painters of the Lombard school had aroused. One of them, a *Pietà*, reminded him of the fresco he had seen at Genoa on the first day of his Italian tour. Here, too, only the base of the cross is shown. Against it the face of one agonised woman is pressed : her companions, standing near, are dumb with grief. One of these frescoes was by Bernardino Luini ; but it was not through a veil of grief that he saw Luini after he had left the gallery. He saw him against a bower of roses where he has set a Madonna in the midst of a fair landscape of trees and meadow land. Roses and a green country in a fading fresco, with bits of the church wall for which it was painted showing through.

Beauty was his last impression of thriving Milan, the city of Leonardo and of tramcars.

He found it in the quiet, richly garnished house that the Cav. Poldi-Pezzoli bequeathed to the town in 1879 ; in the lovely face of Botticelli's *Madonna ;* in Francesco Bonsignori's large-eyed saint ; and in Piero della Francesca's thinly painted head of a *Young Bride* in a green dress, with red embroidery upon her shoulder.

CHAPTER XXII

VERONA: A LADDER, AND A PILGRIM

The hotel at Verona was in a narrow street, airless and noisy: at the end of this dingy thoroughfare of old Verona was a statue; tall, white, mysterious it looked by moonlight on the evening of Shaw's arrival. It was right that Paolo Veronese should inspire his initial interest in Verona, for he was a citizen of the city through which the Adige rushes —that river which Canaletto painted, by whose banks the air is always fresh and invigorating.

Next morning he lingered for an hour in the Winter Garden of the hotel picturing Verona in his mind's eye, the city of which Ruskin said, "Nature might herself compete and be vanquished"; the city of the amphitheatre; of the tombs of the Scaligers; of marble doorways; of palaces high above the market-place on whose walls patches of ancient frescoes linger.

Verona is her own attraction: the picture gallery is not important.

He was arrested by a swashbuckling portrait of a man in armour by Paolo Veronese, the warrior Guarienti, his hand resting on his halberd, his helm by his side, his armour gleaming. Titian would

not have allowed Guarienti's features to be outshone by his shining armour.

When he left the picture gallery he followed the course of the river until he came to the church of Santa Maria in Organo. He did not anticipate any emotional excitement from the frescoes in this church, or from the views of the town upon the choir stalls, or from the carved ebony and walnut candelabrum ; but when he reached the choir he knew that a considerable adventure was awaiting him.

Painted on the panel-backs of the seats in front of the high altar he saw six landscapes. He passed his hand over his eyes, hardly believing the evidence of his sight. Yes : they were pure landscapes. In the foreground of one a duck was swimming in a blue pool ; the rippling of the surface of the water by the motion of its feet had been faithfully studied from Nature. In the distance were hills ; a little town was perched upon one of them ; a path ran up the left of the picture, and along it natural figures were walking.

In another of the landscapes a bridge had been thrown across a stream—a Whistlerian bridge, with small houses upon it ; the water that flowed beneath the bridge was really wet, and the small figure of the peasant who trudged up the road to the right looked really like a man walking up a lane. Indeed, all these six landscapes adumbrated an atmosphere of freshness and light that he had never yet seen in a picture in an Italian church. These landscapes must be modern he thought.

No ! Cavazzola was born in 1486, and Brusasoorci in 1494. Truly, it was a discovery to find six fresh landscapes in this church by the Adige.

Verona was a city of contrasts and surprises. S ill day-dreaming of that duck swimming in the stream, that bridge across the river, those home-going wayfarers, he strolled down the passage adjoining the Tribunal, and came suddenly upon the little church of Santa Maria Antica. There, before him in that unfrequented corner of Verona, were the monuments that the mighty family of the Scaligers had erected to their own honour ; but it was not the Gothic tombs lauding the lesser members of the family that captivated him. It was the monument of Can Grande himself, the founder of the family, standing amused and defiant above the porch of the little church where they worshipped. His body lies below ; two mastiffs guard the sarcophagus, embrazoned with the badge of the family—a ladder. The eye travels upwards until it rests upon the astonishing figure of Can Grande riding forth to battle, his sword in his hand, his helm tossed over his shoulder, and on his face a broad grin, still defying death, still treating it with amused contempt, as in life. There is something unforgettable about this monument—the long cloth covering the charger, its vacant eyes, Can Grande's alert and knowing seat in the saddle, the vitality of his squat figure, and that smile, a moment of buffoonery made eternal.

The name of the sculptor is unknown. Did he

fashion the figure from his own invention? Or did Can Grande say to him, "Make a statue of me showing that I was unafraid. Let the world see Can Grande smiling at death, as he smiled at life?"

The badge of the family, a ladder, is repeated a hundred times on these tombs, woven into the iron railings, carved on the stone sarcophagi; it dominates the towering monuments. That laughing face of Can Grande danced and blinked before Shaw's eyes as he made his way through one of the gates of the city, the Porta del Palio, to the fringe of the beautiful and fertile district round Verona. The city slumbered under the blue sky; the scent of the hay came to him; outstretched was the luxuriant landscape that merges into the grape country.

On this spot Goethe stood and absorbed the beauty of the land, recording his emotions in his diary of his Italian tour.

Shaw threw himself at full length upon the hay, and reflected upon the harvest that his eyes had gathered. Mantegna's picture of the *Madonna Enthroned*, in the church of San Zeno Maggiore, had not impressed him. The Master was not in a happy mood when he painted that Madonna; but the festoons of flowers and fruit that decorate the picture are pleasant.

Neither did he recall with any satisfaction the dwarfs that support the holy water basins in the church of Sant' Anastasia. The figures are bent double by their load; the burden of life is prolonged after

Giacomo Brogi

CAN GRANDE'S MONUMENT

From the Tombs of the Scaligers, Verona

Anderson

A PILGRIM

Detail from the Fresco by Pisanello in the Church of S. Anastasia, Verona

death. Each time that he entered the church those straining figures troubled him. Unhappy souls for whom there is no rest! If the tax of life must continue to be paid after the body has left its tenement, better the defiant attitude of laughing Can Grande.

Going homewards he stopped at a photographer's. Turning over the collection of Verona prints, he was surprised to find a series of photographs of frescoes by Pisanello, representing *St. George and the Princess of Trebizonde*. The figures were so clear and rich that he could not understand why in his visits to the church of Sant' Anastasia he had overlooked them.

He sought the Church of Sant' Anastasia in the morning, and, after much peering, at last discovered these frescoes. They have a lofty situation, very lofty, high above the arch of the choir. It was impossible for a pair of human eyes to distinguish them, disfigured by damp and time; but a camera on a scaffolding had penetrated through the dirt, mildew, and stains of time, and revealed the Princess and St. George as Pisanello painted them. Or perhaps, the frescoes had been temporarily removed and photographed.

They are among the decorations of the Pelegrini Chapel that perpetuate the greatness of the family of that name. Their badge was a pilgrim, and the figure of a pilgrim appears as often in the chapel of the Pelegrini as the ladder on the tombs of the Scaligers.

The Pelegrini lived in an age when people were not

ashamed of their faith : so it was natural for them to overlay two walls of their chapel with terra-cotta reliefs illustrating the life of Christ. There they stand—these reliefs—in that warm imperishable material of terra-cotta, looking as crisp as on the day it was fired. There they remain, these scenes from the life of Christ, that the Pelegrini family chose to perpetuate their memory—a *Descent from the Cross*, *a Weeping of the Faithful over the Dead Body*, and everywhere that badge of the family, a Pilgrim.

Three impressions lingered in his mind when he left Verona and turned his face towards Padua—the landscapes in the church of Santa Maria in Organo, the badge of the Pelegrini family, a pilgrim ; and those moments when he stood where Goethe lingered beyond the Porto del Palio and saw Verona slumbering in the noonday heat.

CHAPTER XXIII

PADUA, AND THE KISS OF JUDAS

PERAMBULATING the streets of Padua, he was passing a building, distinguished even in that city of splendid edifices, when an official touched him upon the shoulder, and invited him to enter. It was the University, the celebrated Univeristy of Padua.

In the colonnades he realised that there is a method of wall-decoration as impressive, and as inspiriting to the imagination as frescoes or pictures—*i.e.*, the armorial bearings of past students emblazoned on the walls of Padua University. All nationalities are represented on those immemorial tablets. The ubiquitous Scot is lavishly in evidence through the centuries : his passion for knowledge stands recorded on those venerable walls.

The austerity of this seat of learning prepared him for the severe accomplishment of Mantegna's frescoes in the Church of the Eremitani. They represent the life of St. James from his call to his execution. The first glimpse of these frescoes reveals their paternity. Who could mistake a Mantegna ? The figures look as if they had been carved in stone. They lack the graces and beauties of the Florentines ; but

they have their own qualities of firmness and intensity.

He focussed his attention on the fresco of St. James before Herod Agrippa. The figure of Herod Agrippa is dignified and indifferent: he listens, but he is not to be convinced. All the feeling of the scene is centred in the raised face of St. James. An attendant near by looks upwards at Herod with open lips as if astonished. Another standing retired from the central group may be disapproving. He frowns, his eyes are lowered; his head is turned away; he is the protesting figure.

On the facing wall is a fresco by Bono da Ferrara illustrating the legend of *St. Christopher*, treating the subject in the naïve way, often delightful, of the pre-perspective days.

The enormous figure of St. Christopher stands on the verge of a river. Behind is the small wigwam into which his colossal body could not possibly crawl. Little roads wind away to the hills at the back, and there are a church, animals, sportsmen, a figure who might be an early edition of Dr. Johnson, and tiny towns; but what is particularly interesting in this fresco is the agreeable fact that Bono da Ferrara looked at nature. He discovered one day when walking by some river's brink that reflections are beautiful and paintable. He has not managed them very well; they are hard, but valorously he made the attempt. He observed that the wigwam, the legs of St. Christopher, and the temple were reflected in the water;

Anderson

HEAD OF AN ATTENDANT

Detail from the Fresco "St. James before Herod Agrippa," by Mantegna, at Padua

Anderson

ST. CHRISTOPHER

From the Fresco by Bono da Ferrara at Padua

and he really tried to represent the reflections. All praise to Bono da Ferrara !

But the crown jewel of Padua is the chapel of the Arena, situated in an oval garden that was once a Roman circus. Giotto covered the interior of the chapel with frescoes telling the history of the Virgin and Christ.

This little chapel of the Arena, which contains nothing on its walls but the Giotto frescoes, has another abiding interest. Dante was an exile at Padua when Giotto was painting here, and there is good reason to suppose that he stood, not infrequently, by Giotto's side offering luminous suggestions, and grave comments. They are more direct than the frescoes at Assisi ; they show a keener sense of character, and a higher dramatic power. The figures in *The Kiss of Judas* are poignantly conscious of the central action of the drama : even the soldier whose ear is being severed seems unaware of the wound. It is a dramatic picture ; and are not the flaming torches, the swords and spears starting upwards, heralds of a noble scheme of decoration that Velasquez brought to perfection in *The Surrender of Breda ?*

Towards the end of the absorbing hour that he spent in the Chapel of the Arena, a stranger, the only other person present, except the custodian, who dozed in the open sun-flooded doorway, addressed him. He was an American artist, seeing Giotto for the first time, and he expressed his amazement at the Arena

achievement. Fresh from the schools in Munich, he talked volubly and enthusiastically of Giotto's drawing and composition.

"See how the figures are grouped," he whispered. "I've spent two years studying composition as a science—he seems to know it by instinct! And as for colour—look at the robe of Christ in the Ascension. It's radiant with beauty! And how fine are the upturned faces of the saints and angels, lifting their hands in adoration!"

It seemed fitting on the threshold of his first visit to Venice, where Art flowered into pomp and grandeur, that Shaw should linger before those frescoes by Giotto which represent the opening of the bud.

Later in the day, however, he had an experience that swept him at a bound to the high noon of Art.

He had wandered into the baptistery of the Church of the Carmine. Standing there on the damp stone floor, he examined the damaged, fading frescoes, unmoved, until his eyes rested upon *The Meeting of Joachim and Anna*, by Titian, a subject, like the Christ Bearer, that is always new. He saw the lovely landscape that Titian loved, the path by which Joachim, accompanied by his attendant who now kneels, has approached, and the sweeping joy of the meeting between these old people, so human, so affectionate. Anna embraces the old man; his left arm, burdened by his cloak, shoots out to enfold her; and around them is the reconciling gladness of the world.

Alinari

THE KISS OF JUDAS

From the Fresco by Giotto, in the Arena Chapel, Padua

Plate 63

Anderson

THE MEETING OF JOACHIM AND ANNA

Of course, scientific criticism proclaims that this picture is not a Titian : it was of the picture, not of the painter, that Shaw thought as the train carried him across the lagoon to Venice. In Venice, he imagined, he would find the fair, open page of art beautifully written and gorgeously emblazoned, all aglow with perfected beauty. As the train glided along the causeway, water on either side, strange boats with red sails sweeping over the lagoon against the sunset, gondolas stealing their way across the water, the dim spires of Venice beginning to appear on the horizon, he dreamed of art and idly wondered why he should have been fortuitously cast up, all unprepared, into the little world where art is an everyday reality and not a summer afternoon distraction.

"What am I doing there?" he asked himself. "Am I to be a fighter, or a mere camp-follower?"

Then he dreamed again, and saw the beginnings of European art in the catacombs at Rome; the advance of the artist and the glitter of the mosaics; Byzantium drawing all Italy to her influence; those dim thousand years when painters forgot Nature their mother; the domination of the Church and the painting and repainting of the old themes; the dawn of a new day beginning with the early sculptors who heralded the Renaissance; saw Duccio of Siena turn from the traditional Madonna and paint a woman gaunt and forbidding, but with human attributes; the eager Giotto start forward breathing his individuality into the art world, to persist there for two

hundred years; those spring flowers, Botticelli and his kin, inform their work with the magic of beauty; the luxuriant blooms of the Renaissance; curiosity, joy in life, the colour and the swagger of it, dominate Italy; the awakening in the minds of the few of the sense that the Renaissance was not the end; doubts and questions arise, an instinct grow into a certainty that there was much in the world that could not be expressed in beautiful forms and radiant colours; saw, in his vision at this point, the remote beginning of the modern movement.

As he dreamed of these things, nearer and nearer drew Venice. It was sunset; the water was myriad-coloured; domes and towers glowed. He was not near enough to see anything distinctly. The decay and squalor of Venice were hidden. He saw only her splendour; and in his mind's eye uprose the most gorgeous of all her adventures, the bedizened gondolas putting out from St. Mark's, and, in the van, one of them gloriously apparelled bearing the figure of the Doge sailing out to wed Venice to the Adriatic.

CHAPTER XXIV

VENICE, AND A PAINTER FROM SUSSEX

That first evening in Venice!

Sitting alone at sunset upon a balcony overlooking the Grand Canal, absorbing rather than watching the light in the sky, the twinkling lamps, the reflections in the water, and the silent Venetian life gliding past—gondolas, mysterious in the twilight, revealing figures potential with romance, the sound of music in the air, the sense of movement without weariness—Shaw became so possessed and fascinated that he wondered any man should ever wish to paint anything else than the beauty of that ever-shifting and noiseless spectacle.

Across the water the dome of Santa Maria della Salute hung in the opalescent air. Darkness fell; the single lamps of the gondolas swept past, their reflections streaming down into the water in long criss-cross lines, breaking away and joining the fire-fly shimmer on the blue surface like minute wandering stars.

His first days in Venice were spent in filial acknowledgment of the lingering beauty of the city. The experience was consolatory and melancholy in a pretty

way; but not invigorating. Venice engenders a quiet acquiescence in the passing of time, a feeling that her beauty is transitory as autumn tints. Skies, wind, and sun are ever fresh, ever renewed; but there is no dawn for Venice.

Winding in a gondola among her waterways, turning and twisting, he passed old doors, seeming as if they had not been opened for centuries, across which spiders have woven their webs, the worn steps mildew-stained and crumbling.

Were those heavy doors ever opened? Did anybody know whither the dark passages behind them led? Did feet ever ascend those broken steps?

On the Grand Canal Venice pretends that she is not ageing. Some of the buildings have been restored; new palaces have been built; the tall stakes to which the gondolas are moored are made bright with paint. Flowers fill the windows; and sometimes, when the front doors were open, he would see, lounging in cool courtyards, the gondoliers attached to the palace—tall figures in white suits, with blue sashes and flowing blue neckties, their smiling eyes and white teeth gleaming from faces burned the colour of a nut. They lounge in the corridors with the easy movements of health, of those who live in the open air, who have never, like Millet's peasants, crouched over and fraternised with the soil until the sad earnestness of mortality wails in their voices, bends their figures, and thins their blood.

There was excitement, too, in Venice. One day

a fire broke out in the small church of San Giorgio degli Schiavoni, and the famous pictures by Carpaccio were hastily removed. The church was in wild disorder, as if there had been riot. A few of the pictures had not been carried away, and among them was that busy representation of St. George killing the Dragon, with the quaint town rising to the left, and the pleasant landscape. In this little church Shaw discovered with delight that, in one of the scenes from the life of St. Jerome Carpaccio has painted the sunlight streaming into the room.

In the dark Scuola di San Rocco the extraordinary fertility and industry of Tintoretto amazed him. The building is gloomy; the pictures are dim. He could not say that he derived any pleasure from these colossal scriptural scenes.

In design Tintoretto's idea of the Annunciation is markedly unscriptural. Unlike Francia, he was not overburdened and circumscribed by the subject of the commission. Whatever it was, his exuberance brimmed over and carried him forward headlong; he gave his patrons, if not exactly the style of picture they asked for, a powerful and realistic rendering of the scene as it appeared to his seething imagination.

In a room by itself hangs his *Crucifixion*. If it did not arouse in Shaw either pity or awe, it certainly increased his wonder of Tintoretto's dynamic power.

His *Last Supper*, in the Church of San Giorgio Maggiore, although not in the least like the accepted idea of the scene, startled Shaw into admiration:

and he confessed himself conquered by *The Marriage at Cana* that hangs in the Sacristy—so excellent a place for a picture—of Santa Maria della Salute. The great table covered with the yellow cloth, at which the guests sit, stretches back from the foreground to the open windows at the end of the raftered hall. There is no repose : every figure is alert in this picture of bustling hospitality, with the small figure of Christ, seated, gently conversing at the far end of the long table.

The swish of the gondolas, the strange absence of noise, the feeling that everything in this tired city is declining into the eventide of life, set his thoughts to the tune of Lucy Ashton's song in the " Bride of Lammermoor " :

> " Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,
> Easy live and quiet die."

But the commanding sights of the city were constantly interjecting themselves into his mood. One day it was the colossal lion outside the Arsenal ; then the equestrian statue of General Colleoni, by Verocchio.

On another occasion he was dominated by Leonardo da Vinci. It was after a visit to the Accademia, where he found a case of Leonardo's drawings, revealing that profound mind experimenting, drawing and redrawing heads and horses, scribbling notes in the margin, always seeking expression for his overcharged imagination. When he was not scoring the paper with strange figures and hieroglyphics, he would produce one of those enigmatic inward-smiling faces whose secret is known only to Leonardo.

The paintings in the Doge's Palace provoked a feeling of bewilderment rather than of pleasure. They are all sumptuous; the decoration of the rooms is lavish; picture follows picture in brilliant progression; facility and flamboyancy say their last word, Shaw wandered restlessly through the vast halls like a child at a fair, his eye roaming from one sprawling splendour to another—Tintoretto, Veronese, Titian—all the galaxy of masters, feeling that if he had never seen the works of those painters elsewhere, if he had not had the opportunity of studying their masterpieces quietly, he would have simply lumped them together in one magnificent orgy of colour. He would have thought of them as Masters who could paint this as easily as that, whose desire was not to express individual character or emotion, but to represent royally the gorgeous idea of Venice.

Especially was this so with Tintoretto's portraits of the Doges. Not one has a shred of personality. They are not individuals—they never were; they are nameless representatives of Venice the Magnificent, sailing sunlit seas in her behalf, engulfed in her glory.

He was curious to see Tintoretto's *Paradise* in the Doge's Palace, the largest picture in the world; but when he reached the hall where this gigantic fresco should be peeling and fading he was astonished to find that the *Paradise* he sought was no longer on the east wall. On a frame in the middle of the hall, stretched upon an enormous canvas that ran from one side of the building to the other, was the *Paradise*.

A scaffold had been erected in front of the picture : high on this scaffold some Venetian artist had stationed himself with easel and palette, to copy a detail of the *Paradise.* He looked the size of a pigeon poised on a windmill.

Shaw wandered on through the gorgeous rooms, feeling, as he watched the visitors who thronged the halls, that he was not alone in considering that the art pilgrim need not remove his shoes at the vestibule of this show palace.

A ruddy-faced man, who was evidently tired of his own company, asked Shaw his opinion of Tintoretto's *Paradise.*

He gave it. The ruddy-faced man explained that he was a native of Sussex, and that for many years he had earned a living by producing water-colours of Venice for the Regent Street and Cheapside markets.

They stepped out upon the balcony and regarded the piazza of St. Mark's. A hoarding of boards surrounded the place where the Campanile formerly stood.

They gazed in silence. Then Shaw said to the painter, " Now, tell me candidly : do you derive any pleasure from the pictures and frescoes in the Doge's Palace ? "

" Of course I do," said the painter ; " but you must look at them in the right way. When I first came to Venice I used to come to the Doge's Palace every morning at the earliest moment—sometimes before the doors were open. 'Tisn't difficult to get

admission. I always brought a rug with me, and for half an hour at a time I've lain on that rug staring up at the ceiling. Yes: I had to get up when the first visitors came. They always stare so—after all, the Doge's Palace isn't a bedroom."

"Well, every one to his taste. It gives me vertigo merely to think of your way of looking at pictures."

The Doge's Palace had disappointed him; but he did not like the idea of leaving without carrying away some mental or emotional mememto, something that would germinate in his mind and give him pleasure in retrospect.

He wandered again through the rooms, descended the stairs, peered here and there. "The end is at hand," he thought. "I must give up the quest," and just then an attendant advanced and asked him if he had seen the Titian fresco.

Wearily he answered in the negative.

The attendant conducted him through several rooms; then opened a door in the wall. It was not a room at all. It was a lobby with a staircase. The stone stairs, which had been newly scrubbed, faced him; the walls of the lobby had just been white-washed; their white simplicity was delightfully restful after the interminable painted walls and ceilings of the palace.

"But what have you brought me here for?" Shaw asked. "I don't see any fresco by Titian."

The attendant bade him ascend the stairs and turn.

Facing him, above the doorway by which he had entered, was the Titian fresco. Instantly he knew that here, in this whitewashed lobby, was the object that would remain in his mind as the thing that mattered in the Doge's Palace. Was it because this St. Christopher hangs by itself on a whitewashed wall, because there was nothing else to distract the eye, that Titian's picture of the Christ-bearer seemed to him to be the one significant picture he had seen that day ?

Moreover, it is Venice. St. Christopher strides through the shallow waters of the lagoon. In the distance, slight against the gigantic figure of the saint, stands the tower of San Giorgio Maggiore. The soft glowing light of Venice is suffused in the picture. It is Venice—it is Titian. It hangs alone—and Venice and Titian were one.

CHAPTER XXV

A VENETIAN REVERIE

He had been a week in Venice. His mind was stored with the myriad details of her beauty ; but he desired to picture her floating before him as a whole in one enveloping impression. He bade his gondolier take him across to the Church of San Giorgio Maggiore and ascended the Campanile. Venice was outstretched before him. An hour he lingered in the stillness. There was no noise, no distraction. Wherever he looked, he saw the canals and lagoons shimmering in the sunshine. Far away, the mainland loomed faintly out from the haze ; still farther, the islands floated on the unruffled waters. The only signs of life were the figures of the people moving on the spit of land beneath him, the steamers shooting across to the Lido, and the gondolas gliding along the waterways.

Looking out over Venice from the Campanile, recalling her flaming past in the history of art, he pieced together such fragments as were known to him, holding them as they floated through his brain.

He saw her undisturbed by the progress of painting in other towns of Italy, proudly content with herself ;

saw her by-and-by, inviting sculptors and architect to cross the lagoon and build and decorate her buildings ; saw her rise into majesty and dominion, borrowing painters from the service of the Church, and persuading them to blazon the glory of Venice on the walls of the Doge's Palace ; saw the rich citizens returning from civic duties to their homes, and heard in imagination their complaints that whenever they wished to enjoy pictures they must go forth and stand with others in public buildings or churches. Thus was begotten the desire for the private possession of works of art ; thus was created the easel-picture which a man may look at whenever he has the fancy and say, " That is mine."

Equipped, ready to meet the demand, was Giorgione, first master of the easel-picture—that suave and brilliant youth who, having flushed his individuality over Italy, died young.

The world, it seemed to the Venetians, had become ripe ; and Venice was the tree on which the ripe fruit hung ; and Giorgione painted in the most accomplished and alluring way the joy of life, its appeal to the eye, and the fulness of its fruition.

Lounging on the balcony of the Campanile of San Giorgio Maggiore that evening at sunset, after a long day with pictures, Shaw made a retrospective summary of all he had seen in the Accademia, trying, as he had tried at Florence, to coax to the surface of his memory such significant works as had particularly appealed to him.

The retrospect took the form of a conversation, wherein he had played the part of Mentor, with a bright-eyed, energetic curate, with whom he had fraternised at the Accademia. It happened to be the last day of the curate's sojourn in Venice. He had hastened to Italy six months before for his health, had lodged with a family, had learned the language and had studied every picture and art object that met his eager eyes. The curate was breathless with the abundance of beautiful things that he had seen. He was as much dazzled by Venice as a child by a blaze of fireworks.

"I have given up trying to co-ordinate anything," he had said. "It's all a whirl of splendour, and colour, and dancing life. I can't dissociate one thing from the other. I must wait until I am able to go over it all quietly at home."

He was such a pleasant little fellow, so enthusiastic and modest, that Shaw felt like a teacher able to explain the intricacies of the multiplication table to a lively child.

"Let me," he said, "show you the half a dozen things that have left the most vivid impression upon me in the Accademia. I don't say they're the best; but they stand out."

Thus speaking, he took the curate's arm and led him to the *Jesus in the House of Levi*, by Veronese.

"In Veronese," said Shaw, "you are face to face with a typical son of Venice by adoption. In his veins all the pagan swagger and pomp of Venice ran.

The power to express the eye's delight in sumptuous scenes was his—the splendour of things seen; not the interior vision of Rembrandt, Mantegna, and Van Eyck. Fine men, beautiful women, gorgeous raiment are his properties. Bidden to paint a picture of *Jesus in the House of Levi*, he painted what appealed to him—the trappings and magnificence of the house of Levi. Beneath the central arch the figure of Christ may be noted; but he is merely one of the guests who are supping in the prosperous house of Levi. As he turns away to speak to a disciple, another seizes the opportunity to help himself liberally from the dish. The guests show no reverence: each is busy with his own concerns. The most conspicuous figure, you will observe, is Levi himself, who stands with outstretched arm, haranguing the servants to bestir themselves."

"I have heard," said the curate, "that the Bishop who commissioned this picture was displeased with its irreverance."

"He had reason," said Shaw; "but I doubt if that troubled Veronese much."

Next he propelled the curate to that magnificent Paris Bordone, the *Fisherman presenting the Ring to the Doge*.

"Burckhardt says that this is the most beautiful ceremonial picture in existence," whispered the curate.

"And what magnificent colour!" cried Shaw. "How the yellow in the marble glows! Other pictures by Bordone are cold and dull; but the mere act of having to paint Venice seems to have dipped

Carlo Naya

LEVI HARANGUING THE SERVANTS

Detail from "Jesus in the House of Levi" by Veronese, in the Accademia, Venice

Carlo Naya

THE ETERNAL

his brush in sunshine. Here you have two characteristic pictures of Venice by two of her foremost painters. Are they clear in your mind ? "

The curate nodded.

" Then let us go to the room where Titian's *Assumption* hangs."

" I don't say, mind," Shaw continued, " that I like this Titian better than some of his other works ; but have you ever seen anything finer than the head of the Eternal ? "

" There is one picture I should like to show you," said the curate ; " or, rather, one figure in a picture. I mean the figure of our Lady in Titian's *Presentation in the Temple.* The picture hangs exactly where it was placed when first painted. There can be no mistake about that, as the canvas is cut at the bottom to make room for the tops of two doors. The effect is quite odd. There it is. Isn't the figure of Our Lady sweet ? What simplicity ! How reverently Titian has suggested the divinity in that little human body ! "

" Are you coming here again to-morrow ? " asked Shaw, as they stood by the egress door.

" Alas, no ! I am returning to England to-morrow."

They parted. Shaw stayed in the Accademia and spent an hour with the Ursula series of pictures by Carpaccio. They have an historical interest ; but the only picture that appealed to him was that simple and tidy chamber where the saint lies asleep called *The Dream of St. Ursula.* It has all the *naïveté.* of a Dutch picture. One does not soon forget the

head and the fair hair of the little saint who is tucked up so neatly in her bed beneath the carefully folded sheet and the orderly coverlet.

On the day before he left Venice, he was taken by an hotel acquaintance to one of the old palaces on the Grand Canal which a wealthy resident of Venice, who is also a connoisseur and man of taste, has spent years, and a fortune, in restoring. He has not hurried over his congenial task. One room is finished—the chapel, quite bare, but containing above the place where the altar will stand, a *St. Sebastian*, by Mantegna. This is the last picture that Mantegna painted; it was found in his studio at the time of his death; upon it the painter had inscribed dimly these words, "Nothing but the Divine endures —the rest is smoke."

As Shaw glided down the Grand Canal in his gondola on the way to the station he closed his eyes, sad at heart to think that he was about to leave Italy.

Slight but memorable images recurred: the marble palaces of Genoa; the silence of the Campo Santo at Pisa; the poppies above the tomb of St. Priscilla at Rome; his white cell at Assisi; the drive along the Umbrian valley to Perugia; the Arno flowing through Florence; the broken evangelists at Siena; the cypress church at Lucca; those fair, dead ladies at Florence, the——

Suddenly the gondola bumped against the railway-station quay. With an effort he brought himself to ask which was the departure platform for Budapest.

Carlo Naya

THE DREAM OF ST. URSULA

From the Picture by Carpaccio, in the Accademia, Venice

Wemwurm Antal

"A Quiet Man, a Dreamer"

From the Portrait by Giorgione, at Budapest

CHAPTER XXVI

BUDAPEST AND GIORGIONE

It is a journey of many hours from Venice to Budapest.

Italy to Austria-Hungary—what a contrast! On the station wall of the frontier town he saw the soft, sweet name of Gorizia alongside the hard Gorz. Then Italy faded into the night: the last he saw of her was the blue Adriatic with a castle upon a hill.

Nature, not art, filled his mind while daylight lasted on that long journey—Nature in her wildest and most solitary moods in stony uplands and deep valleys.

When the brief night ended he awoke to find the train running parallel with a great inland sea. Between the railway line and those desolate waters were vast prairie lands over which herds of horses and oxen stampeded at the approach of the train.

Lying in his bunk, watching the panorama unfolding before him, he visualised the pictures that had impressed him in Venice. Suddenly he started. He could not remember a single work by Giorgione—not one. Really, it was inexcusable to have missed them. He took no more pleasure in the inland sea, or in the

herds of horses and oxen. What did it mean? He had traversed Italy and had not seen a Giorgione. He jumped from bed and tumbled his guide-books and catalogues upon the counterpane.

The attendant, a Hungarian who spoke English, hearing movements, popped his head into the compartment.

"I take the bed away—shall I?"

"No, no!" said Shaw. Then, seeing the good man gazing in astonishment at the litter of books, he diverted his attention with an inquiry:

"Is that a sea?" he asked.

"Mister, sir, it is the Platen See. It works like some waves. It moves up, down. So!"

With a bow he closed the door, and Shaw sought among his books for references to Giorgione.

"His life was short," he read, "and very few of his works—not a score in all—have escaped destruction." One was at Castelfranco, his native town—an altar-piece—why had he not visited Castelfranco? There are two or three at Venice, but not authenticated. He had missed them all. How annoying! Was there anything at Budapest? Good! The Academy contained a portrait of Antonio Brocardo by Giorgione. He was about to make a note of it when the attendant again appeared in the doorway and said, "Budapest next stations."

The capital of Hungary—built upon either bank of the Danube, Buda lying on one side, Pest on the other—does not promise well for art. The laden

steamers, the miles of wharfs, the great white modern buildings of Pest, the electric tramcars, suggest prosperity and pleasure. As Shaw drove from the station in a pair-horse vehicle he would have indulged in delicate regrets for Venice and the hill-towns of Italy had not his coachman driven at such a break-neck pace.

He found the Academy without difficulty. Three officials welcomed him; and one of them insisted on exhibiting the rococo chamber, decorated with Hungarian landscapes, where the Hungarian Academy meets. Having emitted appropriate grunts of admiration—for what foreigner would dare to converse in a country where a small furniture shop displays on its windows this information: "Meges-ak Par Napig! Nytiva"?—Shaw paid his 50 kr. and was conducted upstairs.

The picture gallery was locked and barred. Rooms were opened, blinds withdrawn, for Claude Williamson Shaw was the solitary visitor to the 810 pictures, including 50 by Spanish painters, and nearly 100,000 engravings and drawings. The custodian never left him. Whithersoever he strayed, those creaky Hungarian boots followed. The man was courteous. Shaw had but to throw a half-glance over his shoulder and his Magyar gaoler creaked to his side gesticulating and reading aloud the labels that were plainly written beneath each picture. It did not lull Shaw's nerves to hear the sweet Italian names—"Duccio di Buoninsegna" "Niccolo da Foligno"—ground from a

Magyar throat with the noise that an automobile makes when its owner proposes to start.

But an experience that made him quite oblivious to the peripatetic Hungarian was coming. Roaming through one of the rooms, he was delighted by a grave portrait that immediately proclaimed itself to be the perfect accomplishment of a perfect craftsman—the head and bust of a man, virile and feminine, either and both. The hair is long and parted in the middle, the mouth large and sensuous; the eyes are full, the chin is strong. He gazes downwards in an attitude of reflection, and the hand touching the bosom would seem to be asking a personal question. He is a quiet man, a dreamer, a mystic; and the technique of this unforgettable portrait is in accord with the dignified arrangement of the masses. The grey yellowy-green complexion is faintly but sufficiently relieved against the grey, yellowy-green background. The picture is a perfect harmony without a discordant element—a work of art that, under the painter's accomplished hand, methodically approached perfection. The ultimate point reached, this wise craftsman stopped. It was finished. He was trained to express himself to the utmost limit and then desist.

This exquisite portrait fascinated Shaw, held him, set him conjecturing who the painter might be. The name "Barbarelli" beneath the frame gave him no clue. Proposing to spend 30 kr. on a catalogue, he threw a glance from the tail of his eye at the custo-

dian. The creaky boots drew nigh. "Giorgione," said the harsh voice in his ear.

"What?"

"Giorgione!"

"Of course!" Shaw muttered, "Giorgio Barbarelli is the name of him we style Giorgione." He could have wrung the Magyar's hand. To meet the great Giorgione thus, by chance in Budapest—to hear his cry across the centuries! It was magnificent. So delighted was he that when the custodian, much encouraged, thrust his thick thumb towards a Mary Magdalene and said, "Correggio," Shaw smiled sympathetically.

When at last he reluctantly withdrew from the Giorgione, he perceived a portrait honoured by a separate easel in the middle of the room.

This portrait, by Sebastiano del Piombo, is also an accomplished work, luscious as a dish of ripe fruit, but not grave and spiritual, as is the Giorgione. This heavy, languorous, anixous, supercilious man sits at an open window through which a deep blue sky shines: a still deeper blue floods the low buildings.

Shaw lifted an eyebrow in the direction of the custodian.

From the pantomimic monologue that ensued he gathered that this was a portrait of Raphael.

"Raphael Sanzio?" asked Shaw.

"Ya! Ya!"

The picture gallery of Budapest had already revealed two agreeable surprises. Another, in a different

manner, was awaiting him in the circular picture by his old friend, Ghirlandajo, illustrating St. John transcribing his vision. Ghirlandajo here shows that he had true feeling for landscape, with the sea caressing those little promontories, the grey-blue distant hills, the ships at anchor, and the light overarching sky.

How about the Hungarians themselves? Had they not wooed the arts? Yes: in a room devoted to Hungarian works of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, he found a picture of the daughter of Herodias dancing before the King. No: not a great work, but sincere, childlike, quiet and quaint.

Shaw spent his last hour at Budapest lounging on the quay watching that invigorating spectacle, repeated many times a day, of which one never tires—the huge ferry steamers, crossing the rushing Danube from Pest to Buda. They start bravely from the pier far above the point which they wish to make on the other side; then the current catches them, and they are carried fifty yards downstream. When close to their destination the sturdy steamers make a supreme effort and just reach, as by a miracle, the pier on the opposite bank.

He could have watched that spectacle of light and movement all the morning. "Why," he asked himself, "do these simple sights give one such keen pleasure? I don't want to paint it; but I should like to write about that boat, making her a live thing, exulting in her daily life, and relating her adventures, when moored at night against the silent quay."

As he entered the carriage that was to drive him to the station he paused on the step, for another steamer was just starting off on her brief tumultuous voyage.

The concierge raised his hat and said, "'appy journey."

At this Shaw smiled. "Happy" was hardly the epithet to apply to a journey of four hours to Vienna in the hottest part of a very hot Austrian day.

CHAPTER XXVII

VIENNA, AND THE WAYS OF THE SUN

VIENNA is a city of airy spaces, lofty buildings, and cheerful streets. The Imperial Museums—whither the art collections have been brought from the Belvedere, the Imperial Hofburg, and other palaces—is the finest building of the kind in the world. It stands for the energy with which art, architecture, and decoration have been informed of recent years in the Austrian Capital. Shaw felt a little bewildered. Where should he begin?

He wandered through the streets. The first object that stayed his steps proclaimed that Secessionist movement in art which has dominated Austria even more than Germany and Paris.

Down by the markets, rising from the midst of the palatial buildings and houses of new Vienna, he saw a gilt dome, composed of metal-work imitating foliage, surmounting a weird building. It is the contribution of an advanced Viennese architect to the New Art, the home of the Austrian Secessionist movement. Unfortunately, it was a between-exhibitions time. However, he knocked at the door, and was permitted to peep at the kind of decorations that the practi-

tioners of the New Art effect. It was very odd and very peculiar, pleasing in a way, the kind of decoration to be tasted on a passing visit, not to be digested in the ordeal of familiarity.

The time to be serious had come. He hailed a carriage, and told the driver to take him to the new Imperial Museums.

These splendid buildings flank the Maria Theresa Platz. In the middle of this noble Platz stands Maria Theresa's monument watched by the twin Imperial Museums. In one the enormous natural-history collection is housed; the other contains the art collections. It seemed impossible to gain even a bowing acquaintance with their contents under a week.

He ascended the steps of the picture gallery and began bravely. "Spick and span," "bright and merry," "glittering," "large and lofty," are the epithets that describe his impressions of the first room. His eye was fresh; the day was brilliant; he was in the mood to be cajoled.

On the first wall was a series of pictures by Correggio; and, recalling what he had thought about Correggio at Parma, he sighed and wondered if he had been unjust to that painter. There was a frank and imaginative sumptuousness about his *Jupiter and Io* and his *Ganymede* that, without untowardly stirring his emotions, suggested that as a painter of easel-pictures, without much thought, but with plenty of vivacity, Correggio holds a high position among the second-class masters.

On the wall facing the Correggio, Raphael's colour again delighted him. He liked the figures and the grouping as little as ever; but the landscape flushing the background and the Madonna's fair head standing out against the sky were good to regard.

It was the portraits in the Imperial Museum that moved him. The most impressive of them all was *Rembrandt's Mother* that he found in one of the small cabinets—not only because it is suffused by the Rembrandt glowing golden-brown; not only because the painting has truth and directness, that attribute only of the greatest masters; but also because there is something inherent in it that lifts this portrait of an old woman into the rank of the few undying things. The son had painted what he loved and revered. Everything that years had marked on the lined, patient face has been observed—the furrows in the flesh, the red weariness round the eyes, the parted lips, the toothless mouth, the old hands dependent upon the stick: nothing has been overstated. It is the testimony of a son of genius to the face he probably knew better than any face in the world, and upon it he has concentrated all his craftsmanship and love.

Near by was another great work by Rembrandt. Different, yet exquisite, is this portrait of *The Singing Boy*. Dark, as the portrait of the Mother is dark, it is alive with youth and light. One feels that here music has been painted. The happy boy is quietly singing. You hear in the motions of that sensitive face the cheery harmonies in which he is rejoicing.

REMBRANDT'S MOTHER

From the Portrait by Rembrandt, in the Imperial Museum, Vienna

J. Löwy

THE SINGING BOY

From the Portrait by Rembrandt, in the Imperial Museum, Vienna

Turning from Rembrandt, Shaw's eyes rested upon a portrait by Palma Vecchio—the well-known *Violante*. Sumptuous she is, and the treatment is broad; but, after regarding this and other portraits by Palma Vecchio, he was conscious of the curious feeling that he did not believe what Palma Vecchio told him. He believed absolutely what Rembrandt had told him in the portrait of his Mother—he knew that the man's whole sincerity of thought and vision had gone into that picture—but this sumptuous beauty of Palma Vecchio, with the fair hair and the blue eyes, did not convince.

Titian's portrait of *Charles V.* convinced him absolutely. There is something uncanny about this thin, cruel face with the unsettled eyes, the weak wandering look, so unlike another portrait of Charles V. by Titian of which he had seen a photograph—that hawk, bird of prey, who rides forth on his charger in the great gallery at Madrid.

Moroni has won fame with the British public by a single portrait. There are those who consider his *Tailor* in the National Gallery one of the finest portraits in the world. Moroni had the power of setting a man in his environment, suggesting his character and temperament, without loss of pictorial sensibility. Shaw paused before his portrait of a *Sculptor*. How intelligently explanatory of this man's craft is the torso he holds in those capable hands! The face is the face of an idealist; he sees things in form, not in colour; his grasp is tense and light; he has no doubts; he is proud of his work; he does not ask for

approbation, but says simply, "Here is what I have done; the work of my hand—me!"

Then came disappointment. Albert Durer, of all people, was the cause, and the particular picture was his famous *Adoration of the Trinity*. It shows all Durer's genius for detail; he has slurred nothing: every incident is painted with extraordinary care and knowledge; yet the picture is lifeless and uninteresting. It glitters; but it does not persuade because it is a series of scenes, not a co-ordinated whole.

The depression that Albert Durer's *Trinity* engendered remained with him. He wandered vaguely through the interminable galleries, his eyes roaming listlessly over walls of pictures, until his fatigue became an annoyance, and he longed for fresh air and the sight of sunshine. He emerged into the Maria Theresa Platz, and strolled through the dazzling air until he came to a garden, where, beneath the trees, tables covered with cool, white cloths were placed.

By chance he had found the Hofgarten. He seated himself at one of the tables under the trees and toyed with luncheon. Ruminating over his coffee, it gradually dawned upon him what a beautiful sight lay outstretched for his benefit in the shimmer of the white tablecloths, some in sun, some in shadow, stretching away through the arcade of trees, the sunlight dappling through the leaves and making restless patterns upon the grass and gravel paths. It was the triumph of sunshine in the stillest hour. Two children in blue dresses were nursing their dolls, and near by was a

girl in a white dress with the right touch of colour in the pink ribbon that fastened her Panama hat beneath her chin. By her side sat an officer, in the blue uniform that is the pleasantset hue of any uniform in Europe. The leaves stirred in the breezes : new shafts of light darted through the trees.

" If I had the technical power," he thought, " what a joy it would be to sit here undisturbed and paint ! "

In that quiet, brilliant hour, life from which he was quite detached eddying round him, alone in a foreign town, the Inner Memory, which hides in all, and can stir only when we are removed from practicalities, moved and rippled in harmony with the vision of his eyes.

Like one in a dream he mused, seeing the remainder of his life devoted to recording his joy in the beauty of the world as it shone before him in a tiny section, trying to paint it, offering his testimony to that beauty —perhaps not wholly for his own enjoyment— perhaps—who knew ?—for the happiness of some others. He had not the slightest wish to attempt great things, to range himself as a camp-follower of the mighty painters in whose company he had passed the morning ; they were above and beyond—Titians.

Perhaps some small corner of the world of landscape-painting might be awaiting him, where he could seek a continuation of the mood that was his at that supreme moment.

Unconsciously he began to fumble for his pencil and note-book, and began the essay, which some folk since have rather liked, called " The Ways of the Sun."

CHAPTER XXVIII

VIENNA : A DUTCHMAN AND TWO CHILDREN BY VELASQUEZ

Next morning, before revisiting the Imperial Museum of Vienna, he sought the Academy of Arts.

The students in their holland blouses crowding the entrance halls revived that atmosphere of youth and enthusiasm which he had breathed in Paris. They were beginning their career ; hope tripped with them ; his heart went out to these Viennese students, so eager to essay, so high-spirited, so young.

He passed on to the pictures—to one by Murillo, two boys playing with dice, which reminded him of that which he was apt to forget when looking at Murillo's Biblical pictures—that he was a fine craftsman when he trusted to his eyes, and not to his sentimental imagination.

He also found a Titian, an early work, thrown off by the master in a moment of youthful confidence, just a Cupid seated on a stone parapet against a blue sky—Titian blue—and the gables of the house are faintly touched by the sun.

But his principal discovery was a picture that held him for a longer time than any other work at the

J. Lecky

A Dutch Family in a Courtyard

From the Picture by Pieter de Hooch, at the Academy, Vienna

J. Lucy

AN AUTUMN LANDSCAPE

Academy. It was by Pieter de Hooch, called simply *A Dutch Family in a Courtyard.* This picture was a theme upon which a professor of painting who loved his work and his art could expatiate to his pupils day after day without wearying them or himself. Who dares to say that it lacks imagination ? The imagination can flower on simple things, seeking unobtrusive beauties, seeing familiar scenes in a new way, and by the magic of light, personal colour and atmosphere, the subject may become an infinitely more beautiful imaginative work than a Tintoretto *Paradise.*

This Pieter de Hooch is merely a representation of a family group in a Dutch courtyard. Each solemn figure is ingenuously aware that his picture is being painted ; every detail of their costumes, all the pleasant incidents of the gathering, have been closely and patiently observed ; but there is more—much more. Pieter de Hooch, besides his gift of perfect craftsmanship, had a delicate colour-sense and a trained knowledge of the subtleties of light. This it was that gave Shaw such joy in this picture. The hues are related and harmonised, as in nature the shades of colour are related and harmonised by the atmosphere. The illusion of depth here obtained on a flat, perpendicular surface may well be called miraculous. Without effort you glide through that door in the courtyard, beyond the further gateway, and into the street. Colour ? It is as full of colour and as reticent as a Velasquez. There are black coats and grey coats ; the eye shines with pleasure at the touch of blue in a man's knicker-

bockers, and the red of a woman's petticoat. Each stone of the causeway is drawn, yet the pavement neither distracts nor wearies; and there is colour in those stones. The painting is thin and unforced; the picture is just life, the life that Pieter de Hooch and his fellow Dutchmen knew and understood, and painted so superbly.

Shaw stayed for quarter of an hour before this picture. He visited it again, sure that he would never tire of this Dutch family in a courtyard, confident that it would always remain a source of encouragement and inspiration.

Returning to the Imperial Museum, he made the acquaintance of Pieter Brueghel, known as Peasant Brueghel to distinguish him from the lesser members of his family. Shaw found in a large room, a series of his landscapes extending round the walls, as if a one man exhibition was being held in Peasant Brueghel's honour. Here was a painter, one of his beloved Dutchmen, who besides uncommon gifts of observation and the power to place a composition decoratively upon the canvas, had a brimming fancy that was ever overflowing into new patterns of design.

How decorative is the autumn landscape with the blue sky, and threatening clouds, the bare trees, the sense of space and movement, the processional cattle, sweeping across the canvas, and the bandit herdsmen! How delightful is the winter scene, the trees standing out in dark silhouette against the snow-heavy sky; huntsmen and dogs plodding through

J. Lowy

Plate 78

A Winter Scene

From the Picture by Pieter Brueghel, in the Imperial Museum, Vienna

F. Löwy

PRINCE PROSPER

From the Portrait by Velasquez, in the Imperial Museum, Vienna

the snow on that vast, amusing, busy, panoramic view!

Peasant Brueghel is one of that small clan among sixteenth-century landscape painters who used their eyes, loved nature and the drolleries of life.

Later in the day, when Shaw wandered into the cabinet reserved for the Spanish pictures, he was somewhat surprised to see so many works by Velasquez. He did not study them carefully, as his eye were tired, and he proposed to return to the Spanish room on the morrow. He glanced but cursorily at the two portraits of children, and then passed out of the cabinet into the huge adjoining hall, where the seventeenth-century Italian Eclectics have been given ample wall space in a noble gallery.

Immediately he knew—was certain—that the seventeenth-century Eclectics were powerless to charm or interest. More: they were antipathetic to him.

Refusing to remain in their company, he retraced his steps to the cabinet of Spanish paintings, and, dropping into a vacant chair, rested his eyes upon the portrait of a child. He chose that position because a chair happened to be there, not with the intention of examining the child portrait; but it was in the line of his eyes, and he was too lethargic to move his head.

He realised that the pearly tints and the faint flush on the little girl's face suggested, with wonderful illusion, the fairy bloom of childhood; then his eye regarded the blue tablecloth on which her hand rests, and he said to himself, "That is a very beautiful blue!"

Next he was attracted by the crystal vase of flowers on the table, and he murmured, "How beautifully vase and flowers are painted!" Suddenly he became aware that the drawing and pose of the child had an extraordinary reticence and sensibility. "Surely this is a remarkable portrait?" he said, moving uneasily.

His eyes wandered to the adjoining picture, the portrait of a boy resting his right hand upon a chair. He looked at this picture more intently and muttered, "The head is a wonderful piece of modelling, and what a lovely quality there is in the face!" He considered the whole small figure, the painting of the linen blouse, the hands, the ornaments, the little dog. Then he turned again to the portrait of the girl. Something was working within him. He started to his feet; his lassitude had gone. "I do believe that these are the two most beautiful pictures of children that have ever been painted!" he cried.

What had happened to him? This: the appeal of Velasquez, never trickily sudden, had stolen upon him, as it always approaches, slowly. When he of the all-seeing, all enveloping eye, who had mastered his craft and disciplined himself, who could paint all he chose to see with a skill that no other painter has ever rivalled, does silently and quietly approach and overcome, the victory is complete.

Shaw was so much pleased to have been thus mastered by Velasquez in spite of his fatigue and his disinclination, that he felt he must unburden himself to somebody.

Vienna: A Dutchman and Two Children

A man, who looked like an American, was copying Prince Prosper. Shaw edged towards him and said, "Am I right in supposing that these two portraits of children are the finest portraits of children that have ever been painted?"

The man turned and spoke: "If Velasquez has any rival in the painting of children, it's himself. I've copied him in Madrid, I've copied him here, I've copied him in Paris, and I've copied him in Rome. And I don't mean to paint original pictures until I have seen if by constantly copying him, I can't learn something of his secret. He's the world's greatest painter, and the more you study him the more he enthrals you. I spent six months in Madrid. I copied fifteen of his pictures there. This is the third time I have copied Prosper."

"Do you sell your copies?" Shaw asked.

"No. I keep them. I wouldn't sell one of my copies."

He thanked the student of Velasquez, complimented him on his skill, and withdrew. He wanted to reflect. He was too tired to walk; but he did not engage a carriage, as he knew not whither he wished to drive. He sought that solace of all lonely pilgrims in foreign cities who are too much fatigued to wander through the streets, and who dread returning to a small bedroom on the fourth floor of an hotel: he stepped upon a tramcar and explained to the conductor that he wished to be carried to the end of the journey and back. An

outside seat was luckily vacant; he was whizzed round Vienna in the rushing air, while his brain toyed with the experiences of the past two days and then dwelt on the eternal appeal of Velasquez.

His final impression of Vienna was a glowing picture, framed by the trees of the Hofgarten, where he dined amid a large company: overhead, a luminous blue sky, in which a few stars faintly shone; a band playing Strauss; the garden gay with officers in blue uniforms and pretty women in light dresses; high above their heads, illumined by the afterglow, the triumphal bronze group surmounting the Palace Gateway, dark against the blue of Infinity.

J. Löwy

PRINCESS MARGARITA MARIA

From the Portrait by Velasquez, in the Imperial Museum, Vienna

Hanfstaengl

THE SISTINE MADONNA

Detail from the Picture by Raphael, in the Dresden Gallery

CHAPTER XXIX

DRESDEN : A SILENT ROOM

DRESDEN looked sane, northern and homelike. The shops had an unmistakable British aspect. English newspapers obtruded from racks by the doors, and English books were exposed in the windows.

The long ascending street through which Shaw walked to the Picture Gallery was crowded with photograph shops, containing a bewildering variety of reproductions of works of art, many in colour, a few pleasant, others daring and discordant ; but the most ubiquitous was the reproduction of a work that appeared in a hundred different forms. Here it was gorgeously framed, half the size of the original, in copies costing many pounds ; there in groups of figures and details ; elsewhere in reproductions vividly coloured, or printed upon postcards. You cannot escape in Dresden from Raphael's *Sistine Madonna.*

Shaw recalled the remark made to him by Primitive No. 1, when he had been disparaging Raphael : " Wait till you see the Dresden Madonna."

He entered the gallery, where every one appeared to be walking in the same direction, and paused to ask an official in which room the numbering of the

pictures began; but before the sentence had left his lips the official cried, "Straight on to Raphael's *Madonna;* then turn to the right."

He decided to face the ordeal without delay, and followed the crowd into the small room where Raphael's *Sistine Madonna* hangs in lonely grandeur.

Thirty or forty solemn-faced people sat uncomfortably upright upon coaches and chairs in stern silence, without sign of any of the emotional feelings, sweet or tragical, that art should induce. They might have been in church or assisting at a funeral. Nobody spoke. Shaw crossed the room very conscious that his boots creaked

Raphael's masterpiece is framed like a masterpiece—magnificently and wrongly, for a frame should not insist upon notice.

He gazed, and gazed, and gazed, following the lead of his companions in that silent room; but he was quite unable to affirm that it was the greatest picture in the world, or even the finest Raphael. The composition reports but the slightest inspiration or emotion. The figures of S. Barbara and Pope Sixtus II. are stilted, stationed there by Raphael, not because they were inevitable in that position, but because it was the conventional and approved attitude. The twin angels gazing upwards are pretty —no more.

The colour of the picture was disappointing. The background curtains are an ugly green; the texture of the Madonna's blue robe is inferior in quality to the

painting of stuffs in many pictures he had seen in Italy, not to be compared with the superb garment with which Velasquez has clothed Pope Innocent X. The blue of S. Barbara's dress is hard, and the arabesque of dim angel heads that peep out from the background worry the eyes.

So much for depreciatory criticism. What is really fine in the picture, the cause of its popularity, is the mystical wonder, an emotion not of this earth, that deifies the faces of Mother and Child. The painter has expressed not only childhood in the child's face: in those startled eyes some larger knowledge, the hint of something unknown to mortals, lurks. Shaw remained in the room a quarter of an hour; then noiselessly withdrew.

The aspect of the Dresden Gallery reminded him again and again that he had travelled north. The German and Flemish masters are strenuous. Their outlook contrasts strangely with the soft and glowing southern appreciation of life.

Albert Durer's *Mother and Child*, with its intense vision, its unbeautiful figures, its patient painting of detail, its curious accessories, its angel imps fanning the child and watering and brushing the floor, is redeemed from triviality by absolute sincerity. And there are pleasant passages of colour in the blue gown that the Madonna wears, in her yellow-white headdress, and in the yellow-white pillow upon which the child lies.

Soon there passed before his eyes Albert Durer's

finely painted head of the painter Bernard van Orley, set against a red background, and the portrait of *Juan Mateos, Master of the Hounds* by Velasquez, where once again the great Spanish master shows how consummately he could model a head, and with impulsive touches of the brush indicate the quality and texture of a dress. It was instructive to compare Velasquez's painting of this costume with Raphael's hard, insensitive rendering of drapery in the *Sistine Madonna.*

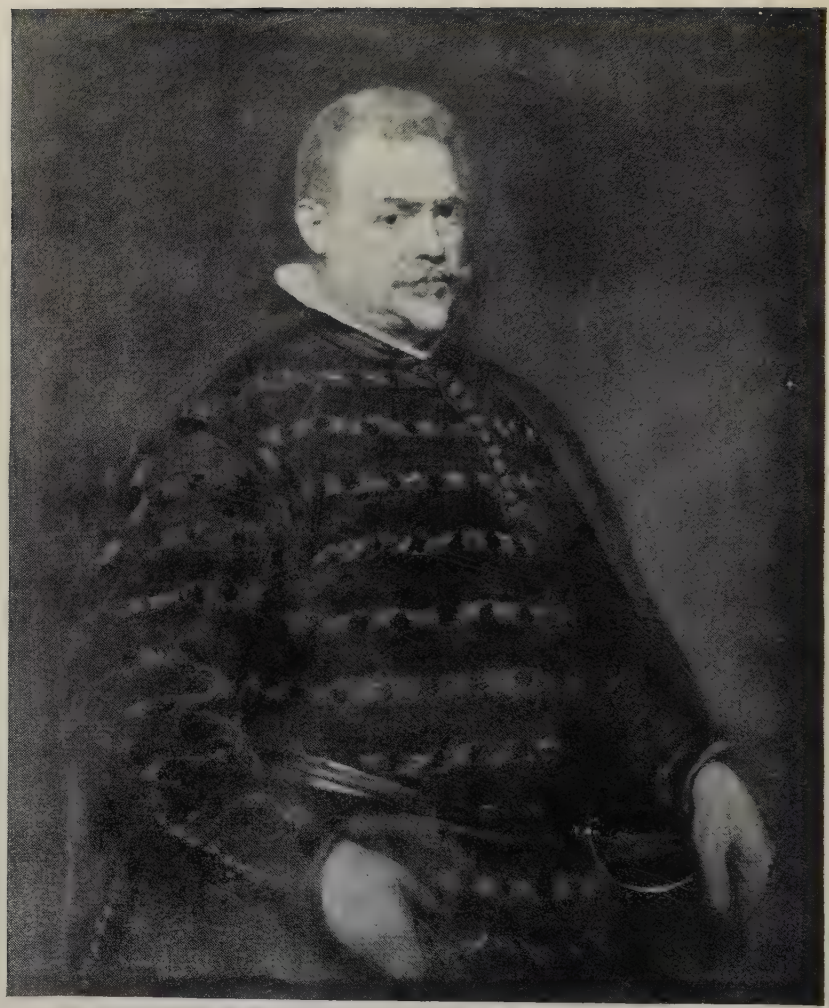
Again he fell under the sway of Rembrandt when he saw the bold sweep of the feathered plume that dandles above the face of the *Young Warrior*—such light and shade! How richly and generously the light lingers on his profile touching his neck and the chain to life!

Still, the Dresden gallery did not enliven Shaw like the Imperial Museums at Vienna. As he wandered hour after hour through the gloomy halls he felt that the world's pictures needed sorting and sifting. A few rooms should be set apart for works of art that are vital; the legion of pictures whose interest is historical or archæological should be relegated to apartments where they would be catalogued as such, or as examples of the undeveloped æsthetic taste of our forefathers.

Yet the system of hanging pictures heterogeneously on gallery walls has its advantages. The wayfarer never knows to what unexpected pleasure he is advancing. That little Vermeer, for example! It was like

MOTHER AND CHILD

From the Picture by Albert Durer in the Dresden Gallery



Bruckmann

JUAN MATEOS, MASTER OF THE HOUNDS

From the Portrait by Velasquez in the Dresden Gallery

meeting your sweetheart in a crowd. The luminous green curtain and dress, the light stealing through the window and vivifying the wall of that Dutch room—how beautiful! "Here again painting becomes significant," he reflected. "Lovingly to study surfaces where the grey light falls and half hides, to track it to its ultimate boundaries, to consider how it changes the hue of every surface, and then to paint it upon a small canvas—delightful! I should like to write the life of Vermeer entirely from his pictures."

That light on the wall of Vermeer's picture made him impatient with the close atmosphere of the Dresden rooms. He longed to be out on the terrace overlooking the Elbe, watching the jolly sights of river life—a tug slowly dragging a sinuous line of barges; boys diving, their white bodies glistening, and the ripples from their plunges streaming out over the water in ever-widening circles.

He delayed a few minutes before that strange, beautiful picture by Giorgione of Venus sleeping in a bewitching Pagan landscape. Again he paused to grow fond of the portrait of a boy by Pinturricchio, the brown-eyed, solemn face beneath the blue cap, and the red jacket fading gently.

And again he delayed to look once more at the *Sistine Madonna*. The couches and chairs were all occupied; the silence was still unbroken. He drew near to the picture to read the inscription on the predela. He made hardly more noise than a cat;

yet reproachful eyes were directed against him, and a blonde clergyman seated on the most comfortable section of the couch murmured " Hush ! "

He crept to the door, pursued by another long, low, indignant " Hush ! "

Hanfstaengl

THE PEARL NECKLACE

From the Picture by Vermeer of Delft in the Dresden Gallery

Hanfstaengl

ALESSANDRO DEL BORRO

From the Portrait by Velasquez in the Berlin Museum

CHAPTER XXX

BERLIN : A CORPULENT WARRIOR, BOTTICELLI AND DISORDER

He arrived at Berlin at two o'clock on a Sunday afternoon.

What can the art pilgrim say of Berlin on a Sunday ? In the hill-towns of Italy the loveliness of the landscape shimmering in the sun was so alluring that only by an effort could he bring himself to examine pictures : in Berlin there was no temptation to do anything else.

He glanced at the buildings, and noted that they were solid ; he looked at the white monuments to worthies in the Thiergarten, and noted that they were commonplace ; he drove through Unter den Linden, and was pleased by its width and the lines of lime-trees. When he reached his hotel at half-past two he discovered that the picture gallery closed at four o'clock ; that on the following day, Monday, it would be closed altogether ; and that, consequently, he must remain in Berlin for some days.

The prospect did not please him.

Why not submit the Berlin Gallery to a quick impressionist survey of one hour and a half, then idle for a day and perhaps review it again on the Tuesday ?

This prospect did intrigue him. He hurried to the Royal Museum, a palatial but gloomy building, and roamed from picture to picture, fretting every time he looked at his watch. Moreover, he was handicapped: the rooms were crowded, and he could not obtain a catalogue.

That night, after dinner, he stayed until a late hour at a café in Unter den Linden. The traffic, far enough away to appear to be working automatically, the lamps shining through the trees, the distant lighted buildings on the farther side of the road, the vibration of ceaseless life in which he had no part, lulled him into a waking dream in which he surveyed the pictures he had seen during the afternoon in that hectic hour and a half.

Uprose his dominant recollection of the Berlin Gallery—that figure of Alessandro del Boro proclaiming magnificently how a Master can ennoble his subject.

"It startled! It fascinated! Never shall I forget my first glimpse of that towering portrait."

Thus Shaw reflected, recalling the corpulent soldier who, under the magic brush of Velasquez or another, has taken on such dignity. Grossly, arrogantly he poses against the pillar, trampling on the flag of his enemy, standing high, the point of sight at his feet, as if, while still alive, he had stepped into his niche of posthumous fame. There is little colour in the portrait—a flash of red on the cheek and over the left eye, the yellowy white pillar, the grey-green panel, and the bespeckled red and white banner beneath his feet. He com-

THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE

From the Picture by Mantegna in the Berlin Museum

Hanfstaengl

WOMAN WITH AN OWL

From the Sketch by Franz Hals in the Berlin Museum

mands the room; his figure strode before Shaw as he mused in Unter den Linden.

With an effort he dismissed this swaggering warrior, and conjured up that inimitable sketch by Franz Hals of the pleasant slut with the owl perched upon her shoulder, and the pot of beer waiting to be lifted to her large laughing mouth. Here is impressionism, if you like: a gust of mirth has seized the trollop, and in that instant the amazing brush of Franz Hals pictured her. The sketch is sudden as a puff of wind.

It would be amusing to conduct Francia or Fra Bartolomeo to this brilliant sketch by Franz Hals, and say, "Look! that's what painting can do!"

Uprose Franz Hals's beautiful *Nurse and Child*. The eyes of Hals saw this woman with a baby as they saw the woman with the owl, and both were good. How direct, wholesome, and lively is the painting of this smiling nurse and amused baby! Here again Hals—the astonishing Hals—has caught the mood of the moment and made it permanent.

Uprose another picture, very different in kind and treatment, serious, far removed from the light heart of Franz Hals: a solemn theme pondered over, brooded upon, constructed, moving us by its power and sincerity. This *Presentation in the Temple* is fraught with meaning and intensity, and the figures, in Mantegna's way, seem carven.

It is not the Mantegna of the *Triumphs* painted for Isabella d'Este at Mantua: it is the Mantegna of the

fore-shortened Christ at Milan—ascetic, sad, inward-peering Mantegna.

Another picture was lurking in his memory. Ah! it flashed before him, that gem by Van Eyck, of sunshine in a cathedral, showing *Mary with the Child* lingering in the aisle, watched from afar by holy men. Crowned she is; but he saw her as a mother who has wandered down the aisle to please her baby with the feel and sight of the bright sunshine. Perhaps Van Eyck saw the sunshine first and painted her whom he loved close to the sunshine that he loved. It shines through the window and falls in two bright patterns upon the pavement; it illumines the jewels in her hair and informs the picture with an unexpected beauty.

Uprose Botticelli's *Venus*. This exquisite figure reappearing in Berlin wafted him back to Italy; he saw—

Harshly, and with damnable suddenness, the present leapt out at him. A horse had bolted! There were shouts, screams, the quick crash of splintered wood, a running mob. Botticelli faded in the disorder that swept Unter den Linden.

Hanfstaengl

NURSE AND CHILD

From the Picture by Franz Hals in the Berlin Museum

Hanfstaengl

SUNSHINE IN A CATHEDRAL

From the Picture by Van Eyck in the Berlin Museum

CHAPTER XXXI

ANTWERP : VAN EYCK AND SOME FADED CURTAINS

When Shaw strolled out in the cool of the evening to acquaint himself with the look of Antwerp, naturally he paused before the statue of Rubens in the Place Vert.

He looked and sighed, knowing that Rubens was not for him. He acknowledged the power and exuberance of this great master of the superficial: admitted that in his attack upon, and realisation of gigantic tasks he was a giant; and he wondered how Dr. Max Rooses could have devoted his life to the study of this ebullient man of the world and painter on whom the sun of prosperity shone from birth till death.

The statue of Rubens towers above Antwerp, his home; there is hardly a European gallery where his huge canvases do not sprawl magnificently over the walls; but Shaw was indifferent to Rubens if not antipathetic, except, perhaps, for a portrait or two—his picture of *The Last Supper* at Milan and (with reservations) some of his opulent landscapes.

Vast industrious Antwerp is the fitting birthplace of Rubens: it symbolises his vast industrious

achievement. In the museum half of the ground floor is devoted entirely to reproductions of his works.

People visit the cathedral to see his *Descent from the Cross* and his *Elevation of the Cross.*

Shaw entered the cathedral, and found these pilgrimage pictures without search. They are placed full in the public eye: they cannot be overlooked. He seated himself before each in turn, and again acknowledged Ruben's vigour and facility; but these gigantic constructions had no message for him. They made no appeal. Rubens has a plethora of saleable goods to offer, and they are all displayed in plate-glass shop windows. He does not charm you through the doors of his vision with the spell of mystery, force, and illusiveness, as Rembrandt does, and Mantegna, and Botticelli. His *Descent and Elevation* are show pictures, and treated as show pictures by the Antwerp authorities, who charge a franc for the privilege of seeing them, and include a head of Christ, which they allow themselves to ascribe to Leonardo da Vinci. Every one knows that it is not by Leonardo; but it is allowed to remain, a thing painted on marble, affixed to a pillar. This false picture conspicuously placed deepened his anti-Rubens mood. The false jingled with the facile.

"But I must not be over hasty," he muttered. "I have still to see Rubens at the Museum." It is stated in the catalogue, as if a matter for congratulation, that Rubens painted *The Adoration of the Magi* in fourteen days. This information stayed persistently

in Shaw's mind. He rarely looked at a picture by Rubens without fancying he saw printed beneath in bold type the time it took to paint by Benson's chronometer; he heard the comment of tourists, saw the wonder in their eyes—"Fourteen days. Lor!"

Christ Between the Thieves is one of the double-starred pictures and described as Rubens's *chef d'œuvre*. Everything is stated, every "i" dotted, every "t" crossed, in Rubens's way, from the penitent thief, who is vociferously entreating Christ, to Mary Magdalene, who is melodramatically imploring the Roman officer to spare the sacred body;—but she is not really imploring—she is posing like Longinus, like St. John who leans gracefully against the cross of the second Hercules-like impenitent thief. Even the horse of the attendant Roman is posing.

One Rubens he liked—the *Christ à la Paille*, an early work, painted when he still looked and felt, before he trampled into his dashing manner and gave rein to his overwhelming vitality, throwing his figures, with the ease a man tosses pennies to a crowd, into the conventional theatrical attitudes of adoration, grief, misery, pity, contempt—all equally easy to him.

Once Rubens saw, or was told, that the eyelids of a woman who has been crying become tinged with red. "Ha!" you hear him cry, "red!" and forthwith he paints them red as a fresh wound. He saw or was told, that blood trickles from a wound, "Ha!"

you hear him cry, " blood ! " and forthwith paints it in splashing rivulets.

Rubens stands out as the swashbuckling protagonist of the late Flemish school.

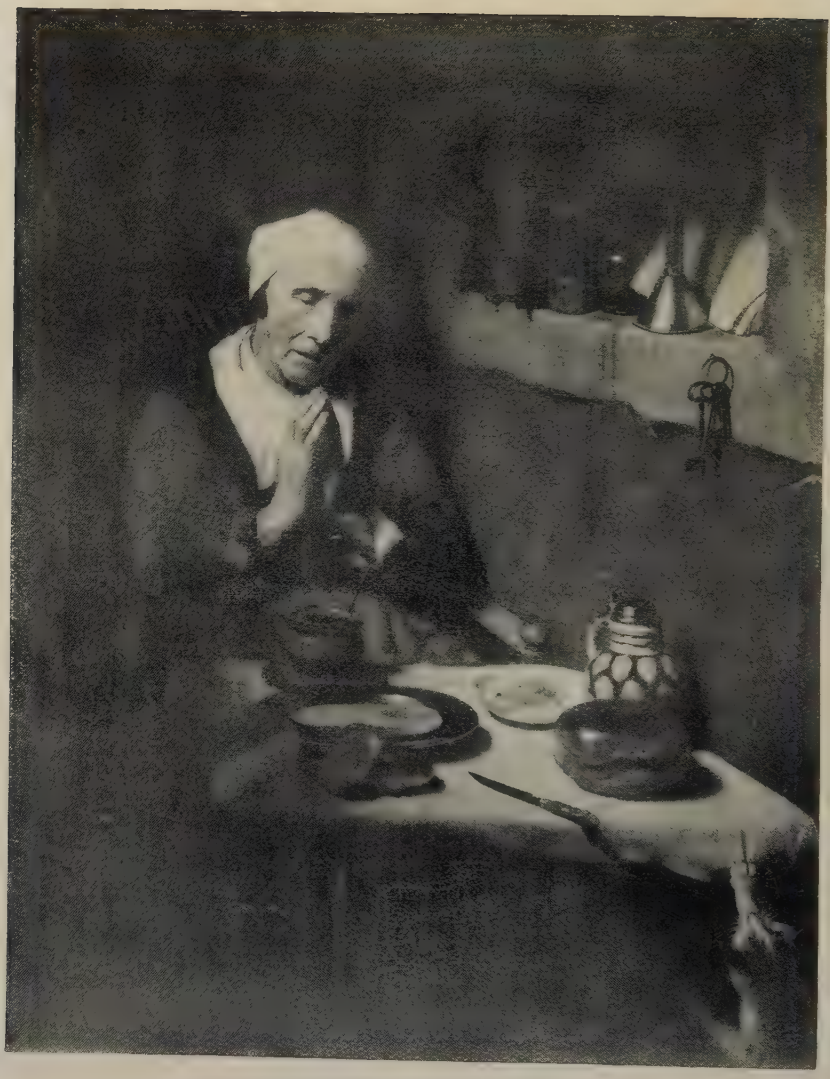
Van Eyck emerges modestly as the protagonist of the earlier Flemish school.

In after days, when Shaw recalled the Museum at Antwerp, one little drawing always rose gratefully before his eyes, unfinished, exquisitely wrought, informed with the patience and sincerity that was Van Eyck's ; it has imagination, too, the delicate imagaination of the artist wandering from the high road, and expressing something seen with the eye of personality, convincing us of its beauty and reality because he saw it as a real and beautiful thing. This drawing shows a Gothic cathedral in the act of building, busy with workmen, faint figures and small against a pleasant stretch of country, and beyond a sky slightly flecked with blue. In front of the cathedral sits Barbara, so large that you could wrap one of the little masons in a fold of her trailing ample skirt. Yet the proportions of the drawing seem quite correct : it is all exquisite, and the feeling of the Saint's face is so intimate that there is no incongruity. It is a beautiful design. Shaw returned to it again and again, thinking, " If but one picture was to be saved from the Museum at Antwerp—if all the others had to go—I would say, ' for pity's sake spare that Van Eyck.' "

There is a delightful house in Antwerp, called the

S. Barbara before a Gothic Cathedral

From the Water-Colour by Van Eyck at Antwerp



PRAYER

From the Picture by Nicholas Maes in the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam

Plantin Moretus museum, where the celebrated printer Christopher Plantin lived and worked. Memorials of his craft remain just as he left them. The old Flemish rooms are untouched ; the vine he planted in the courtyard clambers over the wall. It is a perfect example snatched from time of the old leisurely Flemish life when men designed rooms, grave and austere yet beautiful, and lived (so we like to think) grave and austere and beautiful lives. Many of the rooms of this house are hung with pictures by Rubens, and as Shaw wandered through them the peace and sobriety of the place affected and lulled him in spite of the Rubens pictures. He longed to annex one of the rooms—say, that small apartment with the *prie-Dieu* set against the wall, and hang above it Van Eyck's *Barbara.*

It was still early afternoon when he left the Plantin Museum : so he returned to the cathedral. When he tendered his franc at the door the custodian said, apologetically, " You have just twenty minutes."

" It will suffice," said Shaw.

He entered, scrutinised the *Elevation* and *The Descent from the Cross* again ; then wandered round the cathedral ; and finally seated himself on a cane chair, and reflected on that boisterous painter, ambassador, friend of kings, the man Rubens, and his humble brother in art, the man Van Eyck.

Undisturbed he sat contrasting their achievements, smiling quietly to himself, enjoying the solemn music that issued faintly from one of the side chapels. It

was very still in the cathedral; he was the only visitor; the sunlight streamed through the windows.

Suddenly the music ceased; there was a shuffle of feet; a bell rang. He rose; but as he walked towards the door he was not vouchsafed another glance at the great Rubens canvases. They had been covered up for the night. Faded green curtains hung over them. It was a pleasant shade of green, and he asked himself whether he did not prefer the covering to the pictures.

CHAPTER XXXII

BRUSSELS : JOHN CONSTABLE AND A RAINBOW

Because Brussels was the last city of his pilgrimage, there was some sadness in his heart.

He wandered through the Picture Gallery scanning the works, finding little to interest him, proposing every minute to withdraw to the park and sit in the sunshine.

He left the gallery sooner than he proposed or expected. Two pictures drove him away.

Each was dreadful in its way. One was that nightmare by Jordaens called *The King Drinks*, containing all the vices of invention; crowded, meretricious, vulgar, hard in colour; the absolute negation of beauty—beauty that he had sought so patiently, beauty that was still eluding him.

The other was *The Martyrdom of S. Livinus*, by Rubens. It is enough to say that the executioner, having torn out the Saint's tongue with a pair of pinchers, offers it as a *bonne bouche* to a yelping dog.

These two pictures drove him from the gallery. He walked swiftly out into the sunshine, lunched at a café in the open air, and banished from his mind the

thought of *The King Drinks* and *The Martyrdom of S. Livinus.*

At the hour of three, much refreshed, he entered the gallery of modern paintings, a good collection, fairly representative of men who have been inspired by the modern movement for light, atmosphere, and movement. He did not buy a catalogue : he did not want to know the names of the painters or the titles of the pictures : he just wanted to look and enjoy.

One was a picture of cows slouching down a lane, three trees in the background with the sunlight streaming through the leaves and diapering the earth where vast purple shadows lurk. It is a picture of atmosphere by a man who has lingered in the sun and has painted this pastoral scene lovingly as he saw it under the subtleties of light. This vibrating picture made Shaw long to be afoot, searching for similar entrancing subjects and attempting to paint them.

Next he was captivated by a Dutch waterway with one sail in the middle distance, windmills dotted over the low-lying land, in the sky three large luminous clouds, and in the foreground the backs of five old women, in blue dresses, shimmering from light to dark, with here and there notes of colour : and the caps on their old heads white. Very comforting were those splashes of blue garments in the spacious landscape.

He found a picture of spring-time—shadowed grass, a blue sky, and trees lightly laden with blossom.

In another room he hastened towards a river with

poplars, nine of them, tall and symmetrical, shooting up from the bank above a moored barge with a huge orange sail; the reflections of the poplars, the mast, the sail, and the old green barge shimmered on the still water.

With these fresh and tender landscapes he had come into another country. Far away were the great Masters at whose feet he had sat for many weeks. He had journeyed into his own time, to the companionship of those moderns who love nature more than man. It was well.

The supreme moment came when he caught sight of a very small picture hanging below the line. He saw it at first from a distance—this billowy cloud, white and slaty-blue, hanging in an opalescent sky. It was an unobtrusive picture, one that he might easily have overlooked; but when once that billowy cloud, faint yet finely fashioned, as clouds are in nature, had appropriated him, he knew that this was the exquisite thing that he would treasure as the last and the vital impression of the modern pictures at Brussels.

He examined the sketch closely. All was harmonious with that cloud—just a suggestion of a sandy shore bordered by the suggestion of a sea, and to the right suggestions of the forms of houses, all merged together by the atmosphere. Call it a study in blues and browns, a few fleeting subtleties of nature noted by the artist and blown upon his canvas.

The name of the painter was John Constable.

How unexpected! What unsought good fortune

thus to end his pilgrimage in the company of the great John Constable, painter of genius, one of the fathers of landscape, village-born and English-bred, who looked at the sky, the land, and the sea, and made the discovery that the rain wets, that the wind blows, and that trees rustle in the breeze, who with Turner gave birth to the modern movement which has brought the beauty of the world to the walls of closed rooms !

Shaw passed into the streets, and walked here and there in a state of exaltation. The wheel of his pilgrimage had come full-circle. Now he was to start off on another road, and the gate that led to his new life was a sketch of a cloud above a sandy shore.

He walked, oblivious of his surroundings, head and heart singing with the beauty of a visible world, noting the effects of light and colour that marked that brilliant day.

It was the First of June.

He entered the Royal Park ; observed, beyond the avenue of trees, the sharp outline that the shadow of the band-stand cast upon the grass ; noticed that the shadow was not black, that iridescences lurked in it ; noticed the colour of a child's dress, white, yet not white, with strands of pink and blue and green commingled ; noticed the modelling of an old man's face, the lines, the lights and shadows.

Musing and observing, he walked on through the park to the spot where the fountains play. There he paused, entranced by the beauty of the spectacle.

Brussels: John Constable and a Rainbow

The sun was shining brightly, and from the oval basin several jets of water shot high into the air, the spray, as it fell, sparkling and vibrating with light. The troubled surface beneath the jets was a brilliant white, surrounded by still blue water, shimmering where the sun touched it with green and gold. Behind the fountain was a rising bank of foliage : the sun fell on the trees, and as the leaves fluttered in the breeze they darted colour. Behind the fountain shone the rainbow that gleams in falling water under such rare conditions—a thing alive, a spirit of the air and sun, in the water, yet not of it.

He gazed until his eyes ached with the dazzle. Every colour, in every degree, was represented in the arch of the rainbow—orange, red, blue, green, pink, and violet, merging one into another in lovely, subtle gradations ; and in front of this vision of unearthly radiance those chameleon jets of water gushed skywards, the foam of one drenching its neighbours, lingering an instant in the air, and splashing into the basin, producing the most vivid spectacle of light, colour, movement, and gaiety that he had ever seen or imagined.

As he gazed he became convinced that this was his opportunity. Easily he persuaded himself that here, at this moment, his real career as a painter began. It mattered nothing that the materials of his craft were in Cornwall. In the impulsive condition into which the sight of the rainbow glistening like a living thing in the fountain had wrought him, the

extravagance of buying a paint-box, panels, brushes, and colours was as unimportant as taking a cab. He hurried into the town, made the purchases, returned and began to paint feverishly.

Next day, and the day following, he worked. Nature aided him: the sun shone without intermission. Man assisted: the policeman on duty by the fountain fended him from inquisitive children. The result was disaster—five panels of messy paint that libelled the rainbow as outrageously as his portrait in the Paris studio had libelled the pretty model.

"I can't do it," he said, ruefully, gazing at the sixth panel, and wondering whether he should begin by covering the sized wood with transparent golden ochre in order to obliterate the glaring white surface. "Lund could do it; but he spent half his lifetime in preparation."

Recalling Lund's advice that for every second he painted he should look at Nature for sixty, he laid his brushes upon the grass and stared at the bewildering loveliness of the scene, trying to pierce through it, to see it in masses, and to seek out the accents of light, and the shapes of the shadows. As he looked a wild idea came to him. He knew it was ridiculous; but the idea gave him so much pleasure, that he indulged it, and let his imagination play around the fancy. It was that the rainbow was a soul trying to be born into the world, and as he sat there in the sunshine many things that had aforetime been hidden seemed to be revealed. He saw this soul articulate, bringing

news of the household of God, from which it was not wholly yet severed.

He forgot all about his desire to paint the scene : he was conscious of one desire only—to write, to express in words the wonderful thoughts (they seemed wonderful to him) that crowded upon him.

He hastened to the hotel, retired to his bedroom, and began to write. At nine o'clock he descended to the smoking-room, drank two cups of coffee, and munched a biscuit. He wrote until past two in the morning.

It was a spent, hollow-eyed man who took the morning train to Paris, too tired to sentimentalise about the end of a tour that a few weeks ago had seemed endless.

CHAPTER XXXIII

HIS EDUCATION PROGRESSES

Paris engulfed him as if he were a stone dropped into the ocean. Dreading the loneliness of the student hotel on Montparnasse, he engaged a bedroom in a cosmopolitan building near the Opera House, popular with the English, an apartment on the sixth floor with a tiny balcony that commanded a wilderness of roofs. He proposed to remain a few days in Paris and then join Lund at Moret. A letter from Lund would probably be awaiting him at the Montparnasse Hotel, as he had written from Antwerp, announcing the approaching end of his tour.

He had no appetite for dinner and little inclination to wander out into the streets. He wanted to consider his progress since his emancipation—to understand what his tour had done for him, how the future should be approached. Had the æsthetic and emotional adventures of the past weeks helped him one little stage towards the realisation of himself? Did he still desire to undergo the drudgery of three or four years in the schools, merely to add another recruit to the army of mediocre painters? If the education of the artist was the search for the means of expression

nearest his temperament, was he any nearer that goal than a year ago? What was freedom? Was he not still a prisoner of self? In the things that matter had he gained anything by leaving Messrs. Chepstow? Is not one's soul always one's own, to be encouraged to live, or to be allowed to die, whatever the external physical conditions may be? Are not our bodies always with us, however high we fly? Is not art just a means of helping a man to live? Is not self-forgetfulness in work the greatest joy the craftsman knows?

He addressed these remarks to the panorama of Paris. The murmured roar of Paris was the only answer.

A loud knock upon the door disturbed his meditations.

"Who's there?"

That confident knock did not portend a chambermaid.

"O, come in!"

Evered Humbleton, the youth he had known as a clerk at Chepstow's, entered like a ship gala-rigged and in full sail.

"Saw your name in the office, old man," he cried cheerily. "What do you think? I'm married! Never been so happy in my life. Doing Paris; and then we're off to Lucerne. I don't envy the King! And look here, old chap: I want you to meet my wife. Come out and dine with us. Flo is dying to see you."

That dinner at the Café de Paris advanced Shaw's education a stage by observation of the change that marriage had produced in Evered Humbleton. He was the same, but different—so different. He had learnt that which had not yet been revealed to Shaw. He was happy because he had set himself to make the pretty creature in a dove-coloured dress by his side happy. It was plain that he had succeeded. Evered Humbleton had become considerate, solicitous, and sympathetic; he had given, and in giving, had received abundantly.

O mystery of laws that are unwritten in statute books!

For the first time in his life, Shaw envied Evered Humbleton, and regarded him with something like reverence; but the imp in him kept repeating, "If it lasts, if it lasts!" and another voice said: "It's so little that women want. Why don't they find it oftener?"

Under the influence of Pommery Brut, 1889, Shaw's intuition of the law that is unwritten in statute books became less discerning. Soon his thoughts were diverted from that consideration by the increasing interest of Mr. and Mrs. Humbleton in the recital of his wanderings. He talked copiously until after ten o'clock, when Humbleton protested that, although he could listen all night, it was important that Mrs. Humbleton should not be over-fatigued.

At the door, just before they made their adieux, he addressed Shaw thus: "There's a chappie in a

story by Kipling says to another chappie, "There's too much Ego in your cosmos.' Think on't. No offence, old man."

It was still early, and the excitement of talking had dissipated Shaw's weariness. Humbleton's last remark about his egoism troubled him, stirred his conscience; he wanted to walk and consider it; he decided that it would be salutary to make for the Montparnasse Hotel, on the chance of finding a letter from Lund.

The sleepy *portier* handed him two letters, which he carried to the café at the corner of the Boulevard. He ordered the inevitable bock and scrutinised the addresses. The handwriting of each was unfamiliar; but his heart beat a trifle faster when, on the flap of the larger envelope, he observed the name of the literary agent, Angus McGregor, to whom he had sent the manuscript of "The Inner Memory."

"I submitted 'The Inner Memory,'" the letter ran, "to Lawson and Harrison; to Minto; and to Weir and Greiffenhagen. L. and H. seemed to like it, but said there was no market for this kind of thing. I saw Lawson myself, and he suggested that you should enliven it by introducing a sort of romantic cockney, who would play the part of Chorus. Minto and W. and G. declined it summarily. Then I tried Shadwell and Uren, and I am glad to say, with success. Mr. Uren, who is a Cornishman, was as enthusiastic as a publisher can be. They offer a 10 per cent. royalty, rising to 25 per cent., capitalising the first thousand

copies on day of publication. I should strongly advise you to accept this offer. Kindly let me have a reply at your early convenience."

Was the mist that momentarily dimmed his eyes caused by the tobacco smoke of the heavy-laden café air ? He folded the letter and stared at the row of bottles on the metal counter. Perhaps not in painting, but in writing, a thing that came naturally to him, about which he had no vanity, which he held of little account, he would find the true expression of his temperament. Why had he not realised that before ? He wished Patrick Lund was in Paris. He longed to confide in him ; in Lund, the awakener of the artist in him, his one friend.

He opened the second letter. It was brief, addressed from Lund's cottage near Trencrom, and signed Clare Mary Veronica Lund.

" My brother is very ill with pleurisy and complications. He caught a severe cold while painting at Moret and made it worse returning by sea from Boulogne to Plymouth. He arrived home a wreck. Mother and I were telegraphed for. He has asked several times for you, and I am sure it would comfort him to see you."

That was all. The date of the letter showed that it had been written nearly a fortnight before.

Hastening back to the hotel, he consulted a time-table, and decided to leave on the morrow by the eight-thirty train which was timed to reach Charing Cross at a quarter before four. A later train would

have given him ample time to take the night mail for Cornwall; but he could not endure the prospect of dallying a useless hour or so in Paris. He wrote a telegram to Miss Lund and retired to bed.

* * * * *

As he entered the train at Paddington the following night the thought staggered him physically, as well as mentally, that at that moment Lund might be lying dead. The torture was not wholly assuaged until eight o'clock next morning, when he crossed the threshold of the cottage at Trencrom, and saw Lund's cavernous face, emaciated, bearded like the pard, but alive and moving on the pillow to greet the wanderer.

"Clare pulled me through," said Lund. "She's wonderful. The thought of losing her is unbearable."

"What do you mean?"

Perhaps Lund would have explained there and then. Indeed, he began; but stopped abruptly as his mother entered the room with his morning basin of bread-and-milk.

Mrs. Lund was a silent, unobtrusive woman, faded before her time, with eyes the same colour as her son's, but tired, and with the look of a woman who has buried earthly hopes. Still, there was something in her manner that was not utterly hopeless, as of one who anticipates an ultimate consolation.

She greeted Shaw without animation, and, seating herself by the bedside, stroked her son's hand, and said in a low voice, addressing the counterpane, "I begged

Clare to take a walk, but I doubt if she has gone. My daughter has a very strong will," she added, resting her lustreless eyes for an instant upon her son.

Shaw withdrew from the room wishing heartily that mother and daughter would return to Ireland.

"They'll spoil everything," he muttered, mounting the stairs to his bedroom. He pictured the daughter with a will; was sure he would dislike her; and just then he saw her through the staircase window, advancing up the gravel path.

* * * * *

If at his birth the protecting and beneficent genius of Claude Williamson Shaw, giving him provision of his temperament and the ways of the human heart, had asked him which of the gifts desired by mortals she should bestow upon him, and if he had answered, "Give me an ideal that age cannot wither and custom cannot stale," and if the protecting and beneficent genius had answered, "Granted, wise one; you shall have your heart's desire," then that would have been no more and no less than what did happen to Claude Williamson Shaw.

The edifice was built in a week; but what of that? The instant is eternity equally with the æon.

One week in his life was perfect, the week that lasted from the moment he saw Clare Mary Veronica Lund through the staircase window, until she disappeared. To him was granted the esctasy of a perpetual presence —alluring, enlivening, and consolatory. Others see

the slow stain advancing. He lived in light. True, he had his time of torture, when that week of intimacy was over, and he received the letter Clare wrote to him from Ireland that filled him with ungovernable rage against destiny. The anger faded; but the fragrance of her presence remained, more real to him than the actual life around. The letter was an agony quite unexpected. Had he been less love-dazzled, certain things she said and hinted in their talks on the hills might have prepared him for the catastrophe.

The letter with the Dublin postmark was in Clare's handwriting. For long he sat holding it, afraid to break the seal; then he carried it up to the hills, and read this:

"Dear Friend,—I am writing to say good-bye. Next Sunday, sooner than I dared to hope, I am entering an enclosed order of nuns—so, after all, I am destined to work in the land of my Faith and of my birth. Please remember to pray for me——"

The rest was unbearably cheerful.

Three days later Clare entered upon the beginning of her two years' novitiate.

Lund read aloud passages of a letter that he received from his mother—

"It has been terrible to watch her packing all her books and little possessions, giving away her clothes and jewellery, and arranging all her worldly affairs with such calm determination; but O God! the wrench. . . . She has chosen the better part. Last

night she said to me, 'What does it matter having horrid shoes for the short time this life lasts?'. . . ."

"I've told mother she must come and live here now," said Lund. "I can't understand our Irish girls. What's the world for but to grapple with? God's given us the world to use. If I didn't know Clare so well, I should say she had chosen the easier part, not the better. And she enjoyed life so keenly."

When Shaw spoke of her to his friend, Lund said: "You are one of the fortunate ones. She can never disappoint you, and you'll never lose her."

Mrs. Lund returned to Cornwall and settled in her son's cottage. Lund and Shaw dropped back into their old intercourse, with this difference: Shaw no longer attempted to paint. There came a day when he showed Lund the five sunlight-and-water panels he had produced at Brussels, and Lund being now convalescent, had spoken with cheerful candour: "It's just about the most difficult subject in the world. I've told you before that it's no good smashing at a sunset until you can paint the mile-stone by the roadside. Think of Rembrandt's etching of a shell—think of the old man doing apprentice work seventeen years after he had painted *The Shipbuilder and his Wife*. No, Shaw: you've got the temperament to paint, like so many others—no more. Stick to writing."

Then the proofs of "The Inner Memory" began to arrive. Lund read the first three chapters, and nodded gravely. "I think it's all right," he said.

Placing them on the couch where he was lying he thought a little, then continued: "Perhaps I'm beginning to understand why our Irish girls—young, charming, loving life, give all up and bury themselves in convents. Perhaps we are put into this world to sift our temperaments, educate them, and so build up character. Perhaps the education of the artist is profitless, unless the education of the soul goes on at the same time. Each must find the way. I in painting, you in writing, Clare in the religious life, Mother—ah! there's the mystery. Her life has been all loss—first Father, then me—for she'll never get over my heterodoxy—now Clare. Can loss be really gain in disguise, think you. Shaw? These things are in your province as writer. They're too high for me. You're learning something—aren't you?"

"I'm learning," said Shaw sadly, "that with the writer, as with the painter, Life is his material, after he has known and forgotten himself, and sifted his visions."

"Yes," murmured Lund, "then detachment, and perpetual selection and rejection, and faith that must never fail. Poor Mother! What's she doing out on the verandah?"

"She's working at the waistcoat that she's making for you."

"The scarlet one with the yellow spots?" asked Lund.

"Yes."

"Poor Mother doesn't know how I hate scarlet."

"She's crying while she's knitting."

Lund raised himself on his elbow and peered through the window.

"Mother's face has the interior knowledge."

"The inner memory?"

"Yes. She looks like the woman in that beautiful picture by Nicholas Maes at Amsterdam. Some call it *The Endless Prayer or The Never Ending Prayer.* I think of it as just *Prayer.* Look! Mother's lips are moving while she works. Labour and prayer. The old remedy. Mary, pity women!"

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